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THE Country GUIDE



September
1944

Men at Work

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THE GREAT WESTERN GARMENT CO. LTD.
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Still Concerned About the Japs

But B.C. is willing to give Federal Policy a chance—Fruit crops exceed estimates—More pickers available

By CHAS. L. SHAW

FEW people in British Columbia will hazard a guess as to whether Canada's postwar policy regarding the Japanese in this country will provide a permanent solution of what has become an exceedingly tough problem, but most of them are willing to give it a chance.

Briefly, the plan, as announced in the House of Commons by the Prime Minister, provides for total exclusion of Japanese im-

migration after the war, the return to Japan of all Japanese in Canada who have been proved disloyal, and the distribution of the Japanese remaining across the country so as to avoid the concentration of residence that proved such a difficult obstacle to assimilation prior to Pearl Harbor.

There are some outspoken British Columbians who declare that Canada will not solve the Japanese problem unless all Japanese, regardless of whether they are "good" or "bad" Japs, are shipped out of the country. Indeed, Mr. King's own minister from the west coast province declared himself in favor of such a policy. But the Prime Minister has preferred to take the middle course, and there is a good deal of satisfaction in British Columbia that he has at least announced some policy rather than allowed it to remain until after the war for decision.

The chief difficulties in enforcing such a program are pretty obvious. For instance, what yardstick is to be applied in determining what Japanese should be allowed to remain in Canada and what Japanese should be deported. The degrees of loyalty are variable, and it will be exceedingly difficult for the proposed board to be appointed to handle this problem to draw a sharp distinction. On the other hand, its task may be facilitated by the probable willingness of the disgruntled Japanese to volunteer for deportation. Already, there is evidence from the Japanese re-location centers that a considerable number of Japanese, realizing that the country of their origin has created a stigma not soon to be forgotten or ignored, are ready to cross the Pacific again at the first opportunity, regardless of whether they would prefer to make their homes in Canada under normal conditions.

What To Do About It

Huge Fruit Crop

British Columbia's late apple crop promises to exceed all estimates this season, and this applies to quality as well as volume. The peach crop is also above the earlier estimates and it is probable that last year's pack of 350,000 cases will be surpassed by a substantial margin.

The farm labor supply will be adequate, according to the best sources of information, and the Emergency Farm Labor Service will place 15,000 workers on the farms of the province—an all-time record. Last year, only 11,000 workers were placed and most of the crop was gathered.

The Okanagan's cherry crop reached a new high total this year of 500 carloads, 150 per cent of early crop estimates.

Present estimates are that the total Okanagan crop this season will reach 9,000,000 parcels—parcels in this case representing a unit of fruit, whatever the kind. Different fruits are measured in different units.

Growing conditions have been excellent throughout the season, but there is always a fly in the ointment somewhere, and this year, so far as British Columbia is concerned, the "fly" is the grasshopper. Hundreds of thousands of dollars damage has been caused in the interior valleys by hungry 'hoppers, but the campaign against them has been aggressive and vast areas of their breeding grounds have been successfully baited. Natural controls are also applied effectively, and scientists report that flies which prey on grasshoppers are getting in some excellent work. The increased number of turkeys being raised in the interior is also helping the campaign, for the grasshopper is a delicacy to the gobbler.

British Columbia's Okanagan valley are worried about this problem because they point out that there are only two sections of Canada where the Japanese have shown a desire to settle in the past. One of these is the lower mainland coast of British Columbia, where the Japanese engaged in fishing and farming as well as in various other occupations. The other is the



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... The building of a great car a great industry..a mighty war plant

In 1904 when a little group of Canadian business men decided to found a company for the manufacture of automobiles, they little dreamed what an historic step they were taking. They were convinced that the motor car would one day be an important means of transportation, though most people at that time looked upon it as a rich man's plaything. But it is doubtful if they foresaw that in forty years their little plant would grow into an industry employing thousands of men, supplying cars to millions of men and women through hundreds of Ford

dealers. Little did they dream that in a future war of nations, Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited would become the Empire's largest single source of military transport.



1904—Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited commenced operations in a small building formerly used as a wagon factory. Seventeen men were employed, and the cars at first were assembled from parts imported from Detroit. In the first year of operation, 117 Ford cars were produced.



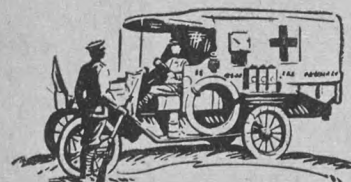
1908—After two years of exhaustive tests, the Company decided to standardize on the Model "T" Ford Car, using mass production methods. With increasing demand, the plant was expanded to ten times its former size. By 1912 the number of employees had increased to 565.



1913—Ford of Canada first started building its own engines thereby creating a new major outlet for Canadian raw materials. Since its introduction five years earlier, the Model "T" engine had already become famous for its simplicity of design and absolute dependability under all conditions.



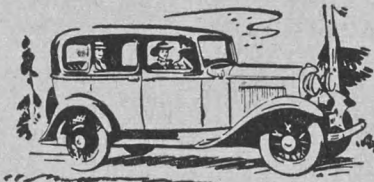
1915—By this time there was a chain of more than 550 Ford dealers and nine Ford Branches across Canada. The Company always believed it owed a debt to the public—that of providing expert service and genuine replacement parts for Ford cars as long as those cars were in operation.



1916—Plant expansion continued as demand increased. The War, 1914-1918, called for added output. In 1916-1917, production reached a new high of 50,000 units as a new branch assembly plant went into operation at Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, London and Saint John.



1927—After completely re-tooling the entire plant, Ford of Canada came out with the new Model "A". The car's modern design, power, speed and low cost operation won for it immediate acceptance. Buyers made their selection from several models with color and upholstery options.



1932—Saw the introduction of the Ford V-8 engine. For the first time, a powerful, smooth, V-type eight-cylinder engine was made available to Canadian motorists in the popular price field. Its economy, simplicity and outstanding performance made it the talk of the automobile world.



1939—70% of all automobiles exported from Canada were built by Ford, more than half of the entire Ford output going abroad. The huge export business, started with the founding of the company, was built up in every part of the British Empire with the exception of the British Isles.



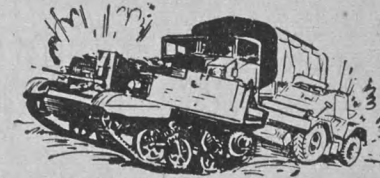
1940—Ford of Canada was already producing a large volume of war equipment and heavy shipments were made to many battlefronts. As early as 1936 the groundwork for the production of military vehicles had been laid in closest co-operation with the Department of National Defence.



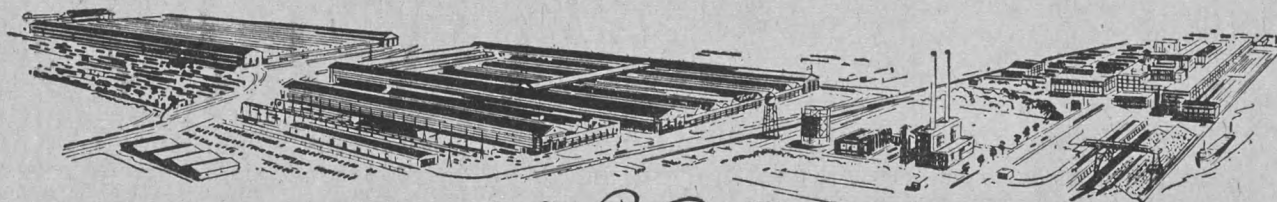
1942—The last passenger car for the duration came off the assembly line, climaxing a series of manufacturing curtailments of the previous 12 months. Now, until Victory, the Company's huge production was to be still multiplied but strictly confined to war equipment and essential vehicles.



1943—Ford employees had increased to 15,637, double the number prior to war-time. 4,300 Ford employees had gone into the Armed Services. 15,000 blood transfusions had been given at the Ford Clinic. Employees had invested \$10,000,000 in Victory Bonds and War Savings Certificates.



1944—Midnight, August 17, the Company's 40th anniversary—and out of its mighty war plant comes a Universal Carrier, the 27,678th of its kind, the 338,978th Military vehicle for World War II, the 1,893,162nd unit produced by Ford of Canada during its forty year history.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

LARGEST PRODUCERS OF MILITARY VEHICLES IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

TIME

Marches Past

THE Country GUIDE

Back To Its Lair

GERMAN power is crumbling like stale bread. The hammer blows on the Russian front; the war of attrition in Italy; the wedge and encirclement strategy in northern France; before each, the wounded Nazi dragon is dragging itself away with an occasional lash of its tail as it is being relentlessly prodded back to its lair.

No more is the material of war pouring in from Turkey, Greece, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Roumania, the Ukrainian Plains, Poland, France, Italy, North Africa, Spain and Portugal. The stream of iron ore and of steel manufactures from Sweden is reduced to the trickle that is brought by German ships since Sweden quit insuring ships and cargo bound for German ports.

Could Germany surrender if she wanted to? She is infinitely worse off as August closes than she was on November 11, 1918. The only authority in Germany that could surrender unconditionally is the Nazis. Dare they do it? Or will they fight on, guerrilla fashion in every town and hamlet and from behind every hedgerow in Germany, their army giving up in bits and pieces, until the Allied armies blanket the Reich, and the 3,000,000 defeated, tattered Nazi soldiers who remain go underground and Nazi pistols start barking in dark streets and lanes, in a prolonged orgy of murder and terror against other Germans?

These questions are left for answer to those who have the gift of prophesy.

Exit From Normandy

AFTER holding the Allies cooped up on the Normandy beach-head for two months the Germans started to yield ground. "Yielding ground" is significant. You can bomb and strafe a bit of territory till it is a mixture of rubble and subsoil but you haven't got it until the foot soldiers are scraping the mud of it off their brogues. Crawling through mire, crouching in ditches and slit trenches, charging forward through land mines and bullet streams, hurling hand grenades on machine-gun nests, slogging along in the dust or the mud, may not be as glamorous as fighting it out in the blue sky, or on the blue sea, but territory isn't won until the p.b.i. are making footprints on it.

The Germans have been doing their real fighting near the coast, where the Canadians and British troops are. East and south of this area of stubborn resistance, the motorized Americans have swept down the coast to the mouth of the Loire, up the Loire Valley past Tours and Orleans, across country to the Seine. They mopped up Paris, which the Parisians had failed to take, and then on to the battlefields of the other war. As August closes they are at Verdun and the Belgian frontier.

Meanwhile the Nazis continued to resist on the lower stretches of the Seine, down Le Havre way. Our boys have had continuous, bitter, inch-by-inch infighting to do there. Evidently the flanking sweep of the American motorized forces is to outflank the Nazis, cut them off, exterminate them, and clear the robot coast. That coast can not be cleared too soon of the launching ramps of that haphazard horror, the robomb.

A Political Crazy Quilt

IN the last 13 months six of the nine provinces have held general elections. In that time over 80 per cent of the voters of the Dominion have had an opportunity to express themselves at the polls. The results indicate a lot of bemused political thinking in this Canada of ours.

In Ontario the Liberal party was decimated and a Progressive Conservative government holds power at the sufferance of a Liberal rump against a Socialist opposition. In Saskatchewan the Liberal party was also decimated, and a Socialist government installed in office. The Progressive Conservatives failed to elect a member. In Alberta, Social Credit swept the province and the C.C.F. got nowhere, though it was born, pathogenetically, of the old Alberta ginger group. In Quebec, the Lib-

won but the Progressive Conservatives increased their representation from four to ten.

In the other three provinces, Nova Scotia has a Liberal government with 23 out of 30 seats, with four Conservatives and three C.C.F.ers opposed to it and to each other. B.C. has a Liberal-Conservative coalition with a C.C.F. opposition while in Manitoba a coalition of Liberals, Liberal-Progressives, Progressive Conservatives, Social Crediters and Independents hold the fort against an opposition composed of five C.C.F.ers, two Conservatives, one Worker and ex-Judge Stubbs.

Politically, Canada does look something like a crazy quilt, doesn't it?

A Peek Into the Future

A PROBABLE postwar budget has been projected on the screen by the Ottawa Journal. It is worth examining at leisure and here it is:

Interest on National Debt.....	\$ 350,000,000
Ordinary Government Expenses.....	650,000,000
Defense Costs.....	350,000,000
Family Allowances.....	200,000,000
Health Insurance.....	300,000,000
Increased Pensions.....	100,000,000
Export Credits (Estimated).....	200,000,000
Farm Floor Prices.....	200,000,000
Fish Floor Prices.....	25,000,000
	\$2,375,000,000

This would mean a continuation of the present tax rates. If the national income fell off, the rates would have to be raised. For there must come an end to borrowing, even from Canadians, to pay current expenses.

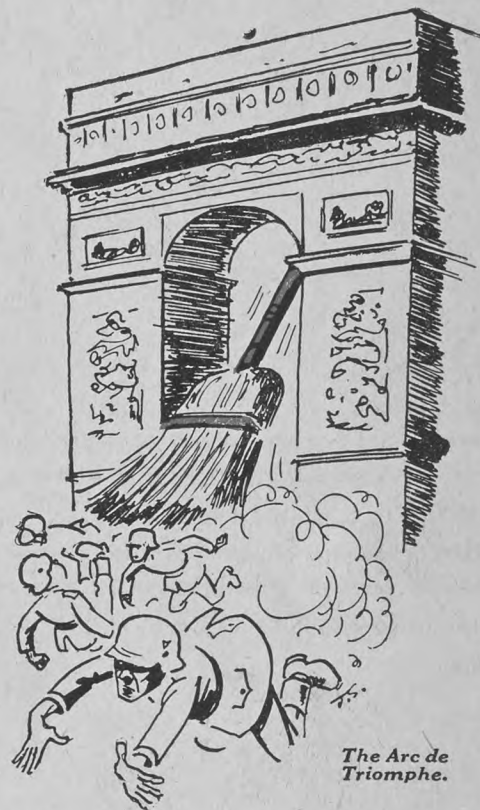
The Balkan Keystone

ROUMANIA was on the right side in the other war and on the wrong side in this one. The nations were pretty good at promising other people's property to their friends then, and in consideration of promises of large territorial additions by the Allies, Roumania declared war on Austria-Hungary in August, 1916. She barged over into Hungary, but was soon driven back and finally, after the collapse of Russia, the Germans drove her army into Moldavia, on the Russian frontier. In December, 1917, an armistice with the Central Powers took her out of the war.

But though she had lost the war, she

In June, 1940, Roumania ceded Bessarabia and northern Bukovina back to Russia which had applied the necessary pressure. Russia had never recognized Roumania's title deeds to them. A couple of months later Hitler took a hand in matters. He transferred the major part of Transylvania back to Hungary and southern Dobruja back to Bulgaria. A couple of months later still, Nazi troops entered Roumania to "protect" the oil fields. And in November, 1940, Roumania joined the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo axis, which cost Roumania hundreds of thousands of casualties and considerable blasting from the air.

After nipping along in the rumble seat with Hitler till recently, Roumania



The Arc de Triomphe.

has now jumped clear. The price Russia demanded was that Roumanians would turn around and fight the Nazis in Roumania and the Hungarians in Transylvania. If she would do this, Russia agreed that her army would not be disarmed, that she would get back most of her Transylvania territory, and that her independence would be respected. She has accepted these "generous terms" as Churchill called them, and the keystone has been knocked out of Hitler's Balkan arch. It is having tremendous consequences on the course of the war.

A Tale of a City

THE Russian steam-roller rolled up to the gates of Warsaw. As it reached the suburbs, the grapevine from London got busy. From the Polish government-in-exile there, word was passed along to the Polish patriots in Warsaw to rise. They rose. And as they rose, the Russian advance halted. There it stood for some weeks, while the Nazis liquidated the Polish patriots of Warsaw.

What had happened was that the Polish government-in-exile had tried to pull a fast one. It would be a great advantage to have the patriots of Warsaw, under its orders, ready to take over in the capital city. But Moscow had other ideas. It does not recognize the government-in-exile and has set up a Committee of Liberation to take things over in Poland. In that it is justified; the government-in-exile, even though it has had an infusion of liberal minded members, has too direct a connection with the old land-owning caste and depressed peasantry system. One of the things that the Committee of Liberation has announced is that the lordly estates of Poland will be resurveyed and split up into small peasant holdings.



Back To Its Lair

eral government was defeated by the Union Nationale, which it had reduced from 73 to 16 five years before. U.N., however, secured a bare majority. In New Brunswick the Liberals have emerged with a majority of three to one over the Progressive Conservatives, from whom they gained seven seats. The 41 C.C.F. candidates were all defeated. In P.E.I., on August 4, 1943, the Liberals

didn't lose the peace. Bessarabia, which had become a separate entity after the Russian collapse, coalesced with her. She got Transylvania from Hungary and got back Dobruja, which the Central Powers had taken from her and given to Bulgaria. This enlargement of Roumania was the sorest spot in the peace settlement as far as the Balkans were interested.

WITHOUT Convoy

A story of the perilous north Atlantic and a man who hoped for his chance at combat

By JOHN RHODES STURDY

HE was a stranger—more than that, a foreigner. He drew attention immediately he came into the place they called The Music Box, and stood up at the bar and had a beer. He dressed differently, and his hair was cut differently from the other boys.

The gang in the back booth watched him out of curiosity. Strangers were unusual in The Music Box. It was one of those places where everyone knew everyone else, where the same crowd gathered every Saturday afternoon to dance to the music of the juke box in the corner. Only—the crowd was smaller these days. It had been getting smaller for the past three years.

One of the gang in the back booth—there were half a dozen girls and boys—suggested that Frankie ask the stranger to sit with them. He looked lonely. So Frankie, in his brand new airman's uniform, went over to the bar. Frankie was one more example of why the crowd was smaller now. They went very fast, once they got their uniforms.

The stranger's name was Rolf. Fair-haired and blue-eyed, he was shy with the gang at first. He was a Norwegian, and in his hesitant English he told them

he was a junior officer aboard a merchant ship.

"Married?" asked Helen Wright. It was a well-known gag with her. It was always the first question she asked a man.

"No," replied Rolf seriously. "But I have a girl in Norway. Not for a long time have I seen her. But when my country is free again, then I will go back."

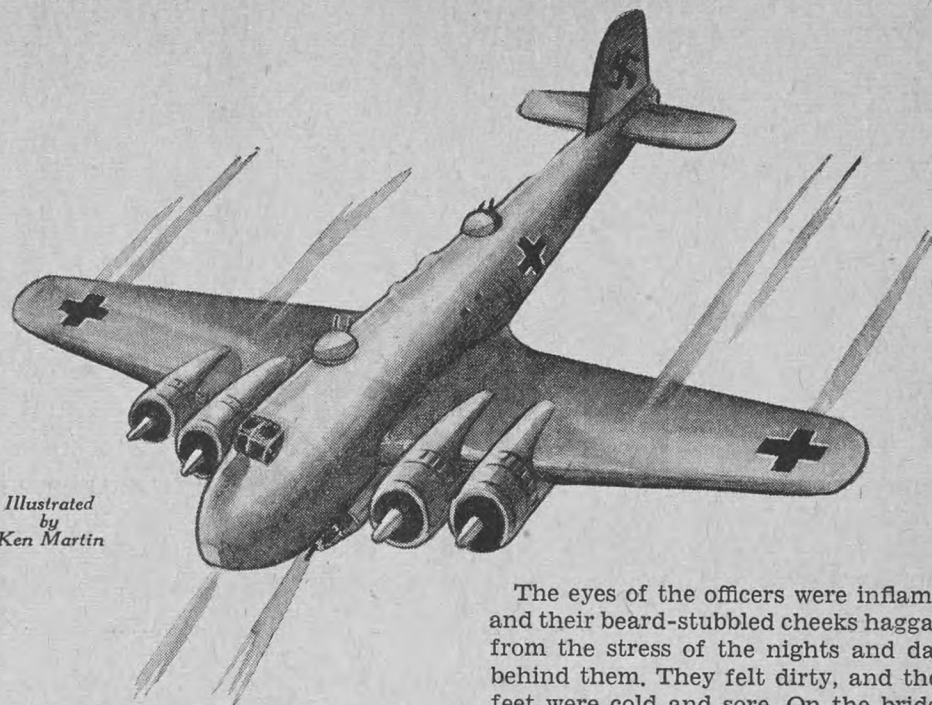
Everybody was a little embarrassed. Helen did not say another word. And somebody changed the subject and asked Rolf about his ship, but he would not talk about that. He wouldn't say where he had been or where he was going.

"I am just here," he said.

He got a little happy over the beers. Or maybe over the company. In a little while he was singing Norwegian songs. And then someone suggested that they sing the air force song, in honor of Frankie, who would be on his way pretty soon.

ROLF didn't sing with them, and Helen Wright noticed his eyes were on Frankie's uniform and his mouth was suddenly tight and grim. When the song was over, he said he had to go, and he got up and left.

Illustrated
by
Ken Martin



Helen caught him on the street corner. Without any explanation she said: "You left pretty abruptly."

He shrugged. "Too many beers," he said. "And it was warm in there."

They started to walk together.

"Is your friend Frankie a pilot?" he suddenly asked.

"He gets his wings next week."

"I'd like to be a pilot," Rolf said.

They came to a park. Rolf sat down on one of the benches with Helen. She was watching him closely. Maybe he was a little tight. But there was something else—something in his eyes.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

Suddenly a cascade of words came from his lips; lips that were trembling. "I wanted to be a flier," he said with fierce bitterness. "I tried to join up. In England, here, anywhere. They wouldn't take me. They said I was more use in a ship. A ship! Can I fight the Germans in a ship? No—they sit in their slimy black subs under the water, in the dark, and they wait—and we never hear them, we never see them. Twice I've been torpedoed. Yes, and I could do nothing but thrash in the oil and the water and curse them, and all the time they were laughing at me!"

She was shocked by the sudden outburst. But something more—she was really seeing him for the first time.

"Your friend Frankie will get a plane," he said. "A plane with a gun. And he'll fight them. I'd like a plane—a gun in my hands just once, to knock them out of the skies." He stopped suddenly, and shook his head. "Excuse me. I'm a little drunk, maybe."

Helen said softly: "Your job is a big job, too. It's just as important as being a pilot. I guess you don't need a uniform or a plane. You'll beat them in the end."

She took his arm, and they walked toward her home. She knew now that she would be with him until he sailed. She knew he would go suddenly, in secret. And in the end, there was a girl in Norway. But perhaps he would remember a little.

THE convoy was in mid-Atlantic and the weather was bad. The wind was from the east, and it had brought with it almost continual rain—not heavy, but a cold drizzle that made the eyes of the lookouts heavy and sore from the strain of watching beyond the bridges of their ships. There was a swell running, and the loaded freighters and the slim escorts were plowing deep into the seas, with salt spray adding to the discomfort of the silent men who had to face it for hours on end.

Then as the shape of the bomber blacked out the sky, he pressed the trigger.

The eyes of the officers were inflamed and their beard-stubbed cheeks haggard from the stress of the nights and days behind them. They felt dirty, and their feet were cold and sore. On the bridge, two of them standing watch at a time, they spoke very little. They rested on their arms against the rails, and their tired eyes moved in regular arcs—to port, ahead, to starboard—anxiously watching the flanking ships that told them they were in station.

They had done this before. They had done this many times since the day when the lights went out over the Western Ocean and the shipping of the Atlantic was plunged into darkness. In their hearts was a dream—a dream of the time when the deadlights on the portholes would be flung open and red and green would mean something again in the rules of the road and only fish would swim in the depths of the sea.

But now—there were two crated bombers on the deck of Rolf's ship, and in her holds a cargo of sugar. He thought often of the bombers. He pictured himself climbing into one of them, soaring off into the clouds, away, away—

"They wouldn't get those bombers if it weren't for you, Rolf," Helen said. "But it's not only the bombers; think of the sugar below the decks. You've got to get the sugar to them over there."

In his little cabin, with his gear rolling around from the pitching of the ship and his hands gripping the edge of his bunk, he lay in his clothes and dreamed of her and The Music Box.

What had he thought of before, on the dark bridge at night? He could not remember. But there was something new, something warm in his mind now. Something he could take into his heart, away from the rain and the blackness.

The captain stood watch with him. The captain, his face lined and his eyes weary, stood watch with all his officers. The captain had almost forgotten how it felt to sleep.

THEY stood together on the bridge, and the darkness had descended again. To port and starboard they could make out the vague outlines of ships. Ahead of them was blackness and in their faces was the constant whip of the wind.

"Miserable weather," the captain said.

Rolf answered him, but he was listening to another voice—in his mind.

"They can't beat you," Helen said. "You don't have to be a pilot. You don't have to shoot them out of the skies."

But if I could Rolf thought. If I could fight back just once.

Suddenly out of the black night came a thud—an explosion.

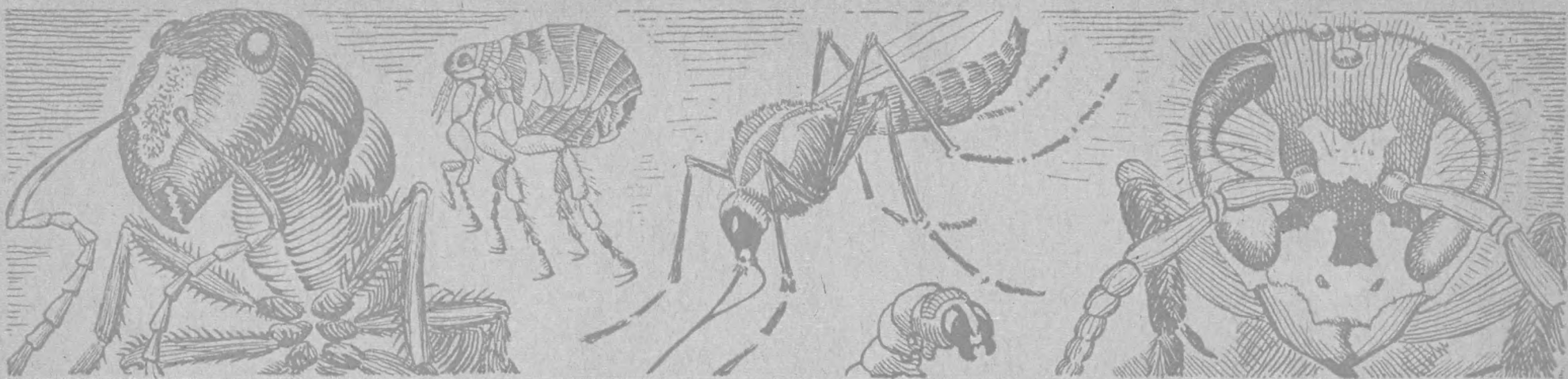
Rolf turned. Before his body twisted he knew what had happened. He had heard that sound before. He ran to the starboard wing of the bridge, and the captain was with him. Their faces were suddenly bathed in light. The sea around them turned ebony and silver, and near them, her bridgework outlined sharply, a ship was on fire and sinking.

The captain cursed. Another one going

Turn to page 37



KEN
MARTIN



DICHLORODIPHENYLTRICHLOROETHANE

NO, the title of this article was not written by a youngster playing with a typewriter. It is the scientific name of a new insecticide which makes all other insecticides seem like soothing syrup to bugs of high and low degree. But the scientists don't call it that, not even set to music. Like the politicians they go in strong for alphabetical soup and have short-circuited it to DDT. That might stand for double delirium tremens, because that is likely what bugs think they've got after they have sampled it.

As a lousicide, DDT is a lethal knock-out. As a bed bugicide it is a blitz. In its presence, cockroaches capitulate. Lay down a barrage of it and flies surrender unconditionally by whole divisions. Spray it on your cows and the hornflies and mosquitoes will seek other pasturage for two weeks. Dust it on the dog and the fleas will flee from him. Animals don't know they have it on them. Mixed with talc or deodorized kerosene, it is harmless to man.

DDT gets on the nerves of flies, mosquitoes, bugs, ants, aphids and most other members of the numerous insect race. It is especially useful in knocking down, and then knocking out, those more friendly and intimate creatures which crave human companionship. War brings our kith and kin into intimate contact with these disgusting blood suckers and it is reassuring to know that the boys in camp or on the firing line are not suffering as their fathers suffered in the other big war from the cootie curse. In fact the war is responsible for this great advance, as it is chiefly responsible for plasma and penicillin.

The chief characteristic which puts it out in front of all previous insecticides is that it is effective for weeks, and in some important cases for months, after application. It can be applied in the dust form or as a

liquid spray. To clothing and bedding it can be applied as a solution.

These researchers will pursue scientific truth to almost any length. Down at Orlando, Florida, they have a research institute where they have been exploring the usefulness of DDT to its furthest confines. Some young fellows had the legs and sleeves of underwear attached to them, sealed top and bottom. Into these lice were introduced in counted numbers. Others were dressed in regular underwear and grossly infested with both lice and eggs from the louse-breeding establishment of the institute. They lived under military camp conditions. Both were treated with DDT in dust form. Complete protection for three weeks was given by one dust treatment.

When underwear, half wool, was impregnated the treatment was effective

for five weeks when not washed. But since it is customary to wash underwear oftener than that, some of it was highly impregnated and the DDT was highly effective after five washings and comparatively effective after six trips through the laundry. Methods of mass treatment of garments have been devised. DDT is not effective against eggs but it hangs around until after they have hatched and then inflicts infant mortality on the offspring. The body is also sprayed for long-term effects with a liquid preparation.

WHAT all this means to humanity is hard to realize by people who never suffered a more aggravating annoyance from insects than the bite of a mosquito or a black fly; that is, forgetting for the moment the time you walked inadvertently into a nest of yellow jackets or found the "unwelcome" sign hung out in the bee yard. That dread disease, typhus, is carried by lice. Control lice, and one of the greatest scourges of humanity loses its terror.

Take Naples. When the Allies took it, it might have been indeed a case of See Naples and Die with many of our soldiers, if it hadn't been for DDT. Thousands of Neapolitans had been living in bomb shelters where rats and other vermin swarmed. There were practically no sanitary arrangements. The people were grossly infested with lice. Typhus, a dread disease carried by lice, had made its appearance. Medical men with anti-typhus supplies were flown in from Cairo. Supplies of DDT were flown from the United States. Forty delousing stations were established. About 66,000 a day were treated, until the whole population of 1,300,000 had been deloused. It gave them immunity from lice for five weeks and by that time the typhus epidemic was headed off. Thousands of lives were saved, including lives of our own men.

Those who saw the moving pictures of these operations will never forget them. The DDT was blown from small steel cylinders, containing a substance which provided pressure. The powder was blown up sleeves and trouser legs, down collars, into the hair. It reached every crease, seam, tuck and fold. No lurking place for the blood sucking parasites escaped. It was death to head, body and crab lice.

What happened at Naples, compared with what is being and will be done in Europe is as what happens in a test tube compared with what takes place in a chemical factory. Ex-president Hoover, who had charge of European relief after the last war, has told what happened then. In a great belt across Europe, hundreds of miles wide and stretching from the North Sea to the Black Sea, the great battles of the East-

ern Front had been fought. There armies of millions had swept forward and back. Among the starving people typhus was raging. The whole population had to be deloused. With the facilities then available, it was a terrific undertaking. Now, with this new discovery, and with the technique of using it perfected, such a condition will not recur or, if it does, it can be easily handled.

Those disgusting nocturnal pests, bedbugs, find that their nocturnity doesn't immunize them, for DDT works around the clock. There is trouble with them in army camps. First the researchers tried some laboratory experiments. They fixed up miniature mattresses in miniature bedrooms, with lots of crevices to make the bedbugs feel at home. Then they treated the mattress. To keep up the population new bugs were introduced every week from the bedbug breeding establishment, where they raise them on rabbits. One preparation, the best, gave a 100 per cent kill from a single treatment for no less than 281 days.

Then they tried it out in military camps, some of which were heavily infested. The experiment had been running only four months when the report was made but complete freedom was recorded. The logical deduction is that complete freedom could be secured for four years or four centuries. The solution which gave these results carries little fire hazard and will not cause staining.

Perhaps it was just scientific curiosity that prompted them to try another experiment. They shaved a rabbit's abdomen, pressed it against a screen and let the bedbugs feed on it through the screen. They enjoyed the meal and withdrew to their repose. While they were resting and getting ready for another feed, the rabbit was given a dose of DDT in a capsule, so that none of the drug would come in contact with its exterior surface. When mealtime came round again they gave the bugs another feast and continued to feed them at the correct mealtime intervals. This scheme was tried in different ways and with different mixtures. The table showing results is a long one but can be summed up by saying that with the best technique a 100 per cent knockout of the bedbugs was accomplished in from seven to eight hours. The victims got it through the blood of the rabbit.

DAVID HARUM opined that it was a good thing for a dog to have a few fleas because it kept him from worrying about being a dog. But when this war is over, no dog need have fleas, and so he can get right down to the serious business of worrying about his station in life. Just dust a little DDT on his back, rub it into his fur and the fleas either hop away looking for another dog, or drop to the ground with muscular twitchings and convulsions that end in death.



With ants it is also effective and ants are a greater nuisance than fleas in this country. Just spray a bit of it around where they want to be and you don't want them to be, and watch the results. It has a comical effect on them. An ant is always in a hurry, scurrying around on the run. First it slurs him down to a trot. Gradually he reduces his gait to a walk. Then he starts to hobble, as if he had a bad case of rheumatism; all this within a few minutes. By the end of half an hour some can't even stand up; some are on their backs pawing the air. Some hours later they have ceased from troubling.

Coming down to even more important aspects of insect control for most of us, we arrive at the fly nuisance. There are lots of ways of killing flies that will go into retirement when there is enough DDT to go round. Spray it on a window screen or screen door and for three months any fly that so much as walks across it meets with sure and sudden death. Spray it on the ceiling or walls of the kitchen and for the best part of a summer the only trouble you will have with flies is sweeping up the dead ones.

Turn to page 36

DDT carries a lethal wallop
for almost everything that
walks on six legs

By R. D. COLQUETTE

The author of *My Friend Flicka*---one of the most charming serials we have published---now gives us this delightful sequel, a story of a horse and a boy that stands on its own merit

THUNDERHEAD

By MARY O'HARA

KEN McLAUGHLIN was hunting his mare, Flicka. A thin, twelve-year-old boy, with a shock of soft brown hair falling over dark blue eyes, he stood looking at the place near the corrals where Flicka should have been, but there was no sign of her. This meant, Ken knew, that her time had come, and that she had hidden herself away to give birth to her foal.

As the boy hesitated there, his wits were at work. If he had been Flicka and had wanted to hide, where would he have gone? And immediately he turned to the pine woods which covered the rocky shoulder of the Stable Pasture where it sloped away, north.

The hill was so precipitous in places that it formed low cliffs overhung with twisted pines. Flicka might be on any one of those narrow cliffs, or hidden in one of the little dells at its base.

It had begun to rain but the boy told himself that it would be just a shower from which the trees would shelter him. But presently he heard the roll of drums in the sky; the mass of dark clouds sank toward the earth, then opened and poured out torrents of rain.

Ken, crossing an open dell, caught the full brunt of the storm and in a few seconds was drenched. Since he could be no wetter, he decided to ignore the storm and continue his search for Flicka.

He came upon her at the top of a cliff, only slightly protected by an overhanging tree. When he saw the foal beside her he could hardly believe it. For Flicka's foal---her first, was white! A throwback! What a to-do this was going to make! A white foal on the Goose Bar Ranch where Banner, the big golden sorrel stud, sired the yearly crop of colts.

Ken's uneasiness was partially linked to a series of events of past years, which had begun when a wild stallion of the plains had stolen a mare from the Goose Bar Ranch. She was the thoroughbred, Gypsy, whom Rob McLaughlin, Ken's father, had bought when he was a cadet at West Point and used for polo. When he graduated and then resigned from the Army in order to go in for horse-breeding, there were three of them that came west together and settled down on the Goose Bar Ranch: Rob McLaughlin; Nell, his young New England wife; and the black mare, Gypsy. Rob bought more mares and built up his foundation stock. Then, one spring, Gypsy disappeared.

THE McLaughlin ranch was not the only one in that section of Wyoming from which a fine mare disappeared. There began to be talk of a white stallion, who gathered mares in the open land of Wyoming, stealing from ranchers, fighting and even killing other stal-

lions. The ranchers called him the Albino.

Finally a number of ranchers banded together and caught the Albino and his mares, finding brands from all over the state on the hides of the stolen mares.

Gypsy of the Goose Bar Ranch was there with four beautiful colts. Rob McLaughlin was delighted with their looks and speed and took them home with him, feeling that Gypsy's philandering might prove valuable, after all. But he found it impossible to break and train the Albino's colts; or even their offspring.

So Ken and his older brother Howard had grown up, familiar with talk and speculation about the Albino, and witnessing their father's struggles with the outlaw strain which Gypsy had in-

roduced into the breeding stock.

Then one day a little more than three years ago, Ken and Gus, one of the hired hands, had been working in the meadow, and had come upon a newborn foal and its dam.

"Luk at de little flicka!" exclaimed the Swedish ranch hand.

"What does flicka mean, Gus?" asked Ken.

"Swedish fur leettle gurl," explained Gus.

AND when, a year after that, Rob McLaughlin told Ken he could have for his own any colt on the ranch up to one year of age, Ken chose that same little golden filly and named her Flicka.

Flicka was out of Rocket by Banner. And Rocket was the wildest of the colts brought home by Gypsy after her sojourn with the Albino.

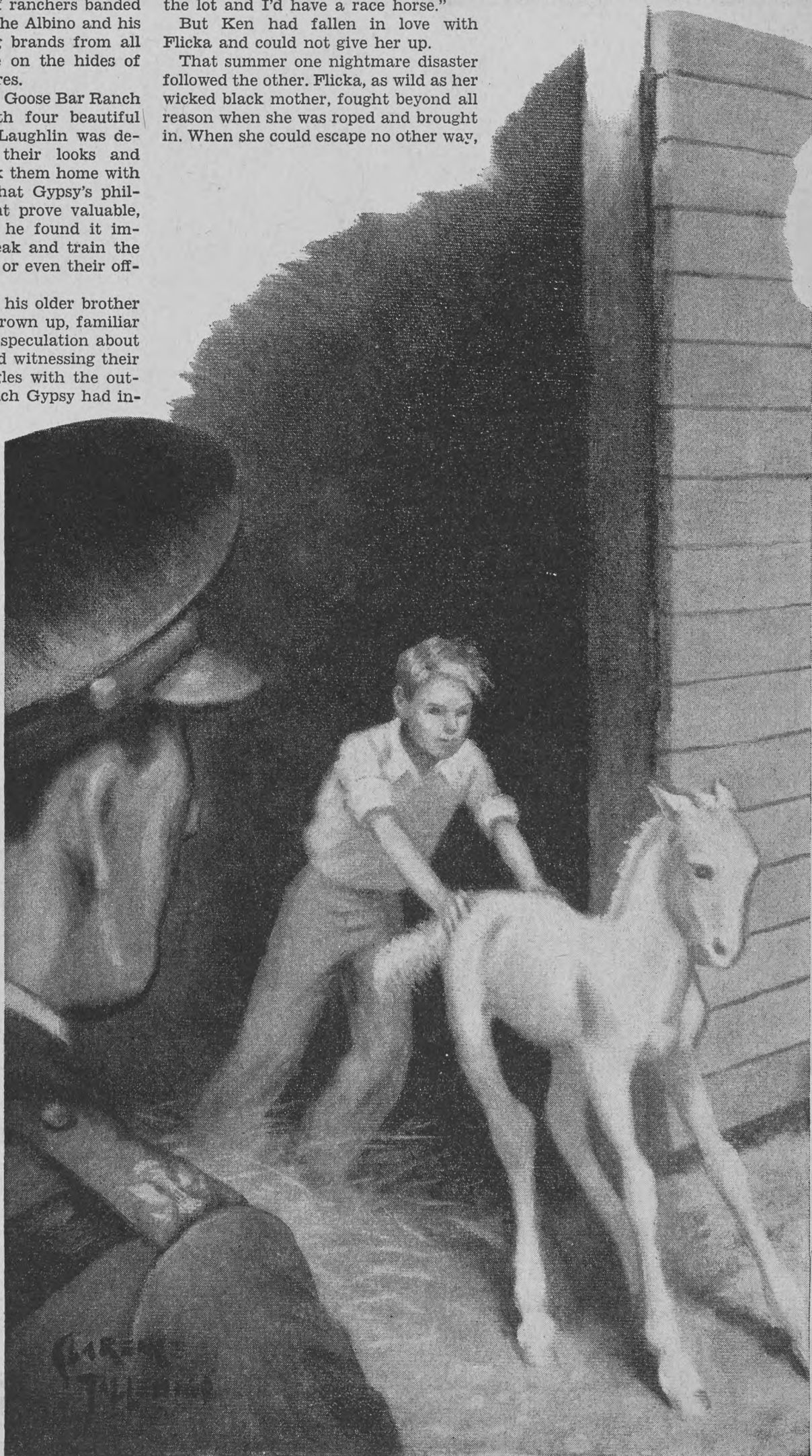
Rob McLaughlin was exasperated. "I was hoping you'd make a wise choice, son," he said. "You know what I think of Rocket, of that whole line of horses. The mares are hellions and the stallions outlaws. I'd have got rid of them all if they weren't so damned fast that

I've had the fool idea that some day there might turn out one gentle one in the lot and I'd have a race horse."

But Ken had fallen in love with Flicka and could not give her up.

That summer one nightmare disaster followed the other. Flicka, as wild as her wicked black mother, fought beyond all reason when she was roped and brought in. When she could escape no other way,

she made a suicidal leap into the high barbed-wire fence, and there ensued her long illness from the infected wire-cuts, terminating in McLaughlin's command



that next day she should be shot and put out of her misery. Ken spent that night with her, sitting in the stream where she had fallen, holding her head in his arms. Gus came looking for them in the morning, and carried Ken, helpless with cold and exhaustion, up to the house. But during Ken's subsequent long, severe attack of pneumonia, the filly miraculously recovered.

And, at the end of the summer, there was one triumph which made up for everything. For the filly loved Ken as dearly as he loved her, and he was able to say to his father, "She did get gentled, didn't she, Dad?"

And Rob McLaughlin answered, with a softer note than usual in his voice, "Gentle as a kitten, son."

But Ken wondered what his father would say, now that the hated blood of the Albino had appeared again in Flicka's foal.

IT had stopped raining, and it was much warmer. Flicka gave a little grunting whinney and Ken realized suddenly that both she and the foal should be in the barn, and Flicka should have a pail of hot mash.

He put his belt around her neck and led her back toward the ranch, the little white foal wobbling along behind her. When Flicka was in her stall, the colt staggered about, hunting again for the teat. Finding first the bone of the thigh, it gave a savage bite at it and kicked out in anger.

Ken watched anxiously, not liking

this first evidence of viciousness. But when the foal had found what it wanted, Ken stood there, thinking.

That thing his father had said. "I've had the fool idea that some day there might be a race horse out of this line." Once Ken had thought it might be Flicka, but a thickened tendon, the result of her infection, had made that impossible. But why not a colt of Flicka's, Ken's mother, Nell, had once

suggested? With the power and speed of the Albino and a gentle mother to teach him manners—why not? A race horse could redeem the ranch from debt, Ken thought; deck out his mother in jewels; and perhaps reconcile Rob to the whole Albino line.

Ken bent over the little foal, the race horse to be, who lay asleep now with his back curved, his feet and nose drawn together.

What should his name be? Ken could think of nothing fine enough. But his mother would name him, as soon as she laid eyes on him. That would be tomorrow morning, for she and Rob were at a dance in Laramie tonight.

Ken gave one last look backward, then left the barn, closing the door tight behind him.

"PROMISE!"

"Let go."

"Prom—" Ken's voice rose.

"Sh—sh—sh—" hissed Howard angrily, "If Father hears you—" He strug-

gled to loosen Ken's legs which were locked around his waist.

"Promise not to tell!" Ken said, even more loudly.

For once Ken knew he was right. If their father heard the noise and discovered it was because Howard wouldn't promise not to tell about Ken's white colt before he had a chance to, Howard would get it in the neck.

"Promise. Promise! Promise!"

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE TILLENIOUS

"All right, I promise. Get off my back."

Ken loosened his arms and legs and the boys untangled themselves; straightened their clothing, tiptoed downstairs, and burst out into the day.

Bound for the stables and the colt, they paused behind the house at the sight of two cars, which meant visitors brought home to the ranch from the party last night. They recognized the cars. The blue one belonged to Colonel Morton Harris, a classmate of their father's at West Point. The grey one belonged to Charles Sargent, millionaire horsebreeder, owner of the famous racing stud, Appalachian. Sargent's ranch was about twenty miles from the Goose Bar.

"Charley Sargent and Mort Harris," said Howard airily. "That's keen. No church today."

BUT Ken was disturbed: afraid the presence of visitors would interfere with his own surprise. It had to be arranged so that the first impression of Flicka's white colt was favorable. That

wasn't all. He had also to act so that no one, particularly his father, would suspect that he was hiding anything. It was hard enough to keep any sort of secret; and harder still if you felt guilty about it.

When they reached the corral they saw that Flicka and the colt were both out, enjoying the early morning sunshine. Gus and Tim, the two hands, were watching, astonished and amused.

Ken rushed at Gus and grabbed him. "Don't tell anyone, Gus—they don't know yet. I want to s'prise 'em—promise —"

"Sure. You can tell 'em, Kennie," said Gus. "She's your mare, and your colt too, I guess. And white horses is gude luck, you know."

Ken opened the barn door and called Flicka in. Gus and Tim shooed the colt in after her. Ken put them both in the farthest stall and he and Howard stood for a while watching them.

BUT Ken had important business on his mind, and presently ran down to the house. He found that his mother was getting breakfast and his father upstairs shaving.

Ken leaned against the bathroom door and called, "Dad!"

"Hullo there!"

"Say Dad, if you had money enough, what kind of fences would you have on the ranch?"

"Wooden ones. I'd tear out every foot of barbed wire and put in good solid wood posts about ten feet apart and four feet high."

"Would it cost much, Dad?"

"You can get the poles for nothing up in the Government Reserve here, but the cutting and hauling would cost money, lots of it."

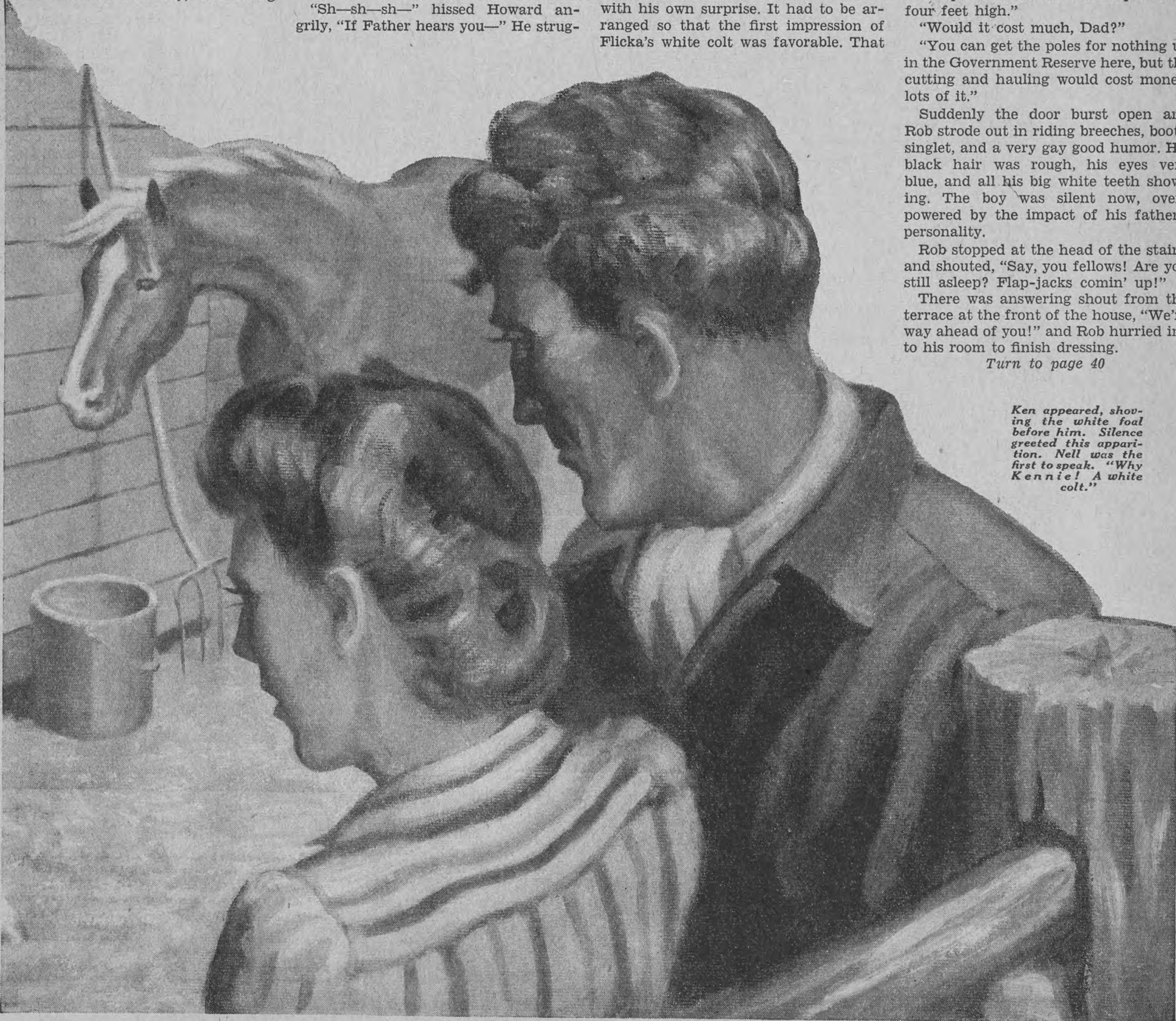
Suddenly the door burst open and Rob strode out in riding breeches, boots, singlet, and a very gay good humor. His black hair was rough, his eyes very blue, and all his big white teeth showing. The boy was silent now, overpowered by the impact of his father's personality.

Rob stopped at the head of the stairs, and shouted, "Say, you fellows! Are you still asleep? Flap-jacks comin' up!"

There was answering shout from the terrace at the front of the house, "We're way ahead of you!" and Rob hurried into his room to finish dressing.

Turn to page 40

Ken appeared, showing the white foal before him. Silence greeted this apparition. Nell was the first to speak. "Why Kennie! A white colt."



DON'T LET YOUR SOIL DRIFT AWAY

DID you live anywhere on the Canadian prairies, from Manitoba to the Rockies, during that period of drought and wind that prevailed from 1931 to 1938? If so, the mentioning of soil drifting may bring back that feeling of despondency, frustration, helplessness that was yours when fields were blowing away and there seemed to be nothing that could be done about it.

If you were one of the many that gave up and moved into the brush country, soil drifting still may mean an impossible situation. However, if you stayed until 1938, you may look upon it as a problem solved, an enemy conquered, something not so serious after all, and you may think that such conditions may not come again.

In either case, you are wrong. Soil drifting does not mean an impossible situation, because it can be controlled; but it is extremely serious and drifting conditions are quite sure to come again. There is much evidence to support the statement that climatic history repeats itself. At least it is unsafe to assume that several bad years may not occur again in succession. Then, even one year of drought and wind can cause severe drifting, as has been experienced many times in numerous places. Let us say again with all the emphasis we can command, soil drifting is very serious and it doubtless will recur.

There is but one way to play safe with wind erosion; that is, to expect each year to be a drifting year and to farm accordingly. Numerous farmers are operating on this basis and are meeting the situation. One successful operator farming in the chinook belt of Alberta, where drifting is more serious than any other place on the prairies, put it this way: "We were blown out once and thought we were beaten, but we have learned how to control drifting. We are afraid of the wind, however, so we take no chances. We never let it get at our soil."

This man has learned the basic principles of drifting control. He never lets the wind get at his soil. Here is his program. Being in a strip farming district, he strips his land in twenty-rod strips extending north and south, because the prevailing winds are westerly. Stripping breaks the force of the wind and causes it to drop its load of sand particles thus reducing its sand blast action.

THIS man is farming in a sawfly territory, but is successfully controlling sawflies regardless of his strip farming. He has a strip of brome grass entirely around his farm and he protects each wheat strip with a trap strip of wheat sown about 10 days earlier

Soil drifting can be prevented and controlled. What was once a fearful and costly menace is still a menace, but need no longer be fearful

by

A. E. PALMER

Assistant Superintendent
Dominion Experimental Station, Lethbridge, Alberta

than the main crop. This trap strip is separated from the main crop by a summerfallowed strip, the width of the cultivator. During these years when there has been a demand for flax and coarse grain and wheat has not been saleable, he has rotated his fields with flax and oats in addition to wheat, to keep down the sawfly population. This has made it possible for him to continue strip farming successfully with very little damage from sawflies. In some localities where sawflies are especially bad, strip farming is modified by seeding strips a few rods wide to oats, through the summerfallow, but this farmer maintains the conventional practice of alternating strips of crop and fallow.

He plowless tills his fallows, but does not use any kind of disc unless he has a very heavy stubble. Instead, he uses a blade machine, or, if the stubble is light and free of tumble weeds, he may use a duck-foot cultivator. In years when stubble is very light and little trash is left, his final operation is to ridge the field with a duck-foot cultivator. If the fallowed field is almost devoid of a trash cover and appears dusty, he will plow in the fall.

Always, in the spring, this farmer has either sufficient trash or lumps enough on the surface of his medium loam soil to insure against spring drifting. Thus he gets over this critical period safely. Unless he has a very heavy trash cover left in the spring, he cultivates with a duckfoot cultivator before seeding. If the trash is too heavy for duckfooting, which happens only after very heavy crops, he one-ways the land ahead of his drill. Some use the tiller combine for seeding.

By following the practice outlined above, this farmer and many others like him are successfully handling loam soils under extreme wind conditions.

Their program is simple and inexpensive. Perhaps no one on the prairies is producing wheat more cheaply.

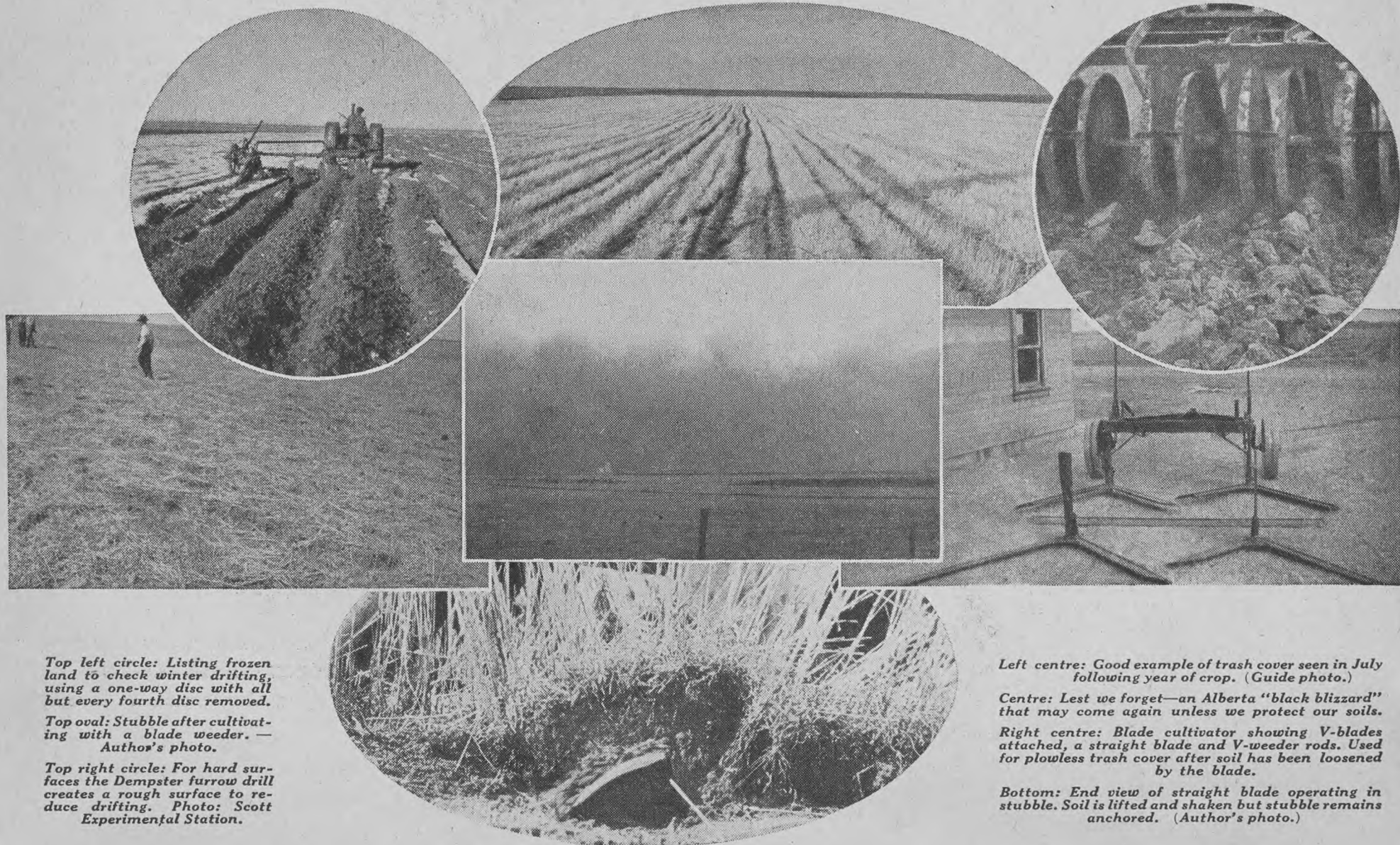
HERE is a method of another operator who has a sandy soil in an area with a medium rainfall. He had his land stripped in widths of 10 to 13 1-3 rods. Plowless tillage is followed for summerfallows, using "V" blade machines. Coarse grains and flax are rotated with wheat to keep down sawfly troubles, but he has not used trap strips. So far, he has not felt that they are required, as sawfly infestation in his district has not become extremely severe.

In the fall, if he finds that he has not sufficient trash cover to protect his fallows, the fields are listed as it has been found that sandy soils will not hold through the fall, winter and spring as do loam soils if fall plowed. His fields are cultivated in the spring with a duckfoot, unless the trash cover is too heavy, which is seldom the case. If the trash is heavy, he uses a one-way. Listed fields are levelled by cultivating with the duckfoot cultivator parallel to the ridges. Where listing has been required, the soil is bare, so spring drifting becomes a danger when these fields are levelled. This farmer, therefore, spring plows before seeding on such fields, or on any that have not sufficient trash for protection.

These two examples represent conditions in areas with medium rainfall. In the extremely dry areas sandy land is too hazardous to farm; consequently most of it is being seeded to crested wheat grass and only the heavier soils are tilled. A very few now are breaking up strips of crested wheat grass and expect to farm them for two or three years before seeding down again. This may prove to be a good practice where most of the land is used for grazing, because the strips of grass between the tilled strips can be kept for early spring, fall and winter pasture.

On the border of the prairies, where it is breaking into the Park belt, grasses and legumes grow more successfully than they do on the drier prairie and rotation with these crops is making headway as a method of controlling drifting. Grasses are better than legumes as a strictly drift-controlling crop, if those with good soil-binding qualities are used. A grass like slender wheat grass, however, is not much better than grain roots for binding soil. Crested wheat grass appears to supply the moist soil-binding fibre, while brome is quite effective. Legumes, of course, protect the soil while they are growing, but when plowed up, the land may drift as readily as plowed grain stubble.

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Top left circle: Listing frozen land to check winter drifting, using a one-way disc with all but every fourth disc removed.

Top oval: Stubble after cultivating with a blade weeder. — Author's photo.

Top right circle: For hard surfaces the Dempster furrow drill creates a rough surface to reduce drifting. Photo: Scott Experimental Station.

Left centre: Good example of trash cover seen in July following year of crop. (Guide photo.)

Centre: Lest we forget—an Alberta "black blizzard" that may come again unless we protect our soils.

Right centre: Blade cultivator showing V-blades attached, a straight blade and V-weeder rods. Used for plowless trash cover after soil has been loosened by the blade.

Bottom: End view of straight blade operating in stubble. Soil is lifted and shaken but stubble remains anchored. (Author's photo.)

THE Country GUIDE

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A Fading Hope

The declaration of political war on Quebec by Premier Drew of Ontario has implications which extend far beyond the confines of those two provinces. It vitally affects every province in Canada, especially the prairie provinces and the maritimes. He served notice that his government will do everything in its power to see that the federal Family Allowance Act does not come into effect, and then added significantly "It is not this bill alone, but the whole principle involved that we intend to resist." He claimed that family allowances are entirely within the provincial jurisdiction and that this and other measures passed at the last session of parliament could not be financed without continuing the wartime arrangement by which the provinces vacated the corporation and income tax fields for the duration. What this really means is that Premier Drew has come out unequivocally as an Ontario Firster. A Quebec First party is now in power in that province. Although Premier Drew, in his assault on Quebec, claimed that Ontario was not going to be taxed to help raise Quebec babies, what he was really doing was to line Ontario up with Quebec in resisting a greater centralization of responsibility and taxing power at Ottawa. As Premier Garson, of Manitoba, has pointed out, the shaft aimed at Quebec hit the prairie provinces and the maritimes.

* * *

Faced with an adverse election in Quebec, followed immediately by Premier Drew's outburst, Prime Minister Mackenzie King had no alternative but to announce that the Dominion-Provincial conference scheduled to meet this fall would be postponed until after the federal election. The previous conference, which met in January, 1941, was scuttled by Hepburn. Now another one has been scuttled, almost as acrimoniously and just as effectively, by Colonel Drew. What would be the use of calling a conference when the federal government is advised beforehand, by one who would be a chief participant, that he is opposed to the policies which the conference would be asked to confirm? Incidentally, what matter concerning the conference will be cleared up by a federal election? The simple fact is that Premier Drew has driven another row of nails into the coffin of the Rowell-Sirois Commission Report. That monumental work, which cost three-quarters of a million to compile, and which ranks with the Durham Report and the British North America Act as a great historical Canadian document, is evidently routed for the catacombs. The Central Provinces, which form a drainage basin for the wealth produced all over the country, can tax that wealth for local purposes and they are not going to give up the privilege.

* * *

Premier Drew is as unpredictable as his predecessor Hepburn. Perhaps that is why he always had a sneaking regard, which he could not very well conceal, for the unpredictable Mitch. Here a couple of weeks ago he made a statement in Winnipeg, for which he was commended in these columns, in which he said that the people of Ontario were Canadians first. Now he comes out flat-footed as an Ontario Firster. He stated that if, when the peace comes, the provinces had not reached an agreement for co-operation to solve postwar problems, the very best plans

would bog down in a constitutional morass. Now, he has taken a stand which makes it impossible to reach an agreement for co-operation before the war ends. He has since stated that he is not against family allowances, yet his contention that they come exclusively within provincial jurisdiction would put them and other measures of social legislation outside the reach of the outlying provinces, with their limited revenues. By directing his assault against Quebec he may be playing good Ontario partisan politics. It has been rumored that he may spring an election and make an appeal to the anti-Quebec vote in Ontario in an endeavor to gain a clear majority in the legislature and free himself from reliance on the Liberal group against the C.C.F., which is his official opposition. Whether this is true or not, he has already reduced himself from the stature of a national statesman to that of a partisan provincial politician.

* * *

The clearest voice now being raised in advocating a new deal between the provinces and the Dominion is that of Premier Stuart Garson, of Manitoba. A year ago he pointed out that the vast plans of postwar rehabilitation and reconstruction which were being blueprinted would be absolutely impossible of fulfillment if taxation were to revert to the prewar basis. With the drainage of wealth from the outlying provinces before it could be taxed, they could not possibly hold up their end of the reconstruction program. That is exactly the position with which they are now faced. As far as they are concerned, the postwar program is likely to be hamstrung. The same is true in large measure, of social legislation. The only remedy for the situation is to adopt the recommendation of the Rowell-Sirois Commission, that the provinces vacate the corporation, income and inheritance tax fields to the federal government, which would finance social legislation on a uniform national basis. The speed with which events in Europe are marching indicates that the postwar period will soon be with us. At the present moment it looks as if we are almost on the brink of the "constitutional morass" of which Premier Drew warned us two months ago and which he has since done more than any other man in Canada to create.

A Neglected Field

The fifth session of the nineteenth parliament, now adjourned, would have been notable even if it had not been a wartime session. In fact, the conduct of the war from a legislative standpoint has become almost routine and in a sense the session was highlighted by what the Financial Post calls "a vast experiment in social engineering." The program of legislation included farm floor prices, fish floor prices, the Industrial Development Bank, Family Allowances, the Housing Program, Export Credits and War Services Gratuities. There are commitments under UNRRA, which will include contributions for postwar relief and rehabilitation in Europe and elsewhere. There is also Canada's share in the international money stabilization plan, blueprinted at Bretton Wood. Canada already has unemployment insurance and provincial security schemes, such as Widows' Allowances, Workmen's Compensation and minimum wage scales. On the horizon some kind of state medicine is taking form and behind the horizon is a contributory old-age pension plan.

All this shows the direction in which Canada is travelling in the matter of domestic policy and international economic agreement. The rate at which she is travelling is a bit dizzy, but the war has induced it. The boys who enlisted will come back men and they have been assured that the Canada they will come back to will not be a depression Canada, which is the only kind of a Canada most of those who joined up four or five years ago can remember.

There is another field of legislation which has scarcely felt the point of the breaking plow. It is the field of supervision and control to prevent financial manipulation and exploitation. Some feeble and intermittent attempts have

been made provincially to control stock selling rackets. An effort is being made by an interprovincial committee to attain some measure of uniformity in provincial company laws, though the disposition of the Rowell-Sirois Commission to let it go at that is the weakest spot in its report. There is the badly shopworn Combines Investigation Act. A federal commission is investigating the cartel system, which is likely to be brought under some kind of international control. But there is room for vast development in this field. A healthy postwar Canadian industry cannot exist with a cartel-holding company-monopoly cancer eating at the country's industrial vitals. To that aspect of the national economy the government and parliament of Canada will have to address itself. The cost of cleaning house and keeping it clean would not be a forkful in the haystack compared with the cost of the projected social program, the burden of which would be materially lightened under consistently healthy industrial conditions.

European Agriculture

With the war going so well, postwar relief in Europe is brought into closer perspective. If the Nazi war machine is liquidated this fall or winter, as now seems likely, a lot of famine relief will have to be furnished before the 1945 crop is threshed and milled. It is necessary to face up to the fact that the bulk of famine relief will have to be met from the surplus on hand and the crop which is now being harvested.

This brings into view another possibility. Only a small fraction of France has been fought over. The isolation of the Germans in northern Italy, where most of that nation's good land is situated, may mean that agriculture there too will escape the ravages of land fighting. Roumania has come over to the Allies, which means that her agriculture may largely escape. The same is true of other Balkan territory. The Ukraine, Russia's granary, has had most of this season to recuperate for the 1945 seeding. Agriculture is not devastated by bombing and there seems to be no reason why somewhere near the normal European acreage should not be sown next spring.

The probability is, therefore, that with the garnering of the 1945 harvest, the production of field crops in Europe will be back close to prewar levels. There will be a scarcity of livestock, but that will mean that there will be all the more grain for human consumption. The work of UNRRA will soon pass to its second phase, the renewal of the animal population. While this is going on there will be a demand for animal products such as dried milk and meats, and breeding stock. With the way things are shaping, however, it would appear that Canadian agriculture should not bank too much on a long drawn out period of relief and reconstruction in Europe. The chief long-term advantage depends, not on the relief and reconstruction aspects of UNRRA, but on the success of its efforts to raise the dietary standards of the masses of the people, in Europe and elsewhere. If UNRRA is successful in attaining its objective in that direction Canadian farmers need not worry about future markets.

The Seventh Victory Loan

The Seventh Victory Loan is just around the corner. Last spring the people of Canada were asked to subscribe \$1,200 million and came through with nearly \$1,400 million. This fall, according to a kite flown from Ottawa, the objective may be set at the latter figure. That is, the sights will be raised by \$200,000,000.

Farm outlay is curtailed, voluntarily and by decree, but after the war there will be a lot of catching up to be done in the farmers' spending. Everyone knows that, and each one knows about what he is going to need. The safest place to store the money is in Victory Bonds. The surest way to lose it is to put it into some speculative stock. One thing is certain, nobody is peddling stock that is any good. When a man buys a Victory bond he is not kissing his money goodbye.

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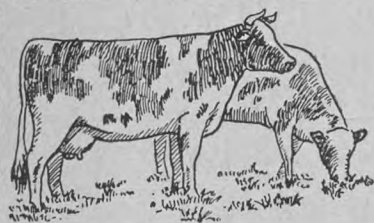
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The rich nutrients blended into Burns' ViGoR Dairy and Mineral supplement are chosen for their known quality, palatability and digestibility... all important factors in milk production.

Give your cows a chance to prove themselves by feeding them Burns' ViGoR Dairy Supplement.



NEWS of AGRICULTURE

Food and Agriculture Organization

FOLLOWING the Hot Springs Conference on food and agriculture held at Hot Springs, Virginia, in May, 1943, an Interim Commission headed by L. B. Pearson, Canadian minister to Washington, was formed to develop a form of organization and constitution and to lay plans for the work of a permanent organization which it is expected will be formed among the 44 nations represented at Hot Springs. The recommendations of the Interim Commission have now been forwarded to the governments of all these countries, and as soon as 20 of the 44 nations have accepted the Commission's report, the proposed new organization, to be known as the Food and Agricultural Organization (F.A.O.) will come formally into being.

The broad objectives of F. A. O. will be to contribute toward an expanding world economy by (a) assisting to raise the levels of nutrition and standards of living among peoples of the world; (b) securing improvement in the efficiency of the production and distribution of all food and agricultural products; and (c) improving the economic condition of rural peoples. To this end, an annual budget of \$5,000,000 is recommended for the first five years, of which it is calculated that only \$2,500,000 will be required the first year. Of this budgeted amount, the United States will be asked to bear 25 per cent of the first year's budget, the United Kingdom 15 per cent, Russia 8 per cent, China 6½, Canada 5, Australia 3.3, South Africa 2.3, New Zealand 1.15 and India 4.25 per cent, with other countries similarly proportioned.

F. A. O. will deal also with forestry and fishing and will have a permanent central organization which will probably be established at the same place as the World Security Organization now being planned at a conference in the United States between that country, Britain, Russia and China; and its work will be dovetailed into that of other organizations such as the international bank, the international labor office, UNRRA, and possibly an international health organization.

In connection with the report, Mr. Pearson said "From the economic standpoint, the low purchasing power of two-thirds of the world's people who live on the land is the greatest single drag on world economy. Any widespread increase in the average purchasing power of the farm families of the world would be enormously stimulating to world markets for many different kinds of products."

Four-year World Food Shortage

COL. LLEWELLIN, British Minister of Food, told the British House of Commons recently that negotiations were then going on with Canada to secure minimum supplies amounting to 1,850 million pounds of bacon until 1947. He also states that the next four years would witness a shortage in world supplies of several essential foodstuffs, especially milk, butter, cheese, beef, mutton and lamb. Britain herself would want 360 million gallons more milk each year, and he was negotiating overseas for long-term contracts of essential food supplies, which would enable overseas farmers to plan ahead for production. Australia and New Zealand had been invited to sell to Britain all their surplus of beef, mutton, lamb and dairy products until the end of June, 1948. The two Governments had accepted the proposal in principle.

British wartime bread is better than the prewar article. The only cereal now in the British loaf is wheat.

Mashed potato powder is a new British food product made from potatoes cooked, mashed, dried, and served from a tin, so that it was difficult to tell from ordinary mashed potato. Dehydration of vegetables had made it possible to reduce the bulk of a thousand tons of cabbage from 140,000 cubic feet, to 15,000 cubic feet by dehydration, and afterwards to 2,727 cubic feet by compression.

Canada Exceeds 1943 Bacon Exports

THE current British Bacon contract which appeared to hit farmers such a slap in the face last fall, calls for a total minimum delivery of 900 million pounds by the end of 1945—a two-year period. The amazing increase in hog deliveries this year enabled the Meat Board to purchase 511 million pounds in the first eight months period, which ended August 30. By the same date, six million hog carcasses had been graded in Canada, which compares with just over four million at the same date last year. Between September 1 and December 31, 1943, gradings were just over three million carcasses and if, as some expect, a decrease takes place this fall, this decrease could amount to 20 per cent of last year's deliveries for the same period and still we would be able to export 750 million pounds of bacon to Britain in 1944, as compared with 675 millions last year.

Western Farm Research Laboratory

AFTER many years of dissatisfaction with the progress made in agricultural research under the direction of the National Research Council, and following long continued pressure and requests for some more ambitious program to meet the needs of western agriculture, the Minister of Trade and Commerce at Ottawa, Hon. J. A. MacKinnon, announced recently that a farm crops research laboratory would be constructed on the campus of the

Advance Equalization Payments

THE Canadian Wheat Board has recently issued a pamphlet on the subject of the Advance Equalization Payments of 10 cents per bushel on oats and 15 cents per bushel on barley, which have been operating since April 1, 1943. The Board apparently believes that there is considerable misunderstanding among farmers as to the facts regarding these payments, which arose out of the difference in price between domestic ceilings on oats and barley and export prices for these grains available in the United States market. As a result of this difference, The Canadian Wheat Board established, and has since continued, daily equalization fees which represent the difference between prices for oats and barley in Canada and those in export markets, after allowing for forwarding costs. These fees are collected from the exporters by the Board, which requires an export permit before feed grains are exported from this country. The fees so collected are deposited in two separate equalization funds, one for oats and one for barley.

A year ago, when a serious feed shortage developed in eastern Canada, and it was necessary to move large quantities of oats and barley from west to east, instead of exporting it to the United States, the Dominion Government guaranteed the equalization fund to the extent of 10 cents per bushel on oats and 15 cents per bushel on barley, thus enabling the payment of these amounts at the time of delivery to those who marketed oats and barley. The payment then became known as an "advance equalization payment." About the same time, too, the Dominion Government provided that, under certain conditions, advance equalization payments may be applied to farm-to-farm transactions, which, in the words of The Canadian Wheat Board, were allowed "in order to prevent advance equalization payment becoming a new and unexpected cost falling on those who normally conduct feeding enterprises on the basis of purchased feed."

The privilege does not extend to farmers feeding oats and barley produced on their own farms.

The Canadian Wheat Board is emphatic in emphasizing that equalization funds are not the property of all those who produce oats and barley, but only of those who market them; and that the equalization funds are held in trust for those producers who have surplus

University of Saskatchewan by the Federal Government at a cost of approximately \$200,000, in addition to operating costs. It is understood that work at the laboratory will follow two definite directions. First, research connected with crops grown for food, with a view to increasing the efficiency of processing, storage and transportation methods; and second, the discovery of profitable outlets in industries, for surplus products grown originally for food.

The new laboratory building will be three stories high and will be 200x50 feet in size, and will contain one 50x50 foot wing, planned to contain pilot plant facilities.

Canadian Net Farm Income

CANADIAN farmers had a net income in 1943 of \$974 million. This is the Dominion Bureau of Statistics figure, which was \$180 million below the high mark of \$1,154 million in 1942, and compares with \$534 million in 1940. These figures include Government payments which amounted to nearly \$8 million in 1940, \$76 million in 1941 and \$26 million in each of the years 1942 and 1943.

Ontario leads in net farm income as a rule, but in 1942 Saskatchewan's huge wheat crop, together with Government payments, put her over the top. In 1941 and in 1943, Saskatchewan occupied third place after Quebec. Alberta, as a rule, occupies fourth place and Manitoba fifth among the nine provinces of Canada.

Operating expenses and depreciation charges on Canadian farms have increased 20 per cent since 1914, but gross income, including cash income and income in kind, increased 50 per cent, while net income increased 80 per cent.

oats and barley to sell after supplying their own requirements for feed and seed. In other words, the equalization fund accumulates from fees collected from exporters. Against these funds, the advance equalization payment are a first charge; next come administration costs and, to the extent which the funds exceed both advance payments and administration costs, the excess is still the property of those who market oats and barley within that crop year.

The Board is also emphatic in emphasizing the fact that the equalization funds are not a subsidy to producers. They are pools of money belonging to those who sell surplus oats and barley. Apparently "in hundreds of cases" farmers have received equalization payments who were not entitled to them; and the Board has asked for a refund of advance payments in such cases. The Board points out that for every wrongful payment made out of equalization funds, one producer benefits at the expense of all other producers who have marketed oats and barley.

To retain these funds for all those producers who are entitled to them, two major changes have been made in the regulations governing equalization payments on farm-to-farm transactions for the crop year 1944-45. The first change is that each payment must be examined and approved by the Board before the money is actually turned over to the farmer concerned, and it is emphasized that the Dominion Government order-in-council P.C. 5998 will govern in all cases. The second change is that all feeders not possessing 1944-45 delivery permits, who wish to purchase oats or barley within the price ceiling, will be required to take out a feeder's permit. Certain requirements are to be met before such permits are issued. The Board emphasizes also that no producer need be in ignorance as to the regulations concerning advance equalization payments, since these may be obtained from each country elevator, or by writing to the Equalization Department, The Canadian Wheat Board, Winnipeg. "The Board appeals to every producer in the west," says the pamphlet, "to observe and support the regulations which have been established in respect to equalization payments on farm-to-farm transactions, in order that these funds may be conserved and properly paid out to eligible farmers."

THE OCEAN

should carry Trade *both* ways

THE International Monetary Conference recently held at Bretton Woods—like the now famous Hot Springs Food Conference—is another example of the avenues being explored by the United Nations to ensure that, following the complete defeat of Nazi-Fascism, humanity may once more be enabled to set its face toward the sunrise of Peace and orderly Progress.

THE aim of the Food Conference was to promote higher nutritional standards among the world's peoples; that of the Monetary Conference was to explore ways and means by which, when hostilities end, trading among the United Nations may begin again and the process of general economic stabilization be advanced throughout the world. Both these objectives are of primary concern to agriculture.

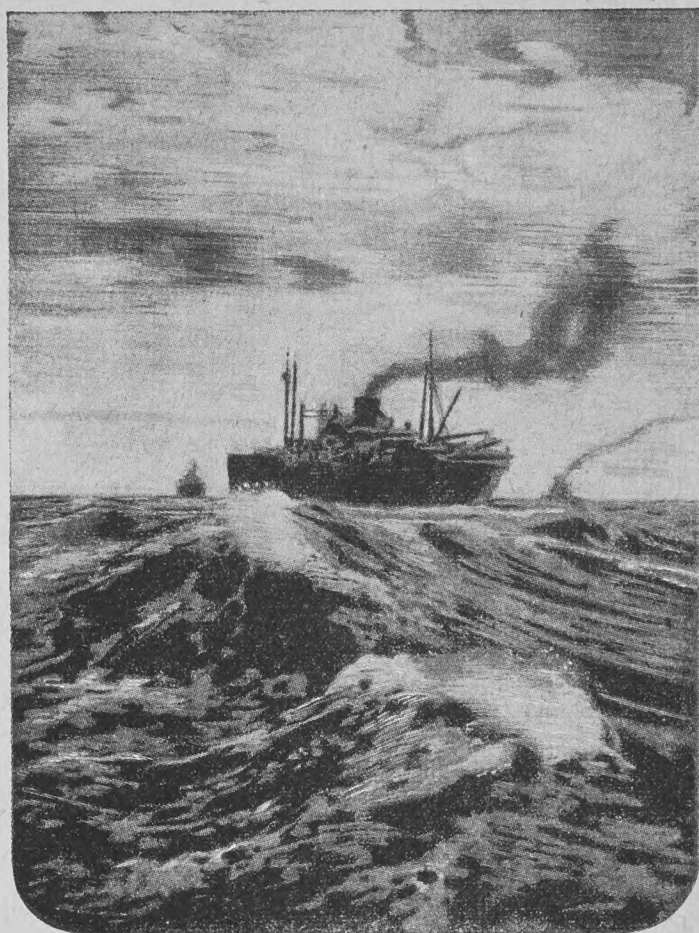
Stabilization will be the need of those who up to now have enjoyed prosperity as the "selling" nations as well as by those who through lend-lease arrangements have been the "buying" nations. None of the countries who up to now have appeared to be the fortunate "selling" nations have been in reality fortunate, except artificially. War loans and immense borrowings of the future have created these artificial positions. But

the hard economic fact remains that only by trading with each other as freely as possible can both regain real stability and make real progress. That is why Lord Keynes (Britain's great economist) and his co-experts at Bretton Woods have been striving to discover ways and means of establishing some form of international lending organization with the objective of bringing about currency stability among the United Nations which will enable them to buy and sell each other's production on a basis of equity. Under some such arrangement the stronger nations will assist the weaker and world trade be given the impetus to a fresh start.

FOR many months past in these announcements United Grain Growers Limited have felt it right to stress the importance of the Canadian Farmers' war production effort of wheat, meat, bacon, cheese, eggs, milk and other foods which have aided our fighting forces and civilian populations. No one will gainsay its value in winning the war. But, it is perhaps timely at this stage to point out that lasting Peace will not be won until farmers, along with others, are able and willing to accept in balance for

their exports the imports of those countries to whom they sell the products of farm, field and industry. What practical measures can we, in Canada take, to ensure not only an outlet for our food products, but an outlet, right here in the West, for the imports of our customers? Many leading business organizations and institutions in Canada and elsewhere are seeking the solution to this problem. Both the Hot Springs Food Conference and the International Monetary Conference have given an important lead toward the end desired by all.

THIS farmer-owned Company feels that by giving all possible study now toward practicable ways and means of bringing about the stabilization of the trading position of the Canadian farmer and of his customer—the different trading nations of the world—the winning of the war will the sooner become a reality and Peace a fruitful blessing.



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Acclaimed by smokers Everywhere!



Ottawa Floor Price Legislation

ON July 31, the House of Commons in Ottawa gave third reading to and passed Bill No. 168 entitled "An Act for the Support of Prices of Agricultural Products During the Transition from War to Peace." This is legislation to provide a floor under farm prices, which the Prime Minister forecast in a radio address on December 2, 1943. It is also in fulfillment of an implied promise made by the Minister of Agriculture on October 15, 1943, in London, Ontario, when he said, "In placing ceilings upon products with limited subsidies now, the Government is assuming responsibility to maintain floors until this country is re-established after the war. The Government owes this to the farmer, who has maintained production under ceilings, and also owes it to the men and women who will return from the services to the farm."

The Bill, in effect, has four main provisions. First, it provides for the setting up of a \$200 million fund, with which to carry out the purposes of the Act. If, in the handling of any product, there shall be a loss, the money comes from this fund. If, on the other hand, the operations under the Act shall result in a profit, any monies used from the fund shall be replaced and the profit placed to the credit of the Consolidated Revenue Fund. Second, the Act covers all or any agricultural products except wheat (already administered by The Canadian Wheat Board) and it may also be interpreted to cover processed agricultural products. Third, the Act will be administered by a Board to be composed of three members, responsible to the Minister of Agriculture. It is proposed immediately to appoint only a permanent chairman and, temporarily, to make use of two officials of the Department of Agriculture to complete the Board. Later, two permanent mem-

bers will replace them. There will also be an Advisory Board of twelve members, among whom the primary producers will have adequate representation. Fourth, any regulations made under the Act shall be approved by the Governor-in-Council, and laid before Parliament within fifteen days, or within fifteen days of the commencement of the next ensuing session, and shall not be effective until published in the Canada Gazette.

In speaking on the principle of the Bill, on second reading, the Minister of Agriculture declared that "Whenever it is declared that the terms of the Bill be applied to a product during that period (transition period), we apply the terms of this Bill in such a way as to see to it that anything at all that the farmer was denied by way of price control during the war, is made up to him during the period of transition after the war, in order that he may maintain his position among the different producers and consumers." Later, the Minister also said, "It would be unfair to the farmer immediately to require him to sell at the cost of production (during the transition period) without considering at all any losses he sustained because of the war, or any returns he was denied through the controls established during the war."

No prices, of course, are fixed by the Act. These will be established from time to time as conditions warrant, and the legislation will continue in effect until Parliament declares that the need for it has passed. There was some suggestion by the Minister that the legislation might not actually be required for two or three years after the war, owing to the probability of large demands for agricultural products during the period of rehabilitation in Europe and elsewhere.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

The Vitamin B₁ Tonic
Contains Vitamin B₁ and Essential
Food Minerals



Extensively used for headache, loss of sleep, nervous indigestion, irritability, anaemia, chronic fatigue, and exhaustion of the nervous system.

60 pills, 60 cts.
Economy size, 180 pills, \$1.50.



PROTEIN

NOW 40%

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AT
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The protein content of Shur-Gain Hog Concentrate has been raised from 35% to 40%. Thus you get 5% more protein assisting you to make your hogs grow faster, to grow more economically, to grade better—and you get these FREE! See your local Shur-Gain Feed Service Mill or Shur-Gain Dealer.

SHUR-GAIN

40% HOG CONCENTRATE

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ST. BONIFACE REGINA MOOSE JAW PRINCE ALBERT SASKATOON EDMONTON



A. M. Shaw.

J. G. Taggart.

Dr. J. F. Booth.

HON. J. G. Gardiner announced on August 17th the appointment of a three-man board to administer the "Act for the Support of Agricultural Prices during the Transition period between War and Peace," which was passed by the House of Commons on July 31.

(Centre) J. G. Taggart, appointed permanent Chairman of the Board, is a Nova Scotian, born September 28, 1892, who, after public and high school, attended the College of Agriculture at Truro, N.S., and later graduated from the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, in 1912. For some time an agricultural representative in Ontario, he was later principal of the School of Agriculture at Vermilion, Alberta, and was made Superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Station, Swift Current, in 1922. In 1934, he resigned his position to contest a seat in Saskatchewan provincial election, and was made Minister of Agriculture. In December, 1939, he became Chairman of the Bacon Board (now the Meat Board) and also served for a time during the war as Food Administrator under the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

(Left) A. M. Shaw, whose appointment is temporary, was Ontario born, and also attended the Ontario Agricultural College, graduating in 1910. He too, was an agricultural representative for a few years, later serving as agricultural agent for the Great Northern Railways

at St. Paul, Minn., and in 1913 joined the Department of Animal Husbandry at the University of Saskatchewan. In 1929 he became Dean of the Faculty of Agriculture. In 1935, he was appointed to the Canadian Wheat Board, and in 1937 was transferred to Ottawa as Director of Marketing. Since the beginning of the war he has been Chairman of the Agricultural Supplies Board and is a member of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

(Right) Dr. J. F. Booth, also a temporary appointee, hails from Saskatchewan, where his people are farmers. His earliest years were spent in Manitoba, but his high school training was taken in Regina, after which he attended the University of Saskatchewan, graduating in 1919. Serving for a time as agricultural representative in Saskatchewan, he was appointed Provincial Director of Marketing. Later, he went to Cornell University, New York State, where he obtained his degree as Master of Science and later his Ph.D. In 1926 he became Senior Economist with the Bureau of Economics, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, and came to Ottawa three years later to organize the Division of Farm Economics for the Dominion Department of Agriculture. He has since remained as the head of this Division, is a member of the Agricultural Food Board, and was a member of the Canadian delegation to the Hot Springs Conference in 1943.



BETTER THAN ONE A MINUTE!

In six months 6500 McCormick-Deering dealers in Canada and the U. S. repaired more tractors of all makes than International Harvester built in the three years before the war.

That's putting power back on the land at an all-time record-breaking clip—one tractor every 50 seconds!

★ ★ ★

You men on farms know what this service work has meant to war food production. When war cut farm machine production to almost nothing McCormick-Deering dealers lit into repair work

on the greatest scale in history. The job they are doing now is winning a new place for them in the forces fighting for food throughout the country.

More Farmalls and Farmall equipment are on the way. We are building with all possible speed. But here's the thing to remember:

You're going to need all the equipment you have and all you can get for a long time to come. Keep your machines in first-class shape. McCormick-Deering dealers will help you. They operate the greatest farm equipment service and repair force in the nation.

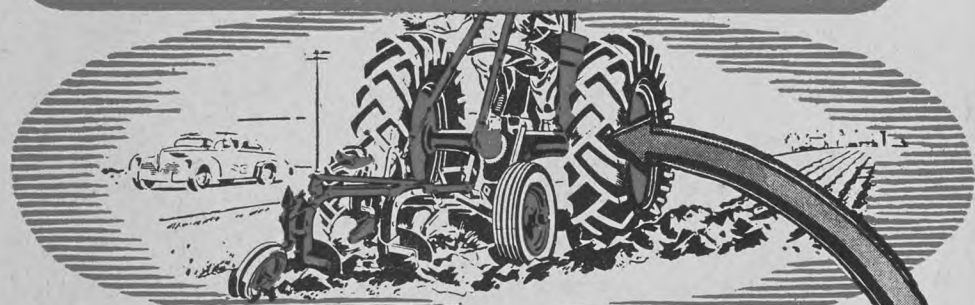
Schedule your work now.

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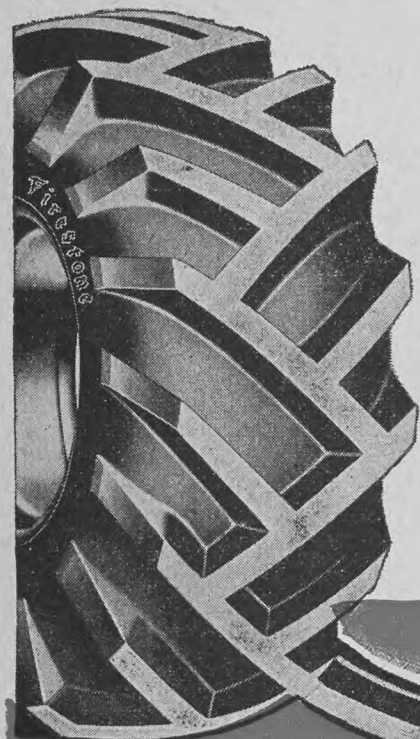
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Firestone's patented, triple-braced traction bars are scientifically designed to clean automatically. Ground Grips are without broken-bar pockets where mud and trash can stick—and every farmer knows that clean tires give the

greatest traction. Because they do stay clean, Firestone Ground Grips keep right on pulling under adverse conditions where ordinary tires slip and slide and cause costly losses of time and power. Ground Grips also give extra traction under ideal conditions because on each tractor they add up to 215 extra inches of traction bar length which grips the surface and pulls.

Extra traction means that you get more work done—in less time—and at a lower cost. So when you obtain a Tire Ration Certificate insist on having tires made by Firestone, the pioneer and pacemaker of the tire industry.



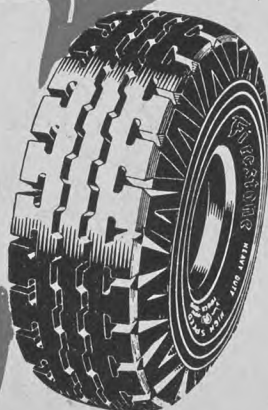
Firestone GROUND GRIP TIRES

CAR TIRES

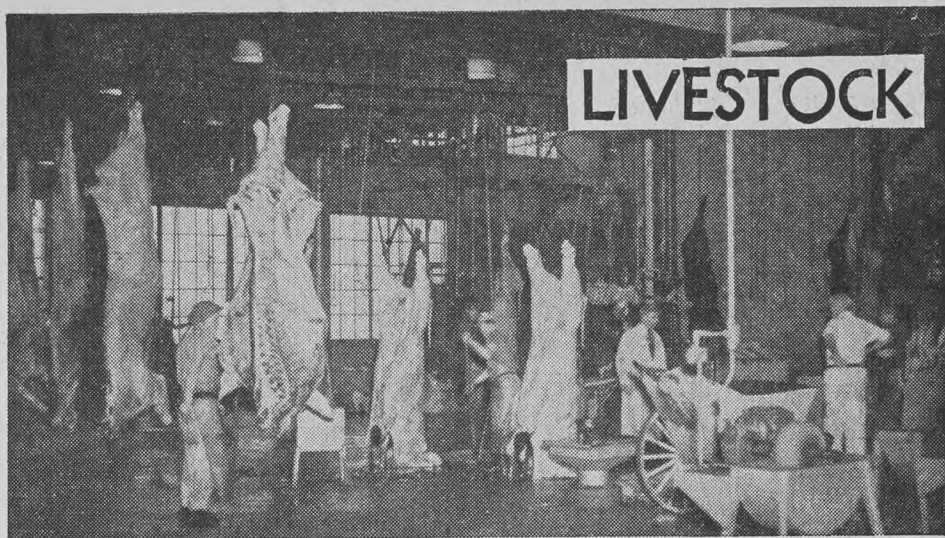
When you obtain a tire ration permit insist on having Firestones on your car. Made by the famous Gum-Dipping process, with Safety-Lock cords and the Gear-Grip Tread now made with Vitamic Rubber, you are assured of getting the most value for your money.

TRUCK TIRES

Firestone truck tires have always been noted for their long, dependable, low-cost mileage. Be sure to go to your nearby Firestone Dealer's Store and have him recommend the type of tire best suited to your needs.



LIVESTOCK



Undernourished and unfinished cattle are a liability to the livestock industry and to the man who markets them. They are a headache to the packer who must draw on a scanty supply of wartime labor to bone them out, which requires more labor than is required to handle the well-grown and well-finished carcasses shown above on the floor of a Winnipeg packing house.

Beef Floors Levelled Out

Until the end of 1945 beef floors will support prices for surplus beef supplies of all qualities down to good and choice cow beef

SUPPORT prices for beef to be paid by the Meat Board for surplus beef to apply on the British contract and for stockpiling against Canadian civilian needs, went into effect on August 21 with the opening of the Monday morning market. These new floor prices were announced to the House of Commons by the Minister of Agriculture, Hon. James G. Gardiner, on July 14, and are intended to afford a firm export price for all classes of surplus beef, from August 21 until December 31, 1945.

During the period of the British contract, Canada has undertaken to supply Britain with a minimum quantity of 100 million pounds of beef, or the amount obtainable from approximately 225,000 cattle. Since November, 1943, when the Meat Board began to buy surplus beef for export, more than 60 million pounds of beef have been purchased for overseas shipment (about 138,000 cattle). Ottawa states that in the years 1935-39 exports of live beef cattle from Canada averaged about 164,000 head annually.

The new beef floor prices appear to offer producers of medium to good quality market stock, a safer and more secure market than existed a year ago when a graduated floor price was in effect, which not only made no provision for a premium on quality and allowed prices for the best qualities to be depressed in the peak of the season as much as prices for the least desirable qualities, but actually invited low prices during the peak of deliveries. With the new support prices in effect, producers of Red and Blue Brand beef (the equivalent of special quality and the top end of commercial quality, as defined by Order No. 307 of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board) are theoretically protected against a drop of more than 25 cents per 100 pounds below the domestic beef ceiling. If, however, the total export purchases of these two qualities exceed a certain agreed quantity, the floor may be reduced to 50 cents below the domestic ceiling. For that part of commercial quality beef which does not qualify for Blue Brand, the support price is \$1.25 per 100 pounds below the ceiling for commercial beef. For cow beef of good and choice quality, the export or support price will be 75 cents below the ceiling for cow beef.

The announcement from Ottawa does not indicate that there will be any support of floor prices for surplus beef of qualities lower than good cow beef, although all available surplus quantities of these lower qualities will be accepted for export in boneless form. Such beef will include the beef from canner and cutter cows, bulls, young dairy cattle and other inferior beef type cattle.

Furthermore, no fixed support is provided for stocker and feeder prices, since these must be returned to farms and feed lots for finishing, and all floors and ceilings relate

to beef, and not to live animals. Nevertheless, Ottawa believes that the support given finished cattle would encourage farmers and others to purchase stockers and feeders for further development and feeding. Whether or not the new policy will leave cattle finishers sufficient scope to operate to advantage, remains to be judged by experience.

A point of considerable importance at this season lies in the recommendation from Ottawa that canner and cutter cows, bulls, young dairy type cattle, and all beef type animals of inferior quality should be marketed as far as possible before the heavy rush of fall marketing begins. As already intimated, any surplus beef from this type of cattle will be exported in boneless form. This requires a great deal more labor than does the handling of better quality animals. It is anticipated that the marketings of beef cattle this fall will be substantially higher than a year ago, and it is of the greatest importance to every farmer in western Canada that congestion of slaughtering facilities be avoided.

By the time this issue of The Country Guide appears, meetings organized by the Meat Board will have been held in Winnipeg, Saskatoon and Edmonton, with a view to organizing livestock marketings in the prairie provinces this fall so as to avoid any unnecessary congestion.

Announcement of floor prices for beef is no guarantee, of course, that actual prices for live cattle will be governed by these beef price supports. Buyers will continue to operate competitively and to buy largely on dressing percentage. Figures published by the packers indicate that if a 1,000-pound steer, dressing 50 per cent, is worth \$10 per 100 pounds alive, it is worth \$12 per 100 pounds if it dresses 60 per cent and only \$9.00 if it dresses 45 per cent. In other words, the live price should be 20 cents per 100 pounds more or 20 cents less for each increase or decrease of one per cent in dressing percentage above or below the \$10 price, for an animal dressing 50 per cent. It will be readily understood that if an animal dressing 50 per cent costs \$10 per 100 pounds live weight, the cost of beef from that animal is \$20 per 100 pounds, less any net credit from by-products. These net credits vary from almost nothing to perhaps \$1 per 100 pounds, depending on the kind of cattle.

The point which producers should bear more closely in mind, however, is that by the packers own figures he can afford to pay \$2 more per 100 pounds, live weight, for a 1,000-pound steer dressing 60 per cent, than for a steer of the same weight which dresses only 50 per cent. It does not necessarily follow from this that the packer's buyer can buy with the degree of precision that these figures indicate. Under our present system of marketing cattle alive, the buyer must estimate



VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS

— and we know
IT'S YOUR BUSINESS TOO!

The Canadian farmer's job is a good deal like a manufacturer's. His farm is his factory. His equipment is his machinery. His soil and seed and livestock are his materials.

Right now he knows that bumper food production is needed for the war effort — just as we of General Motors know that weapons of war must flow from our plants in huge volume.

Canada and our Allies depend on farming and manufacturing to meet the hungry demands of war.

You must *feed* our fighters; we must *arm* them.

And so the farm and factory form a sort of "partnership"—a partnership that is doing a mighty good job so far. It's a job that's founded on plain hard work, skill, determination and management know-how. Those are the things that count—in both farming and manufacturing.

And our "partnership" goes even deeper than that. It goes as deep as freedom—that old-time Canadian freedom to tackle *your* job *your* way —

To give it all you've got—and to get the rewards you earn.



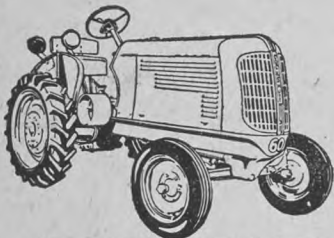
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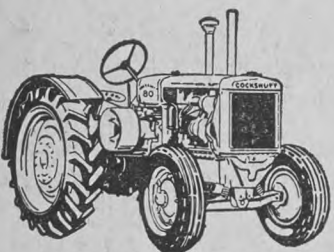
For dependable, efficient Power use your PERMIT TO BUY a **COCKSHUTT TRACTOR**



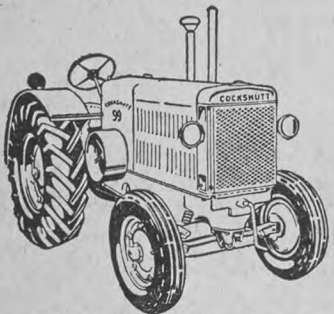
**FOR EVERY NEED . . . FOR EVERY FARM
A JUST RIGHT TRACTOR**



COCKSHUTT "60"



COCKSHUTT "80"



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• Yes, Mr. Farmer, Cockshutt tractors are designed to meet your exact needs . . . that's why we make not one, but FIVE different sizes to meet the requirements of big, medium and small farms.

As you are only too well aware, no one tractor can possibly give efficient, economical performance on every farm. That's why we say there is a Cockshutt tractor that will do a better job for you. They are available in Standard and Row Crop models, on rubber or steel and with starter and lights.

You owe it to yourself to choose the Cockshutt that has been designed for your particular needs and will give you years of economical, trouble free tractor operation. Read the details of the five sizes listed below . . . then, see your local Authorized Cockshutt Dealer.

"60" This four cylinder, 2-plow tractor is smaller but very similar in design to model "70." Operates on gasoline only.

"70" (Illustrated above). Gasoline or kerosene-distillate types. 6 cylinder power plant. It's a 2-3 plow tractor giving a maximum efficiency at a minimum operating and upkeep cost.

"80" Gasoline or kerosene-distillate types. It is the finest 3-4 plow tractor obtainable and will cover more acres at lower cost.

"90" Kerosene-distillate type. 4-5 plow capacity, handles big combines and threshers easily and efficiently.

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IMPORTANT Sale of farm implements is still limited by Government rationing. If you can keep your present equipment in operation by prompt repairs and replacement by Genuine Cockshutt Parts, by all means do so. If, however, your need is urgent, make an application, through your Authorized Cockshutt Dealer, for a permit to buy. Use the services of your Authorized Cockshutt Dealer for either repairs or purchase of new machines, he is ready to serve you in every way possible.

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dressing percentages through the hide, and there is no evidence yet available to indicate that a given number of buy-

ers can each estimate dressing percentages of a given number of animals, with reasonable accuracy.

Pork and Milk Translate Feed Into Energy

THERE never was a time in the history of Agriculture in North America when livestock feed, and its proper distribution and utilization, was as important as it is today. More millions of people are now dependent on the production from the farms of Canada and the United States than ever before in the history of the world. Beef, pork, milk and other dairy products, eggs and poultry, are all comparatively concentrated human foods. And since these food products depend primarily on the production of livestock feeds, the utilization of feeds is of primary importance. One has only to note the fact that agricultural production plans are based essentially on the proper supply of coarse grains and other livestock feeds to realize how our armed forces, and the liberated peoples of Europe, to say nothing of our own civilian populations, are dependent on the feed available for livestock.

The United States Department of Agriculture recently issued a publication on the subject of feed consumption by livestock. In this publication there is a comparison of the approximate relative efficiency of different classes of livestock in converting feed into human food. The figures are average United States figures that would probably vary only slightly from similar Canadian figures if these were available. One of the most interesting computations has to do with the amount of human food per pound of dressed products secured from different kinds of livestock. This is shown in the form of the number of calories produced (energy units), and the quantity of protein (growth factor). Hogs, for example, produce 2,228 calories per pound of dressed product; milk cows, 310 calories per pound of milk; beef cattle, 1,020; sheep and lambs, 1,100; eggs, 635; chickens, 680; and turkeys, 960.

The protein content of meats is an entirely different matter, and the quan-

ties are much smaller. The United States Department of Agriculture has combined the calorie and protein content into an index number based on the average daily food requirements of all persons, including children, amounting to 2,600 calories of energy, and .15 pounds of protein. By giving equal weight to these two quantities, the following index numbers for the dressed product from different kinds of livestock were obtained. Hogs, 71; milk, 17; beef cattle, 68; sheep and lambs, 61; eggs, 50; chickens, 65; turkeys, 72.

The amount of feed used to produce a calorie plus protein index number of 100 in each case is calculated as follows: Hogs, 9.24 feed units, where one feed unit includes the amounts of feed of all kinds, including hay and pasture, which is equal in feed value to one pound of average corn. On this basis, then, 6.53 feed units are required to produce a calorie plus protein index number of 100 from milk; beef cattle, 41.34; sheep and lambs, 51.66; eggs, 10.72; chicken, 12.00; turkeys, 9.72. These index numbers refer to all feeds, including pasture.

The above figures are interesting because they indicate that when both the number of calories and the protein content of different types of animals are taken into consideration there is not a great deal of difference in food value between a pound of pork, beef, lamb or poultry. Figures already given explain why, in wartime, hogs and milk are considered to be of such value. Ten units of feed, not including pasture, will produce in the case of hogs, 3,629 calories of energy in human food; while the same amount of feed, again excepting pasture, will produce 4,627 calories of energy from milk. These high figures compare with 837 calories from beef cattle, which use very high amounts of pasture, and 1,880 calories from sheep and lambs; 1,260 from eggs; 958 from chickens; and 1,522 from turkeys.

Horse Power

MOST horsemen will agree that a good draft horse or work horse is strong and heavy in the front and short in the back. In order to get efficiency in a work horse the centre of gravitation of the body must be brought forward, which means that the weight in front and the shortness in the back are contributions towards this effect. Similarly horses that are leggy cannot be as efficient draft horses as if they were more powerfully built. Light horses can go fast, but they cannot maintain their speed, otherwise their efficiency, for a very long time, because they lack the muscle development to stand the strain.

It is important to remember in the case of the work or draft horse that he does not pull his load, but pushes it. The whole weight of the load is on the collar and it is the horse's shoulders and his weight pushing against the collar

that moves the load. The fit of the collar is, therefore, most important; and poorly fitting collars are the principal cause of sore shoulders.

The average horse can usually be fitted with a standard collar, especially those with well-shaped sloping shoulders. Horses with straight shoulders and wide necks may require a full or a half-sweeney collar. Once in a long time it is necessary to have a collar made especially to fit the horse. Sometimes the collar can be made to fit more correctly by adjusting the hames, but in any case, a thick sweat pad should not be used if it can be avoided since the thicker the pad the more apt it is to become rough and ridgy.

The collar should fit snugly against the side of the neck, but not against the bottom of the neck; in other words,

Turn to page 20



This team, like any other, pulls its load by pushing against its collars. Most of the work on Canadian farms is still done by horses, so that well-fitted horse collars are a most important item in farm equipment.—Guide photo.


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Step by step, new markets were built up. By 1926 the demand for Canadian Nickel had increased to such an extent that work was commenced on the construction of great new plants in Canada.

Between 1926 and 1930 the Canadian Nickel industry paid out fifty millions of dollars for Canadian labor and materials. Expansion has continued up to the present.

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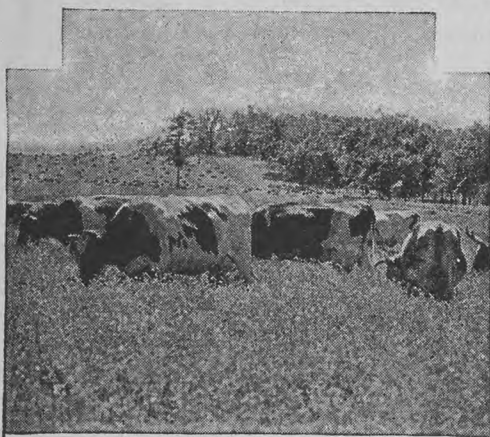
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Hereford Breeders' Sale

The Manitoba Hereford Breeders Association will hold a sale of 100 selected females and a few choice bulls at the Brandon Summer Fair Grounds on Tuesday, October 17, 1944, commencing at 1 p.m. Write for catalog to James R. Bell, Livestock Commissioner, Legislative Buildings, Winnipeg.



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the length of the collar should be sufficient to give the horse plenty of opportunity to breathe comfortably even when under very heavy loads. Ordinarily the collar that will allow the hand to pass between it and the bottom of the neck will be long enough, unless the loads being pulled are very heavy.

A good teamster will watch his horses carefully for any signs of sore shoulders and wherever there is any chance of soreness developing, he will take immediate steps to stave off this trouble. Washing the shoulders with salt and water in the evening is a good practice, but a tablespoonful of salt in a quart of water is sufficient. A larger proportion of salt is likely to blister the shoulders. Horses are less likely to get sore shoulders if the collars are kept clean and if the shoulders themselves are cleaned regularly and thoroughly. Often, after a hard, hot day's work, it is a kindness and a wise precaution to wash the shoulders, even if salt water is not used.

Cull Cattle Now

THERE are thousands of farms in western Canada where some cattle are kept, that have not yet settled down to any cattle raising policy. On these farms, no attempt apparently has been made to decide whether it would be more profitable to raise dairy cattle or beef cattle. The only reason many of the cows on these farms are there is because they were dropped there as calves, the

progeny of poor or indifferent parents, and have been allowed to grow up and in turn drop their own calves without anyone being particularly interested whether they themselves were worth keeping.

Agriculture must justify the higher standard of return which it hopes for after the war. This cannot be done on the basis of nondescript livestock. Moreover, there are plenty of opportunities provided by both the Dominion and provincial governments for the improvement of livestock of all kinds, so that individual farmers may, without much trouble and inconvenience to themselves, obtain the advantage that comes from the use of good pure-bred sires. Improvement of female stock must come about through culling.

The improved prices for agricultural products, and the improved financial position of western farmers since the beginning of the war, strongly suggest that now is a good time to improve the quality of farm livestock. Poorer animals in the herd or flock can be sold to better advantage now than at any time. Where it is advisable to buy one or more head of breeding stock, it is easier to do this when prices are good than when money is very scarce. Cows that will produce more milk, or raise calves that will produce beef more economically, are always more profitable than those that are less productive. Money is seldom made by producing less, and nearly always comes from producing more.

Remember Good Individuals by Photographs

BREEDERS of pure-bred livestock could make easier sales, and often to better advantage, if they would make a practice of photographing at least the better animals in the herd or flock. Many farm homes already have cameras of some kind, and they need not be expensive to take satisfactory photographs.

If a bull calf is being offered for sale, or a young boar or ram lamb, it will very often help the sale if the prospect can be sent a photograph of the dam, or perhaps of both dam and sire. Small photographic prints are not expensive, and if the breeder has formed the habit of photographing his animals, the negative will always be on hand and prints can easily be secured when they are needed. It is not enough, however, to take just any old kind of a photograph. The animal photographed must not only be in good condition, but should be cleaned, and, if necessary, some parts of the body washed.

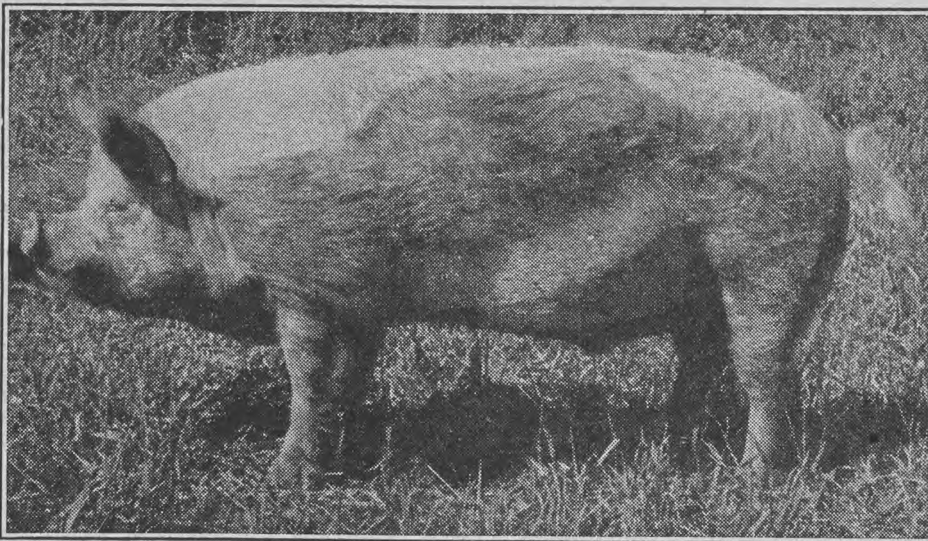
When this is done, the next thing is to pose the animal, and here is where plenty of patience is required. It is foolish to attempt a picture of livestock unless one has time and can command the necessary amount of patience. It may take five minutes, or three-quarters of an hour. To photograph a pig may be one of the most exasperating jobs on earth, but nothing is to be gained by yelling and shouting and thumping it with a stick.

The best procedure is for the person who is accustomed to handling the animal to try and get it in position as quietly as possible. The photographer should have the camera all ready, and should place himself just far enough away from the animal so that the lat-

ter will occupy the full size of the picture. A picture with part of the animal cut off is useless, and so is one with the animal showing as a small spot in the centre. Be sure that the camera is turned the right way so that you will not be attempting to take a long animal, such as a cow or a horse, crosswise in an upright picture. Once the photographer has the camera ready and is, as nearly as possible, the right distance from the animal, all that remains for him to do is to wait and be ready to snap the picture the very moment the pose is just right.

The person handling the animal should be very quiet and careful. He should never allow himself to get between the animal and the camera. The leading strap, if there is one, should always be on the opposite side from the camera. Generally, the best procedure with a led animal is to lead it slowly, very slowly, in front of the camera, one step at a time, until the correct posture is achieved. Often it is necessary to move one foot slightly, but this can generally be done by touching it with the point of a long stick just above the hoof of the leg to be moved. A picture should never be taken unless the ears of the animal are well forward so that it looks alert.

Sheep are comparatively easy to photograph, because they are so short that the handler can crouch down behind them and almost reach any part of the animal that needs to be moved. They can also be held more easily by gripping the wool. Photographing pigs, unless they are accustomed to the handler, is largely a matter of faith, hope and patience, together with quick action on the part of the photographer when the time comes.



It took a long time to get this Yorkshire boar to pose, at the University of Alberta, but patience was at last rewarded. Head, ears, feet, arched back and curled tail are each in their proper places, and looking their best.—Guide photo.



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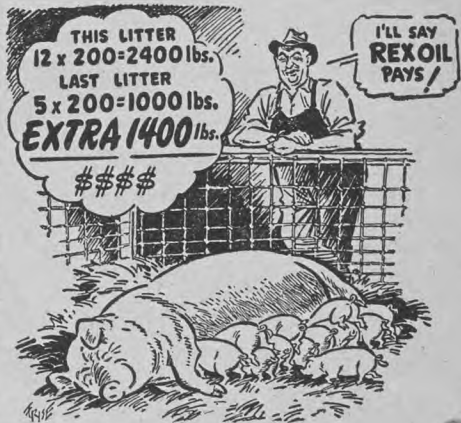
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FIELD

One of the unsolved problems in agriculture is concerned with the setting of alfalfa seed. In this year of comparatively good crops and heavy fruit bearing, many fields of alfalfa in northern districts where alfalfa grows to advantage, have not set good seed crops.

To Fort Nelson and Back

EACH summer it has been the custom of Guide editors to take advantage of the season of good roads and visit as many portions of western Canada as time and limited supplies of gasoline will permit. The present writer has visited Saskatchewan and Alberta and some parts of Manitoba in this way regularly for the last four seasons, choosing each time a route, as far as practicable, different from any route previously covered. This year it was thought advisable to take in the Peace River area, including the B.C. Block. Also, in view of the widespread lack of knowledge about the agricultural possibilities of the areas adjoining the Alaska Highway, this highway was covered for a distance of 342 miles beyond Dawson Creek, or a little way beyond Fort Nelson. The trip, therefore, involved 5,155 miles of travel over a period of approximately five weeks.

A Lot of Country Covered

Briefly, the route followed this year led northward to Dauphin and Swan Lake in Manitoba, then westward into Saskatchewan by way of Benito, Pelly, Stenen, Canora, Watson, Melfort, Birch Hills, Duck Lake, Rosthern and Saskatoon. A fixed day for arrival at Edmonton necessitated a fairly straight journey to Mannville, Alberta, through North Battleford and Lloydminster, in order that a detour might be made northward from Mannville for a visit to St. Paul, St. Lina and Smoky Lake, all of which lie north of the North Saskatchewan river, and are definitely in the grey-wooded soil areas of Alberta. From Edmonton, the road into the Peace River area, leads, of necessity, through Clyde, Athabaska, Smith (where the Athabaska river is crossed by ferry), Slave Lake, Faust and eventually to High Prairie, the gateway to the Peace River area, and located 264 miles from Edmonton.

From High Prairie, one can go north to McLennan, Donnelly and Peace River town, or southwest through Valley View, Sturgeon Lake and DeBolt to Grande Prairie. I chose the latter route, and eventually proceeded to Beaverlodge, where I was joined by W. D. Albright, Superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Station there, in whose excellent company I proceeded to Pouce Coupe, Dawson Creek and Fort St. John. Here, much to our surprise, we found J. W. Abbott still anxiously awaiting the arrival of his tractor, trucks and breaking plows, with which he proposed to proceed northward to a point 106 miles west of Whitehorse, in the Yukon, where he had been commissioned to establish a Dominion Experimental Substation. Returning from the Highway to Beaverlodge, and having meanwhile taken side trips into the Wapiti district, south of Grande Prairie and across the Wapiti river, and also north-west of Grande Prairie into the La Glace and Valhalla district, I proceeded northward to Rycroft and Fairview. From here the return journey really began, leading eastward to Bluesky, Grimshaw and Peace River town, thence south to High Prairie, taking in Donnelly, Fahler and Grouxville. From High Prairie, the road led southward again to Edmonton and

the "outside." By this time the Alberta election was only two or three days off. Time also was getting short, and I headed for Winnipeg by a fairly direct route, taking in Lacombe, Red Deer, Calgary, Brooks, Swift Current, Regina and Whitewood, then south to Carlyle and east along No. 2 highway to Winnipeg.

These prairie provinces will stand knowing. The more I find out about them, the more there is to know, and the more variation appears in rainfall, soil types, cropping systems and types of farm management. We in western Canada run the whole gamut from intensive production on irrigated farms to the most extensive production of grain on huge power-farming enterprises, and large ranches on poor land where skillful operation makes it possible to maintain one animal on 60 acres of land. We have excellent mixed farming areas, and other districts where seeds of grain and forage crops can be produced which are excelled for quality in no other place. We have possibilities for production that seem almost limitless, but of course there are limits. The most important single limit is our irregular and somewhat scanty rainfall. But some, at least, of the handicaps imposed by this condition, are being, and can be further overcome by the continued development and extension of the P.F.R.A. program, which encloses our poor lands into community pastures and provides security for livestock development by means of large waterpower developments, stock watering dams and dugouts. The possibilities for small-scale irrigation can be extended to hundreds, if not thousands, more farms in so-called dry areas.

I question whether, on the whole, agriculture in the prairie provinces can be said to be a very efficient industry. One wonders, of course, what standards of efficiency can fairly be applied to an industry which represents nearly 300,000 separate farm enterprises, each operating under its own separate handicaps, but when one compares the amazing production which has been achieved under the spur of wartime necessity and organization, handicapped by its shortages of labor and material, with the normal pace of agricultural production, there would seem to be room for much improvement.

The Soil Our Most Valuable Asset

In any comparatively new country, labor is almost invariably used more efficiently than land, and the Canadian prairie provinces have offered no exception to this rule. Now, however, we are approaching, if we have not already reached, the point where we can no longer be wasteful of our resources. It sometimes seems as though we have been so prodigal in our use of the land that we have felt justified in sowing poor seed, choosing varieties indiscriminately, allowing our soils to be eroded by wind or water, permitting weeds to grow unchecked along our roadsides and in our fields, using inferior breeding stock for our livestock operations, and have then formed co-operative associations to pinch the last penny out of what remains from our crops or livestock.

It is perhaps not far from the truth



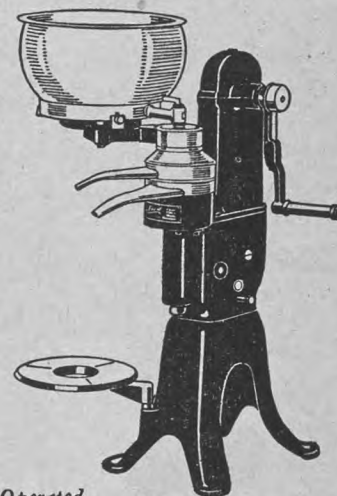
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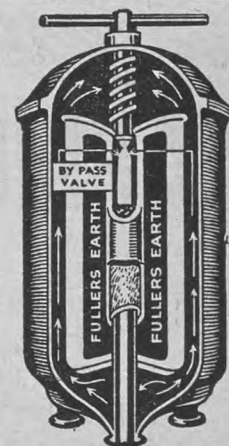
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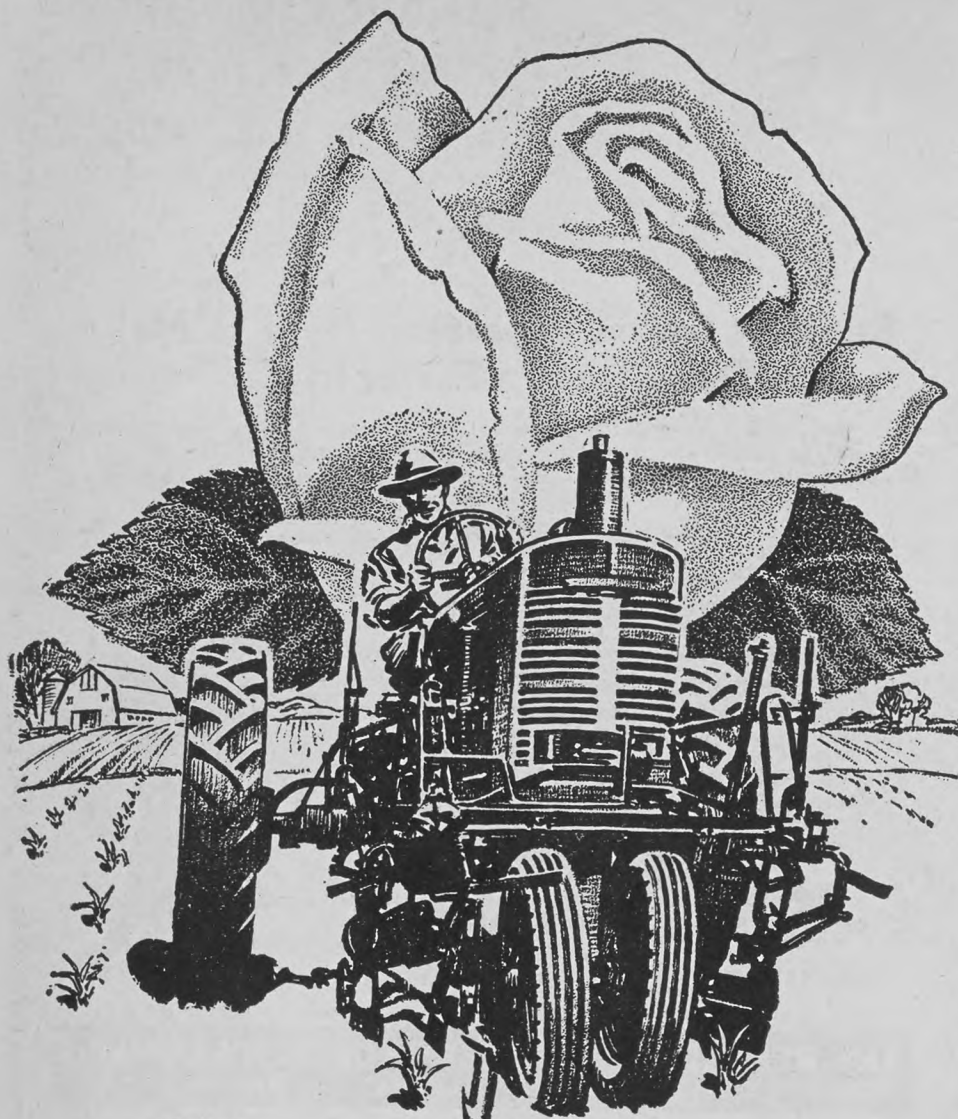
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to say that co-operation can be, in large measure, the salvation of agriculture. If this is true, however, it must, like charity, begin at home; and, next to the farm itself, "home" is the rural community, whether it be the farms adjacent to a school house, or to a town. For my part, I should like to learn of a single community, anywhere in western Canada, which, as a community, has attempted to solve its common production problems by co-operative action. Such a community may exist, but no editor of The Guide has ever heard of it, except it be a religious community, such as the Hutterites. I am not now referring to co-operative or group farming, of which there are some recent examples in western Canada; nor am I referring to co-operative marketing and purchasing organizations, which seem, on the whole, to have no very close relationship with the production of the crops they sell. I mean a community welfare organization, which will be as interested in the quality of livestock marketed, or the seeds sown, or the freedom of the land from weeds in that community, as it is in a co-operative store, or any one of the marketing associations, or the local sports day.

The problems of agriculture are so numerous and varied it is perhaps unwise to dwell too long on any one of them. Before writing this article, I made a list of about 16 items of a general nature that could well have been referred to. Nearly all of them will have to go by the board. During the coming months, articles will be presented, based on the individual farms, institutions and districts which I was able to visit in the hope of obtaining and passing on to readers of The Country Guide material which might assist in adding to the stability of western agriculture.—H.S.F.

Looking to the Future

LOWER taxes and better roads have won many an election for reeves and councillors of rural municipalities in the past. The same platform will undoubtedly suffice to win elections in the future, but H. J. Mather, Supervisor of Soils for the Alberta Department of Agriculture, points out that weeds are taking a toll of millions of dollars from the income of western farmers; water erosion is wearing away other millions of dollars from the value of our chief natural resource—the soil; and until suitable methods of control were evolved, soil drifting was costing unknown sums of money in decreased yield and reduced soil fertility.

The question should arise in the minds of those who live by the yield of crops grown on western soil and produced in competition with weeds, as to whether a slight reduction in the tax rate is sufficient to compensate for these heavy annual losses which are accumulating as a result of years of exploitation and careless farming. Mr. Mather points out that the productive capacity of Alberta farms has already been affected by soil erosion and the progress of weed infestations; while careless farming, or farming only with a view to getting the highest yield with the minimum of expense, is rendering much land less and less productive year by year.

Farming is a form of stewardship. The man who owns land, holds title to

it only while he lives—after that, the quality of his husbandry will be revealed, and the people who come after him on that land will know what kind of farmer he was.

It is not enough to take out of cultivation hundreds of thousands of acres of land in western Canada that should never have been scarred by the plow. The other land that is still good, the land that, properly handled, will continue to produce profitable crops of grain and forage crops year after year, must be taken care of, its fertility conserved and improved, before agriculture can be said to be an efficient industry. All that is needed for soil mining is a plow, a cultivator, sufficient rainfall and a strong back, and anyone with a little energy can get together that kind of equipment. Preserving the fertility of western soil is a matter primarily for the individual farmer, but it is also a matter for co-operation between the farmer, his neighbor, the municipal organization and both senior governments, Provincial and Dominion. Assistance and co-operation from any other agency, however, must be dependent primarily on the interest and initiative of the individual producer.

Cats Catch the Rats

ON page 49 of The Country Guide in a recent issue, you have an article entitled "Costless Rat Riddance." Everything you say is borne out by my own experience. I have kept at least 15 cats each year for the last 30 years, and at present have 24. In that time, only twice have we seen traces of rats; once under a granary in the pasture, and another under the brooder house. We just hitched a team to these buildings and moved them whilst other members of the family held some of the cats. When the cats were let loose, that was the end of rats.

It costs a lot less to feed 20 cats a year than one pair of rats. We feed a mixture of shorts, rolled oats, and potatoes mixed with skimmed milk; and we keep large tins of the same milk in the stables and hen houses day and night so they can get all they want. Our dogs also are fed on this mixture, and all keep in splendid condition. The cost is only a trifle of the damage rats and mice make in a year.

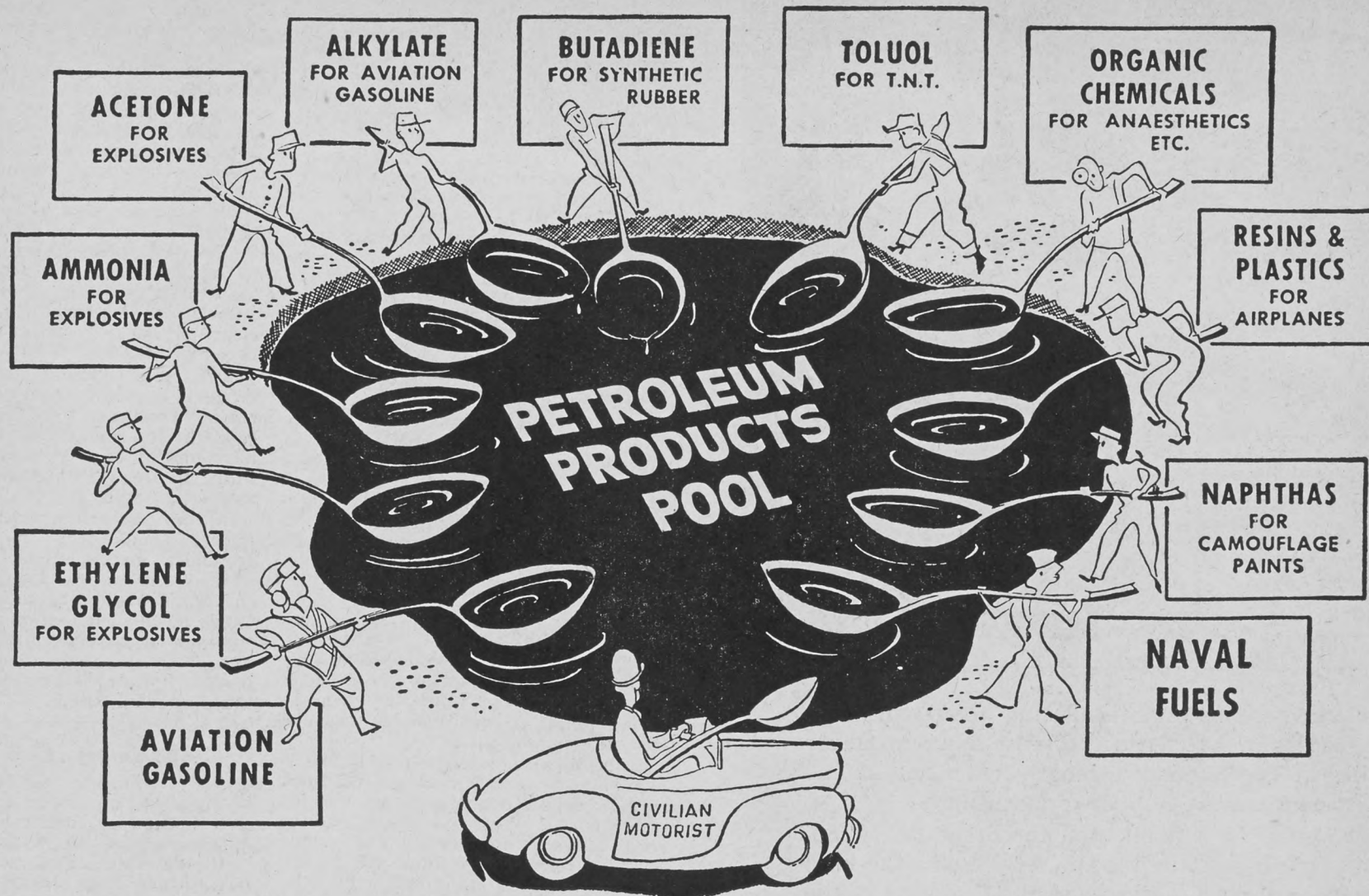
If every farm had at least 12 cats on it, the saving in damage would run into millions, annually.—F. E. Cullen, Willen, Man.

Weeds Seriously Affect Income

WEEDS are serious factors in farm profits, as much because they are taken for granted as because they are difficult to control. Various surveys and estimates of weed damage to crops in the way of reducing yields, have shown that weed infestation will reduce crop yields anywhere from a small percentage up to 40 per cent or more, depending upon the kind of crop being grown, the kind of weed infestation, and other factors. A survey in Saskatchewan, on land with average weed infestation, reported a loss from weeds of 25 per cent in the yield of wheat; and it has been estimated over the three prairie provinces taken together, that the loss in dollars based on prevailing prices at



This good field of barley grew in 1942 at Enilda, in the Peace River area of Alberta. This year the Peace River crops suffered severely from drouth and yields will be abnormally low.



It Doesn't Leave a Lot for the Civilian

WHEN war demands have been filled . . . when invasion gasoline, aviation gasoline, Navy fuel oil, petroleum for the manufacture of explosives, synthetic rubber, and gasoline for war industry, farming and essential trucking all have been taken from Canada's oil supply — *it doesn't leave a lot for the civilian!*

Figure it out for yourself. It takes 5,250,000 gallons of gasoline to fuel 5,000 bombers and fighters for a mission over Germany. It takes enough oil for one fueling of a battleship to heat an average house for 350 years. It takes 18,000 gallons of gasoline to keep one armoured division on the move for one hour.

From petroleum and petroleum gases we obtain the gasoline and fuels needed to power planes and ships and tanks as well as the raw material for acetone, ammonia and toluol for explosives, organic chemicals for anaesthetics, naphthas for camouflage paints and plastics and resins for war weapons production.

This is why civilian gasoline is short. This is why it's up to every motorist, to every owner of an oil-heated home, to

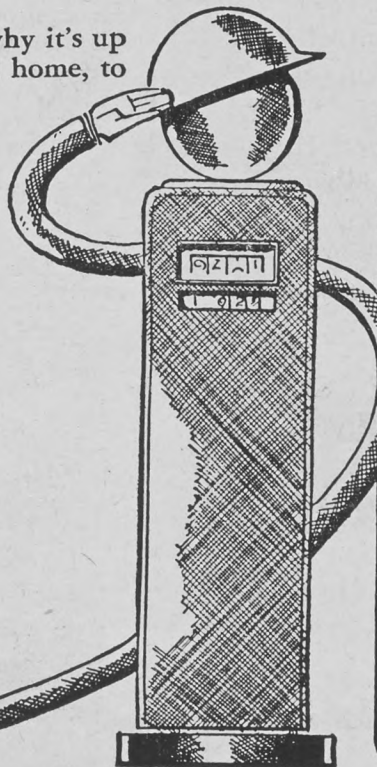
exercise the strictest economy in gasoline or fuel oil usage. Every gallon we can do without here at home is one gallon more for the fighting men. And they need every gallon they can get.

Two full years of gasoline rationing and fuel oil control in Canada have saved 393,000,000 gallons of gasoline and 175 million gallons of fuel oil — a total saving of 568,000,000 gallons of petroleum products. Yet, despite this saving, gasoline stocks on hand in Canada, as of March 31st, *this year*, were 55,000,000 gallons *less* than at the commencement of rationing, April 1, 1942.

Oil has a mighty war job to do — yet supplies are short and are constantly dwindling. Oil powers the attack on every front. Oil can mean the difference between success or failure, between light casualty lists and heavy. Oil is vital ammunition — not to be wasted, not to be needlessly, frivolously spent.

**LESS CIVILIAN GAS
MEANS MORE
"FIGHTING GAS"
FOR THE FORCES**

AN ANNOUNCEMENT ISSUED BY THE
DEPARTMENT OF MUNITIONS AND SUPPLY,
HONOURABLE C. D. HOWE, MINISTER



Answering Your Questions about the Gasoline Shortage

What are Canada's total yearly requirements of motor gasoline? . . . Approximately 800,000,000 gallons. Do these requirements have to cover both military and civilian needs? . . . Yes. Why cannot this supply be increased? . . . Because total hemispheric supplies are inadequate to meet both the colossal war demand and civilian needs. There is not enough oil, there are not enough tankers, for both. How much of Canada's petroleum needs is supplied from Canadian wells? . . . Only 15% Why can't this home production be increased? . . . Every effort is being made to do so. More new wells are being drilled or prepared for drilling, than at any time in the history of Western Canada, but we have yet to find a new Turner Valley. War does not wait for new production.



**Here's Power and Speed
for Each Farm Need...
to help you
DO MORE IN '44**

THERE'S something stimulating about this trio. Just looking at them you sense inherent Oliver qualities . . . abundant strength and stamina . . . peak performance . . . year-round utility.

Whatever size you choose—the Standard 70, 80, or 90—you'll get true tractor service . . . the kind that ignores the weather . . . the season . . . the time of day.

These Oliver tractors have been skillfully designed for every farm use. In each there's responsive, reserve power to "walk through" the toughest job.

And for more work at less cost, there's a choice of engines to give you greater economy from gasoline, kerosene, or distillate. The famous variable speed "Fuel Miser" governor cuts down consumption on light loads . . . stops waste when the going is heavy.

The compact, husky Oliver 90—built for extra endurance—handles 4- or 5-base plows and drill hook-ups . . . hustles up the harvest . . . hums the big threshers at top efficiency.

During chill spring days . . . through withering summer heat . . . on frosty fall mornings . . . the mighty Oliver 80 never lets you down. It delivers a smooth, steady pull on the drawbar, belt pulley, or power take-off.

And the six cylinders of the handsome Oliver 70 have a brisk, consistent drive that speeds up all field operations. Its many fine features . . . easy steering . . . finger-tip control . . . springy, comfortable seat . . . are really appreciated on general purpose farms where tractor duties are legion.

Ask your Oliver dealer about these tractors. If you need one now perhaps he can help you. However, limitations prevent full scale production, so there won't be enough to go around. Oliver Farm Equipment Company, Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon, Winnipeg.

the time the estimate was made, amounted to over 40 million dollars.

These are not small figures or percentages; and figures as to loss in yield mean still heavier losses in net farm income, because the crop that is actually harvested must bear the full cost of seed, preparation of the land, interest, taxes, etc., on the entire acreage. If yields were higher and weed damage could be more or less eliminated, all of these costs would be shared by a much larger bushelage of grain.

Progress in weed control and the elimination of these heavy losses from many areas will never be satisfactory until a vigorous co-operative campaign between municipalities, and between farmers living within each municipality, is carried on for a period of years. Good farmers, as a rule, know well enough how to control even the bad weeds within their own boundaries, sufficiently well for all practical purposes. They cannot, however, guard against further infestation from neighboring lands without the co-operation of their neighbors and the consent and co-operation of the municipality. During the years that are to come this factor of weed control may be an even more important factor in net farm income than it has been in the past.

Save Haying Labor With Binder

IN connection with labor-saving suggestions for haying, there is probably nothing better to offer the average farmer than to cut his hay with a binder.

To begin with, an eight-foot binder is available on every farm while buck rakes, sweeps and stokers often are not; also, for this purpose a binder can be readily used with either horse or tractor power. A rough-edged knife will do, but I prefer a smooth one, sharpened a little every morning, while the dew is on; the edge lasts much better than that on a mower because it is not running in the dirt and the reels assist the cutting. Make the sheaves small to facilitate drying; tie them low down and very tight, as hay shrinks in drying and the sheaves tend to taper at the top.

Make the stooks fairly small and avoid stooking on damp ground as much as possible, as the green stubble retards drying of the sheaf at the butt. If drying conditions are good, it will be ready to stack in about three days. It can be very deliberate about drying on the other hand, if conditions are not good; but if the stooks are set up dry on dry ground, they can be exposed to weather a long time without any serious deterioration of the hay. Do not stack until the stooks are well dried. I have never had much trouble with heating in the stack, but the sheaves pack in quite tightly and a very little moisture will cause them to go musty.

Do not handle the sheaves roughly at any time, as hay is smooth-stalked and the bands slips rather readily. With reasonable care they will get into the stack all right and if they pull apart somewhat in being taken out, it doesn't matter much. A pound or pound-and-a-quarter of twine per acre will tie the average crop.

The average farmer will object that cutting hay with a binder means a waste of hay in the stubble. If you think

this, cut a swath across the field with a mower before using the binder and then observe the difference the next spring. The binder stubble will be green to the top as soon as the snow is off and, with the extra shade and protection, will keep on coming through the dry spells and maintain this advantage. In fact, the new close-cutting mowers are just too good altogether and I have about decided that they are one of the worst detriments there is to the hay business.

An outstanding advantage of this method of haying is that a person can apply as much manure to the land as he likes and does not get it raked back in the feed. Tame hay really responds to manure and this gain will more than offset any supposed loss in the stubble; in fact, sheaf hay is usually clean hay as there is no dust or trash raked in with it.

My experience in haying has been with brome in the East Calgary district where curing conditions are usually fairly good. In the last 15 years, though, we have had an occasional wet one, but I think the sheaves have always averaged as good a hay as the swaths.

In the northern districts, perhaps a farmer should try the binder out gradually, but I understand it has worked very well at Lacombe. In conclusion, I would like to wish Country Guide readers the best of good luck with their hay next year, which has, heretofore, I think, been a badly neglected crop in the prairie provinces.—H. Phillips, Langdon, Alta.

The Leaves Tell the Story

SCIENTISTS are constantly discovering more time-saving and less expensive methods of doing a great many different things. In soil studies leading to the development of methods for soil fertilization and manuring, we have depended largely on experiments with many different kinds of soils and different kinds of fertilizing material. The old methods of trial and error, or a comparison of several different methods on the same soil, involve a lot of time and expense.

It may be that it will be possible to tell from the growing plants what fertilizer must be supplied. The chemist, who is after all most concerned with all problems relating to soil and plant growth, has discovered that the analysis of the leaves of growing plants may prove of very great value to the crop producer. In other words, it may be that the farmer in order to grow good crops of wheat, oats, barley or flax, may only have to gather some leaves from his plants, send them to a good agricultural chemist, who will then analyze them and advise the farmer what fertilizer to use, after conferring perhaps with a soil specialist.

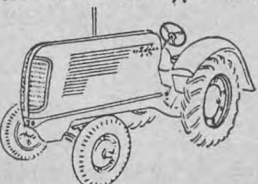
It has been found recently that the leaves of plants will tell the story fairly accurately, but the chemists will necessarily have to do a great deal of research and investigation before they can regard this method as dependable. They must find out what part of the plant the leaves must be taken from and how many leaf samples are required in large fields. In short, they must amass much more information than is now available as to the correct method of taking the samples.



Normally sights such as this are very welcome during July in the prairie provinces, but this year rains were much too frequent in some areas. Some crops lodged badly, summerfallows were impossible to keep clean and haying was seriously interfered with.

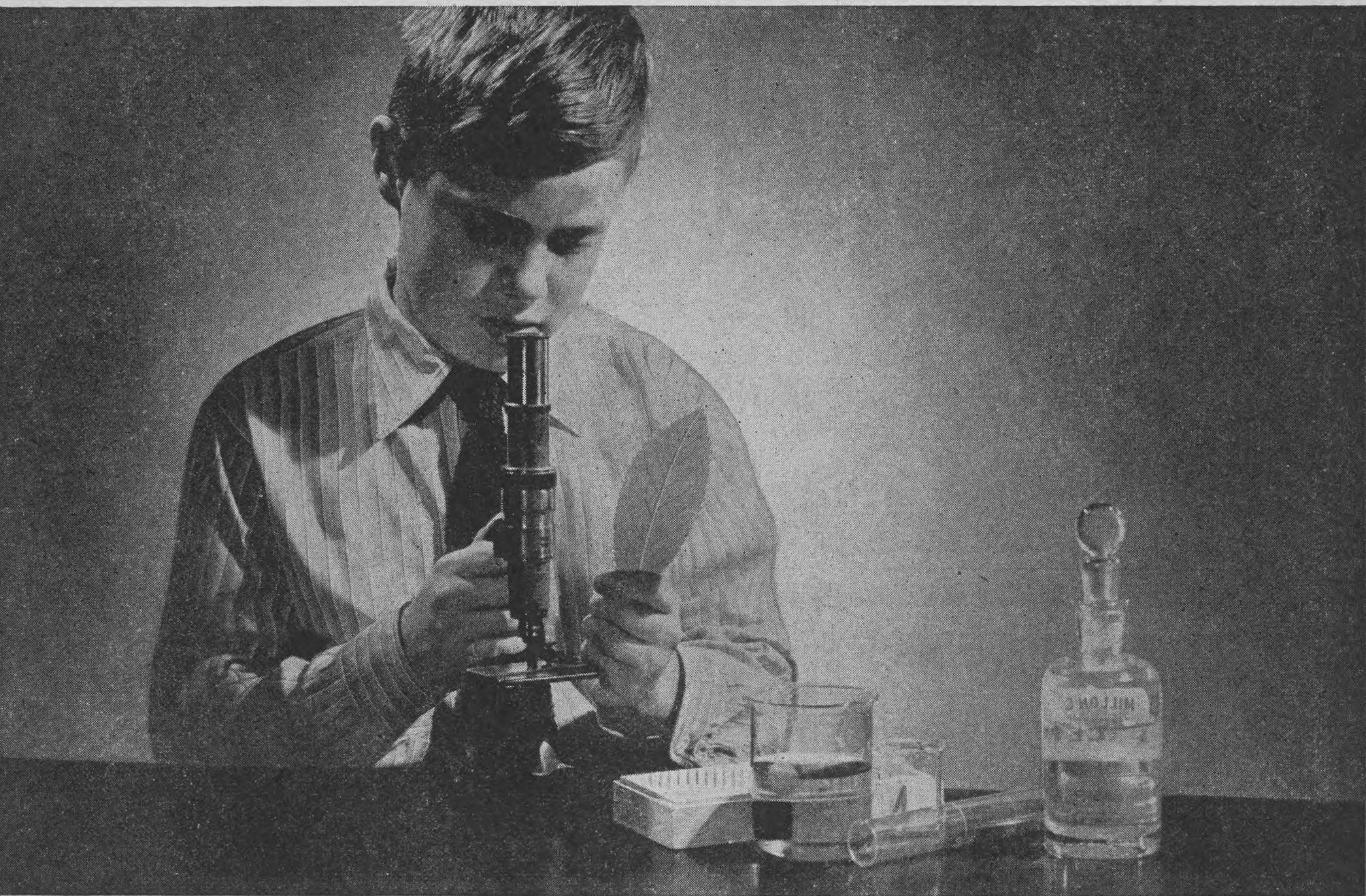
OLIVER

9 Different Sizes and Types of Tractors



STURDY—THE OTHER WORD FOR OLIVER

A Boy Lifts the Curtain
On the Universe about Him.
In such Inquisitive Minds
Lies Assurance for the Future.



And we see This Boy a Man—Intelligent and
Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to
His Lifelong Use of Ipana and Massage.

FOLLOW YOUR HOBBY, SON! Discover the secrets and the wonders of nature! Yours are the pliant mind and the questioning spirit of youth—youth that will meet its destiny prepared and confident and *smiling*.

Yes—*smiling*! For even his smile has the best of care. In classrooms today, all over Canada, thousands of youngsters are being taught an important lesson of dental health—that firm, healthy gums are necessary to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Canadians already know that today's foods are often soft and creamy—deprive our gums of work and stimulation. They know that's why our gums tend to become soft

and tender—often signal their weakness with a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush!

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a Warning!

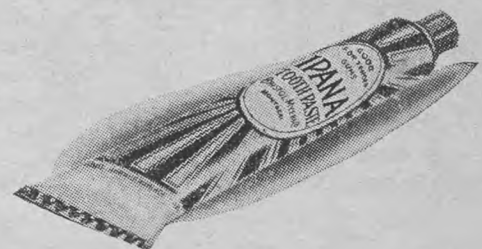
If you notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush . . . make a date to *see your dentist right away*. He may simply say that your gums have become tender and sensitive because of today's soft, creamy foods. And, like so many modern dentists, he may very well suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth to sparkling brightness but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums as well.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums as regularly as you brush your teeth. Circulation

quickens within the gum tissues—helping the gums to healthier firmness.

So let the regular dental health routine of Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more attractive, sparkling smile.



Ipana Tooth Paste

A Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada

The BIG FOUR for Farm Buildings



ASPHALT ROOFING

Comes in rolls for easy application and protects against rain, snow, storm, wind, sun, sparks and other hazards.



ASPHALT SHINGLES

An easily applied, colourful roofing that needs no painting, staining or other maintenance. Gives all-weather protection and beauty to the home.



INSUL-ATED SIDING

Insulates, weatherproofs and beautifies. Easy to erect over shingle, clapboard or wood sheathing. Needs no painting or other upkeep.



INSUL-BOARD

Ideal as an interior wall, either by itself or as a base for plaster or paint. Moisture proof and vapor sealed. Provides real insulation. Easy to erect.

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us for free booklets
on roofing, siding
and insul-board and
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applications.

BUILDING PRODUCTS LIMITED

MONTREAL TORONTO HAMILTON WINNIPEG
ROOFING SIDING INSULATION FLOORING



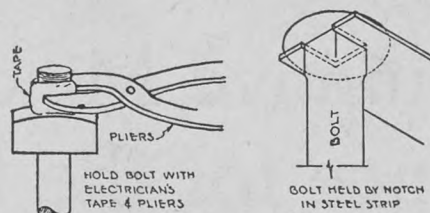
PRODUCED IN CANADA

For Use in the Workshop or Outside

Suggestions for the Handyman, one of them for the Workbench

Loosening Tight Nuts

When carriage bolts become rusted it is difficult to remove the nuts. Here are two simple suggestions to solve the difficulty in a hurry. A few drops of pene-



trating oil or kerosene applied and let stand a few minutes will make the job easier.

Removing Cylinder Pulley

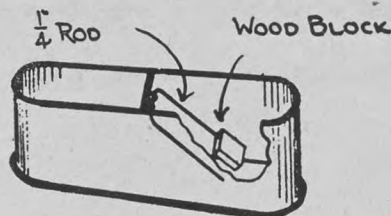
It took two heads to figure out this one. We were trying to take off a cylinder pulley, but couldn't drive it on to loosen the key because the pulley touched the boxing. In addition, we had the key so geezled up with pinchers and cold chisel that it was almost unrecognizable. We were getting desperate until we wrapped twine around the handles of the pinchers so that a screw clamp could get a grip on them. We used that combination to get a real grip on the key. A car jack with its base on the end of the shaft and a chain over the nose of the pinchers and over the top of the jack. It's hard to draw all this, but it drew the key easily.—S.N.

Boring Into Hardwood Handle

We had a brain wave the other day when trying, in vain, to bore into the end of a hardwood handle. Spitting on the thread of the bit didn't help, so we left the wood to soak in the water barrel, with excellent results. Next day the boring was done without difficulty.—S.N.

Tell-Tale Tank Float

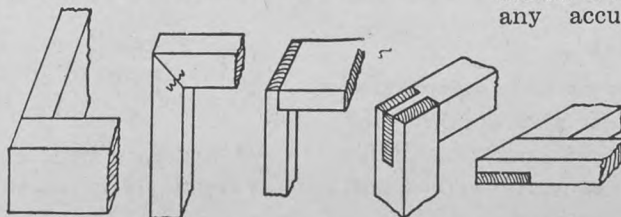
It is very convenient to be able to tell the water level in a large supply tank, especially where it is up in the barn mow. The diagram shows how to arrange a simple marker worked by a float in the



tank. The float was made from a light 2x4 about eight inches long, coated with hot tar and fastened to a one-fourth inch iron rod, bent into a U-shape and hinged to the cross brace on the tank so that one arm moved up and down on the outside of the tank. If desired, an arc could be painted on the tank and marked in any desired units.—I.W.D.

Various Wood Joints

Here are some of the simpler corner joints that can be made in working wood. The first is the simple butt joint. It is held together by nails or screws. The chief consideration is to have the connecting surfaces cut true and square. In the mitre joint the stuff is cut at 45 degrees and a mitre box should be used. Corrugated fasteners can be used. The rabbit joint has the advantage that it can be nailed from both directions. The dado joint is similar to the rabbit joint but is some distance from the end, as in making book shelves and step ladders. Crosslap joints are used in making sash or window screen frames. They are held together by small metal



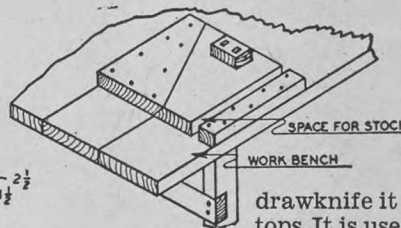
pegs in the case of window sash and by clinched clout nails in the case of window screen frames.

Holding Rod in Place

If you want to keep a rod from moving endwise, and it has no key hole drilled in it, notch the rod on each side with a hack saw and drive in a slotted key cut out of heavy tin or sheet iron. Perhaps you have tried that, but have you tried putting two hack saw blades in the frame to make the notch wider?

Simple Bench Vise

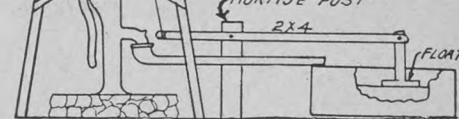
It is usual to nail a bit of inch stuff with a V-shaped notch in it on the work bench to hold stock while planing it. This device has that one beaten all hollow. For holding stuff while it is being planed or worked down with the



of course, in addition to the ordinary vise on the side of the workbench.

Pull-Outs for Windmill

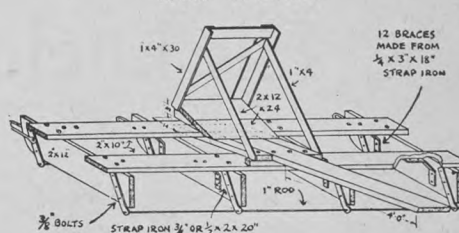
Where mill and tank are together, a lever can be fastened to a post with an auto fuel tank or other large float at the tank end, while the windmill pull-out wire is fastened to the other end of lever. Then when the tank fills and the



float rises, the other end will pull down on the pull-out wire and throw the mill out of the wind.

Where the tank is several rods from the mill, an ordinary tank float valve can be put on the supply pipe at the tank. A branch pipe from the tank pipe is taken off near the pump, brought up a foot or so, and then led down into a five-gallon milk can hung below the well platform by being attached to the windmill pull-out wire. When the rising water in the tank lifts the float and closes the shut-off valve, the pump will force the water up through the branch pipe and into the milk can until its weight pulls the mill out of the wind. A small pin hole lets the water leak slowly out of the can and its lightened weight will permit the mill again to come into the wind.

Rod Weeder



This rod weeder is easy and inexpensive to build. It consists of two round rods, one inch in diameter, attached to sled-like runners, one at the front and the other at the rear. When in operation only one rod is in the ground at a time. By shifting his weight back and forth the operator can put one or the other into the ground as he pleases. By this means it is possible to clear the rods of any accumulation of trash. When hitched to a tractor, this implement can be operated by one man, by the use of a tight cable attached to the front and rear of the implement and a 100-pound weight to slide back and forth with a rope.

MONARCH BUILT



Canada's Finest

WORK CLOTHES

A little hard to get just now—but worth asking for

A Product of MONARCH OVERALL MFG. CO. LTD.



EVER walk into an auction and find yourself getting excited and wanting to bid . . . a victim of "auction fever"? Wartime conditions can breed "auction fever" if we let them. Everything is in short supply. Many more people are able to bid.

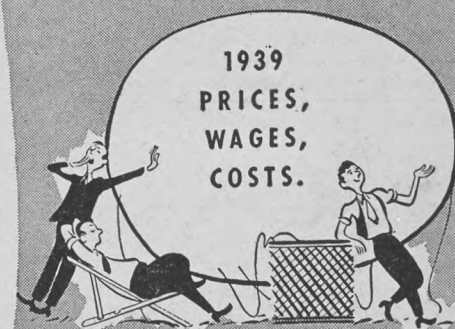
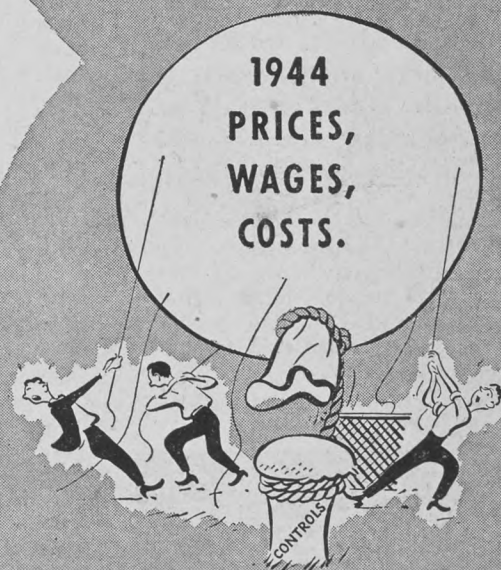
But . . . if prices are bid up . . . all our dollars will lose some of their value. Even necessities could get out of reach.

- ▶ What use is more money, if living costs go up still higher.
- ▶ What good are higher returns to business, if they are offset by higher costs.
- ▶ What does the farmer gain if higher farm prices lead to depression and low prices later.

We cannot continue a full war effort and prepare to meet the problems of the post-war period unless we maintain a stable and reasonable price level now.

DON'T BID AGAINST YOURSELF - DIG IN AND HOLD!

This is one of a series being issued by the Government of Canada to emphasize the importance of preventing further increases in the cost of living now and deflation later.



STOP this!



Right in your barn or milk house where you need it.

A pail of hot water in 4½ minutes when you need it!

• No need to stock up daily to heat pailfuls of hot water for use in warming feed for stock, poultry and feeding newly weaned young animals. Electropail can stop this muss, fuss and dreaded daily chore. You too, can now enjoy the convenience of this handy device to heat all the water you need, where and when it is required. Heats a pail of water in a few minutes and costs but a few cents a day to operate.

OTHER USES—Also a real time-saver in your milk house where hot water is needed for washing milking machines, cans, accessories and separator parts.

See your local Electropail Distributor, or write

"THE MOFFAT"
Electropail
MOFFATS LIMITED • WESTON • ONTARIO

PROMPT DELIVERY on LAYING PULLETS

... and limited quantity of day-old chicks available. Fill in the gaps in your flocks—send your order in now. Weekly hatches hereafter—order at least month ahead. Get your copy of the Fall Service Bulletin, ready shortly. Bray Hatchery, 146 John St. North, Hamilton, Ont.

What about YOUR future?

With business booming, this is good time to get established in a Rawleigh business of your own with no priorities or shortages to worry about. You need no experience and can use our capital.

Write **RAWLEIGH'S**
Dept. 93-FBC Winnipeg, Man.

POULTRY



[Guide Photo.]

This growing stock at the University of Manitoba has ready access to shelter, shade, water, fresh air, and as much grit, grain and concentrates as each young bird cares to take.

Culling For Profit

EVERY person who keeps poultry naturally desires to make as much profit as possible. To do so, it is important that every hen kept should be a good layer. The weeding out of poor layers from a flock is commonly spoken of as "culling." The best time to cull hens is during August and September, for at that season of the year, it is easier to tell which birds have been good layers and which ones have been poor layers.

The poor producers are generally moulting, and the good layers will be found to have their old, faded and broken feathers. The shanks or legs of such breeds as the Barred Rock, New Hampshire, and White Leghorn are yellow in color. If they have been laying heavily, the leg color will be pale and faded. If the shanks are still yellow in color, the hen is almost certain to be a poor layer. Sick hens or birds in poor condition may have faded legs, and, if any are discovered, cull them out at once as they may be disease carriers.

In good layers, the pubic bones are thin and spread well apart, the abdomen is soft and pliable, whereas in the poor layer the pubic bones will be found to be close together and the abdomen will be hard and very fat.

As soon as the culling is finished, poor producers should be marketed. Regardless of age or breed, no hen should be kept after it is discovered that she will not pay a profit.

The Common Chicken Mite

SPECIALIZED poultry keepers seldom have trouble with mites in the poultry house. On the other hand, many farm poultry houses are infested with this pest long before there is any suspicion that there is anything wrong. The presence of this insect can be determined by examining the drop boards and nests. If small black and white specks are noticeable, it is a good indication that mites are somewhere about. Masses of mites will be found hiding in the cracks and crevices in the nests and around the ends of the roosts.

Mites may be found at any season of the year, but they are more numerous during hot weather. Blood is essential for the development of this pest. The adult and partially grown mite feeds almost entirely at night, although they will attack hens on the nest during the day time.

Mites are not hard to kill, but since it is difficult to get at their hiding places, very thorough control measures must be employed. The roosts should be taken out, nest boxes removed, and the walls well brushed down. If a sprayer is available, apply a coarse spray composed of used crank case oil thinned down to proper consistency with kerosene. All nests, roosts, etc., should be treated by brushing the oil well into the wood. Repeat the treatment in five or six days' time because some eggs may not be destroyed. Unless this treatment is thoroughly carried out and repeated within the specified time, it is very difficult to keep mites under control.

Housing Pullets

THE age at which pullets begin to lay varies from 4½ to seven or eight months depending upon the breed and

the individual inheritance of the bird. Age at first egg is influenced mainly by inheritance and not greatly affected by feed. It is a mistake to restrict mash consumption with the hope of delaying production. This usually results in poor development and small body size at first egg. An observant poultryman can usually estimate when his pullets are likely to commence laying. The usual signs are the reddening of the comb, singing, and spreading of the pubic bones. This should give him plenty of time to prepare for the first eggs. If it is not convenient to house these birds immediately, provide some covered nests on the range in order that the birds may learn to use them. Birds should be housed shortly after production starts. This is usually when about five per cent are laying. If the birds are allowed to lay on range for too long a period, a severe slump in production or even a moult may be expected soon after they are put in their permanent winter quarters. Move the pullets at night, for by doing so there is less danger of injury and over-excitement. By placing the birds on the roosts, there is less trouble in teaching them to locate the roosts the next night. As they are moved into the winter house, cull out thin and undeveloped birds. This culling for health at housing time will pay high dividends in greater freedom from disease and fewer losses later on.

Whitewash

NOTHING will improve the appearance of the interior of the poultry house more than an annual coat of whitewash. Many a dark building can be brightened up considerably if the walls, ceiling, and equipment are whitewashed. A very simple formula and the desire to do the job is all that is needed. To make about four gallons of whitewash, use a heaping quart of hydrated lime and enough water to make a thick paste, then add buttermilk or skim milk to bring the mixture to the proper consistency for applying with a brush. If a spray is used, this mixture will need to be thinned down. The whitewash will stick better if three tablespoons of salt and four ounces of alum are added at the time of mixing, to each four gallon lot.

The Successful Poultryman

A WELL-BRED flock, housed in a comfortable building and fed proper feed will not always guarantee that the poultry enterprise will be profitable. Correct principles of management are essential if success is to be obtained with poultry. Proper management depends upon the personal qualifications of the individual looking after the flock. The successful poultryman must be observant. To be able to check disease, control parasites, and to make necessary changes in feed, etc., quick and accurate observation is a first essential. An abundance of good humor and infinite patience are two valuable attributes to be found in good poultrymen. They must give special attention to the little things such as maintaining the water supply and seeing that the feed hoppers are properly filled. These are the small things that make the difference between success and failure in poultry raising.

I had hysterics



I laughed at that rooster till my sides ached. He asked me if we were getting Pan-a-min and if we were laying a lot of eggs.

I told him no, Pan-a-min was for chickens only but that we get another Dr. Hess Product called Hog Special. I told him Hog Special was especially important right now cause it often helped get hogs ready for market on less feed. I told him this was important because feed is scarce and a farmer has to watch his P's and Q's these days.

I got pretty wound up on the subject and told him Hog Special supplies two important things—tonics and vitamin D. I said if ever he saw any one wanting Hog Special, he should tell him to get in touch with the Dr. Hess Dealer.

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MONTHLY COMMENTARY

by UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED

Announcement Possible Concerning Agreed Wheat Export Price

The Honourable James Gardiner, Minister of Agriculture, announced a few weeks ago the possibility that announcement will shortly be made by Great Britain, United States and Canada of an agreed export price for wheat. It will be recalled that the Washington Wheat Agreement signed by Great Britain, Canada, United States, Argentina and Australia provided the machinery for agreeing on international prices. It was also provided that pending the operation of such machinery the agreed international price for wheat for the first six months following the war should be the last wartime price negotiated between Great Britain and Canada.

Under present conditions it could be doubted if that last clause has any meaning. Canada at the present time is presumably not negotiating wheat prices with Great Britain but is supplying wheat under the Mutual Aid Plan. In such circumstances it is probable that Canada charges up wheat, in the bookkeeping of this country at the cost to Canada, while Great Britain need not concern itself at all about the price. Thus, although western farmers are now being paid on the basis of \$1.25 per bushel for their wheat, it cannot be said that this price has been agreed on by Great Britain, and in fact the last price to which the British government actually did agree was very much lower.

It is doubtful if the machinery of the International Wheat Agreement would be considered workable at this time. That is mainly due to the peculiar diplomatic position of Argentina. The attitude of that country towards the war has been giving a great deal of concern to the governments of both Great Britain and of the United States. The latter has apparently several times been on the point of taking strong measures against Argentina which might result in such rupture of diplomatic relations as would make it impossible for Argentina representatives to act on an International Board. There has been more reluctance in Great Britain than in the United States to take strong measures, but the possibility has been discussed that British contracts for Argentine meat might be discontinued as a means of bringing pressure upon Argentina.

It is difficult to be sure yet just what would be meant at this time by participation by the United States in agreement upon a price for wheat. Wheat prices in that country are being held by the government at levels decidedly higher than those prevailing in Canada, and presumably at levels which could not be maintained in international trade. If the United States should now agree on a level much lower, such a step would not have much meaning unless that country should also agree to supply a considerable quantity of wheat at prices lower than the domestic level. That in turn might indicate a determination on the part of the United States to keep up a sufficient wheat production to enable it to maintain a place in export trade even at the cost of continued subsidization of exports. That is a policy which this country can have no desire to see adopted by the United States. If that country is willing and determined to maintain a high domestic price for wheat, higher than can be maintained in international trade, this country does not want to see United States entering on any long term policy of dumping this wheat abroad. It would much prefer to see the United States restrict its production to the quantity required for domestic needs.

On the other hand, participation by the United States in conferences on price levels might have some favorable effect so far as this country is concerned. It could be an influence towards

a higher price level than would be reached in negotiations carried on only between Canada and Great Britain, because of the higher price ideas which prevail in the United States. An agreed international price, if one is announced, may be an important factor in the guarantee of wheat prices which will be made by the Government of Canada to farmers of this country. The present guarantee of a basic price of \$1.25 per bushel expires at the end of the present crop year. The floor price legislation recently passed by the Parliament of Canada, while it covers other agricultural products, excludes wheat. Price guarantees in respect to wheat will continue to come through the administration of The Canadian Wheat Board, and not that set up through the new Act.

Change in Policy on U.S.A. Imports of Canadian Wheat

Reports come frequently from south of the border that the United States is likely to abandon, for the current crop year, its buying of Canadian wheat. Purchases made by the Commodity Credit Corporation, an agency of the United States Government, were a very important factor in the Canadian wheat situation last year. Now, the United States is just completing harvest of the greatest wheat crop it has ever produced, well over one thousand million bushels. That is calculated to be about sufficient to take care of all requirements for a year, for flour milling, alcohol production, seed and feed. Import of Canadian wheat has become unpopular, and has been criticised. For one thing both storage space and transportation facilities are congested, and the blocking of either by Canadian wheat has been resented. For another, wheat prices in the United States have declined from the high levels reached some months ago, when the government of the country was trying to prevent them from going still higher. Now, in response to demands from producers and from Congress government policy has been directed to preventing a further fall in prices.

Canadian wheat bought during the past year was designed to prevent a shortage of feed grain, for tremendous quantities of feed were required to carry the very large livestock population of the country. But many people believed that there was another important motive for buying Canadian wheat. That was to insure that the country should at the end of the war have a large wheat surplus. Such a surplus might increase the influence of the United States with countries needing food, and also tend to support the claim of the country to a considerable share of the international trade in wheat in the postwar world.

If the southern outlet for wheat is lacking, that fact may tend to slow up the outflow of Canadian wheat for a time, and in consequence slow up the opportunity for farmers to deliver wheat, increasing the length of time during which delivery quotas will have to be imposed. Such a situation, however, may not last long, for the defeat of Germany and the liberation of Europe may be accomplished so rapidly that before the crop year is out Canadian wheat will be in demand for trans-Atlantic shipment just as rapidly as it can be shipped from country elevators.

A Barley Problem

The demand for oats and barley from south of the border seems likely to continue strong. So far as barley is concerned the United States could absorb more barley than this country is willing to supply. Only to a limited extent does the United States want Canadian barley for feed, and in fact in most states barley is not usually thought of as a feed grain. Barley malt is wanted for beer, of which the consumption, by a

fully employed and well paid population is high. It is also wanted in distilling, especially when wheat is used as a raw material, when the usual processes require the use of malt as well. There has been talk of new processes for distilling alcohol from wheat, from which the use of malt can be eliminated, but these do not seem to have progressed far as yet. The Canadian feed authorities however, are likely to continue restrictions on the export of barley to the United States, in order to conserve feed supplies for Canadian use. Many eastern farmers want to buy western barley, in spite of the fact that there has been a good production this year of oats in eastern Canada. They regard barley as the better and more economical feed for hogs. In consequence the Canadian Feeds Administrator has recently been demanding that all feed barley reaching lakehead terminals shall be offered for sale to eastern Canada. In addition, elevators have been forbidden to special bin barley except official malting grades, thus preventing American firms from buying lower grade barley as they were formerly willing to do, to be included with shipments for malting in the United States. The effect of that regulation is to deny the malting premium of five cents a bushel to many farmers who have grown barley of a malting variety. Their barley may be too light weight to get into the top malting grades but nevertheless American malsters would be glad to buy it at the malting premium. It must, however, be forced into the eastern feed trade. United Grain Growers, by representations to Governmental authorities has been endeavoring to correct this situation.

When barley which might be exported is forced into the eastern feed market it means that the malting premium of five cents a bushel which might otherwise have been collected, has to be sacrificed, as well as the fifty cents a bushel or so which exporters would pay for permits to export it, and which would go into the equalization fund for distribution among western producers.

So far as oats are concerned there is still need of them in the United States, and although prices there are below the level of last year, the difference in price between the two countries permits the Canadian authorities to charge substantial sums for export permits.

Why Coal Bins Should Be Filled Without Delay

Farmers who want to make sure of satisfactory coal supply for the winter should fill their bins as soon as possible. There is grave danger of a coal shortage ahead, and it is certain that not everyone will be able to get the kind of coal he wants just when it is most convenient to buy it.

It is quite true that similar warnings were issued a year ago, and that a feared fuel shortage did not develop. That was largely because last winter was mild and the total quantity of fuel required for domestic use was much less than usual. What the coming winter will be like no one can tell. But it was also because western mines worked steadily all last summer, and when winter began a good supply of fuel was tucked away in many thousand household bins. This summer the production of coal has been much smaller, and a combination of conditions kept the mines from working to anything like capacity. The coal department of United Grain Growers Limited is using its best efforts to get supplies of coal for the customers of the Company. Coal can now be obtained from the coal sheds at many elevators of the Company, and where that is not the case orders can be placed in the expectation of reasonably prompt delivery. Later the difficulty in securing coal will be much greater.

Drastic Solution to Lakehead Labor Dispute

During August the Dominion Government took drastic action to deal with labor difficulties at lakehead terminals which had been slowing up the movement of grain there. Some months ago labor employed at the terminal elevators obtained an eight-hour day, under legislation passed by the province of Ontario. It was at first assumed that this was desired mainly to effect an increase in wages and that labor would be willing, as in previous years, to work overtime at the extra rate provided therefor. In the past labor employed at the head of the lakes had usually been willing to put in long hours during a rush period, in view of the long months during which work on the waterfront is impossible. This year they declined to do so. That attitude persisted, somewhat to the surprise of Government officials, after the recent change in the Income Tax law, which eliminated the compulsory savings portion of the income tax. It had earlier been thought that the reluctance of labor to put in overtime was influenced by the fact that a large part of additional earnings was absorbed by income tax. Quite probably an important factor in the situation is that labor does not fear a period of idleness but counts on getting employment elsewhere when winter makes dock-yard employment impossible. Not only was overtime work declined by men actually employed at the elevators, but operations were further slowed up because at many elevators it was impossible to obtain enough men to work full crews.

This situation greatly slowed up movement of wheat through the terminals and also shipments from country elevators. The railways have available only a certain number of cars to be assigned to grain traffic. Some thousands of these began to pile up, loaded, in railway yards at Port Arthur and Fort William. The slow rate of unloading meant a delay in the return of empties to western stations, a fact likely to result in early congestion of grain in country elevators. Moreover, the slow rate of unloading grain into terminals meant for a time that grain cargoes could not be supplied for all lake vessels which could have been put into the trade. For a time that factor did not seem to be very important because there was a sufficient congestion of grain in eastern elevators to prevent boats operating to capacity. It might however become very important towards the close of navigation. Long discussions took place between labor leaders, The Canadian Wheat Board, operators of terminal elevators and officials of different departments of the Dominion Government, but without securing any improvement. Finally the Department of Labor appointed Mr. A. A. Heaps, a former labor leader of Winnipeg and recently an official of the Unemployment Insurance Commission, as controller of grain handling at the lakehead. Mr. Heaps was given remarkable powers. He may direct that any person employed in handling grain shall work such overtime as he considers necessary, and direct employers to make arrangements for such overtime. He can direct any employer in the Fort William-Port Arthur area to give leave of absence to any employees required to handle grain and he can direct any male person to accept this type of work.

It is too early yet to say whether or not this new type of regulation will be successful. There is resentment against it in labor circles which may conceivably prevent smooth working. However, one thing can be said about the steps taken by the Dominion Government; they recognize the national importance of grain movement at the lakehead and the government's responsibility to keep grain flowing through the terminals.



NEIGHBORLY NEWS

Contributed by the Elevator Agents of
UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LIMITED

Junior Club Activities

The main activity of the Junior Farm Clubs recently has been the Beef Club Fairs and Sales. According to S. H. Gandier, supervisor of junior activities, the 43 Beef Feeding Clubs in the province this year have enjoyed a particularly successful season. Club calves offered at the sales have been a better finished lot on the average than usual, and the sales have been well supported by the packing houses and retailers who have paid the boys and girls a substantial premium for choice calves. Public interest in these junior fairs is also greater this year and big crowds have attended at every point, from Brooks and Lethbridge in the south to Edmonton and St. Lina in the north. There were 1,000 spectators at Brooks and 1,500 at Lacombe, also good crowds at all of the smaller one-club fairs at country points.

Achievement days of the dairy clubs have also been very successful.—*Calgary, Alberta.*

Junior Grain Club Inspection

The U.G.G. agent at Ardley and J. E. Birdsall, district agriculturist of Red Deer, recently made a plot tour with the members of the Great Bend Junior Grain Club. Two points of satisfaction which were observed on this tour are—first: the marked improvement in the plots over last year—and second: the grain crops at time of the inspection were very good, with very definite prospects of a good barley crop.—*Ardley, Alberta.*

Prominent Farmer Passes

The passing of John D. McKinnon, a pioneer of the Delburne district is widely regretted by a large circle of friends and neighbors. Mr. McKinnon, homesteaded in the Delburne district in 1903, where he had resided since that time. He was a shareholder and member of the United Grain Growers local board of directors, and frequently attended the annual convention as delegate from the Delburne local.—*Delburne, Alta.*

Hold Annual Festival

The photograph shown is of Dalum church in this district. Here Danish-Canadian citizens for miles around foregather for their annual festivals. At the annual Danish Festival (Folke Fest) of the Wayne district a large crowd attended. Many people were present from the surrounding towns of Hussar, Chancellor, Standard and other centres. Rev. P. Rasmussen, who has served his congregation at the Dalum church for 25 years, deserves much credit for the success of these annual festivals. The autos in the picture show the keen interest which is manifested at the festival, many of the visitors here come from long distances.

C. H. Schwarz, U.G.G. agent at Wayne reports that his Victory Bond sales from the last war loan drive amounted to over \$10,350. As well as holding top spot in bond sales he also took a leading part in drives for the Red Cross. The response of the people of the Wayne district, states Mr. Schwarz, makes canvassing them a pleasure and there can be few more patriotic cross-sections of Canada than that occupied by the citizens of the Wayne district. With a new Victory Loan drive in prospect it is expected that the record of this community will be well maintained.

U.G.G. agent Schwarz is being transferred from Wayne to Chancellor where he will take over the U.G.G. elevator in place of H. F. Fenske, who is retiring. Mr. Schwarz has been active in community affairs, as well as being on the board of directors for the Wayne Hospital.—*Wayne, Alberta.*

Pioneers Honored on 50th Anniversary

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Brown, of Pilot Mound, recently celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary with a family gathering at their farm home at Hazelhurst. They were also honored by a community gathering at a reception held on the grounds of their home at which presentations were made on behalf of the neighbors and friends of Floral, Wood Bay, Pilot Mound, and also the United Church. Several hundred guests signed their names in two souvenir registers during the evening. Among the guests was Mrs. Thomas Manning who was present at the wedding ceremony of Mr. and Mrs. Brown fifty years ago. This fiftieth anniversary event was a very happy occasion and marked the warm esteem and neighborly affection with which this well-known couple are universally regarded by the people of this district for miles around.

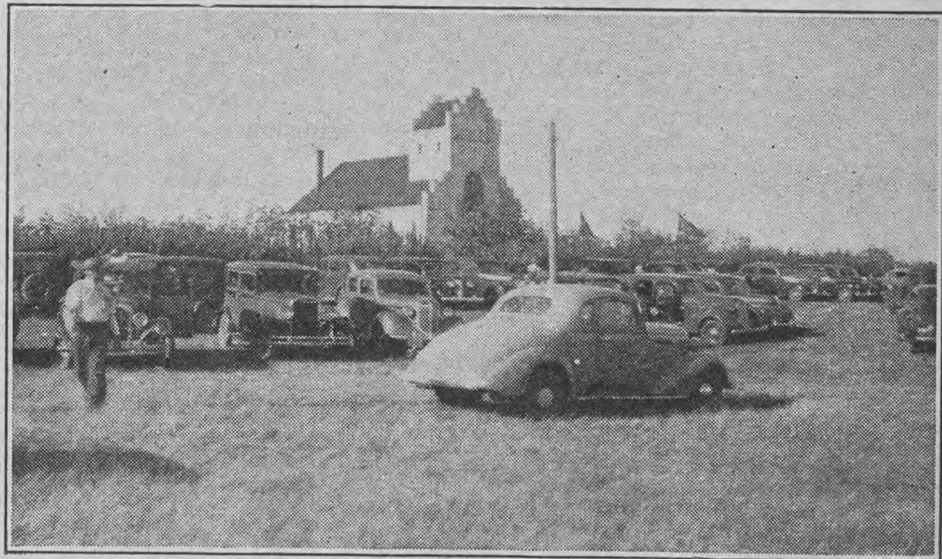
Shortage of Farm Help

Farmers in the Penrith district are hopeful of a good crop yield this season, as a change from the hail which they have experienced the past several years.

Here, as everywhere, shortage of farm help is a problem. The only solution seems to be for the farmers to co-operate to the utmost, or buy a combine. The Thompson brothers are the first in this district to own one.—*Penrith Siding, Man.*

Excellent Barley Crops

Barley cutting and threshing was from two to three weeks earlier than last year in this district. R. E. Braden combined barley on July 28 weighing 50 pounds per bushel; Robert Kerr combined on July 31 weighing 50 pounds per bushel; B. W. Crosland on August 1 weighing 50 pounds per bushel. These three cars were accepted by the Canada Malting Company.—*Rignold, Man.*



Scene at the annual Danish-Canadian Festival at Dalum, Alberta.



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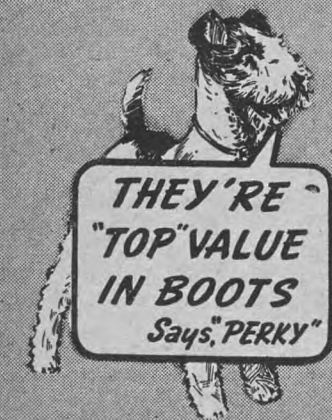
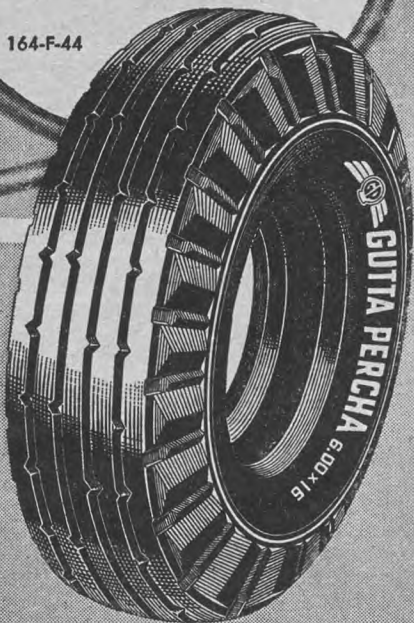
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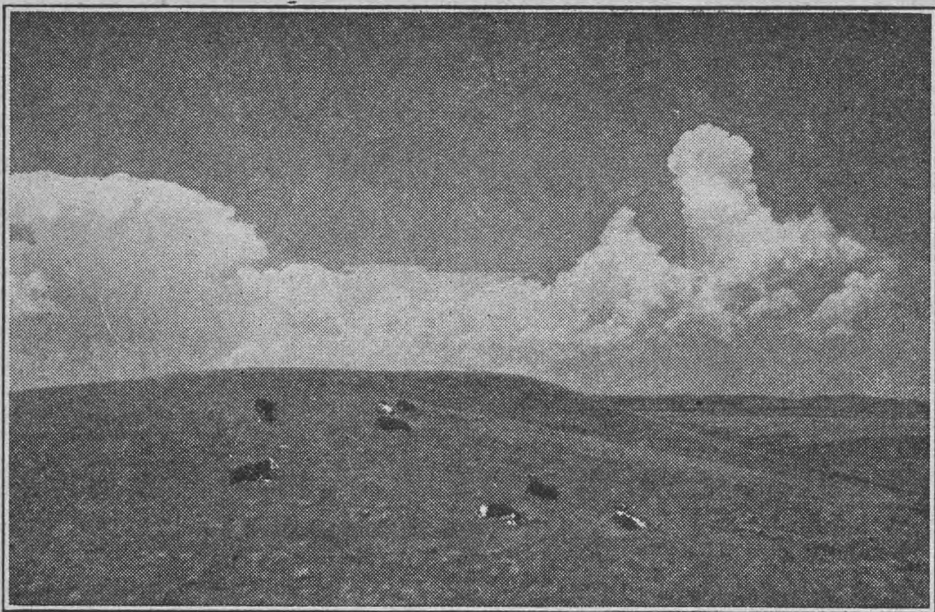


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"Cattle on the Hills." A Guide photo taken between Rock Glen and Wood Mountain, in south central Saskatchewan.

Cattle Car Goes on Rampage

Quite a little excitement was caused here when one flat car and one cattle car flashed through on their own having been started by the wind and jumping the frog at Maryfield, coming through Butler and Cromer and finally stopping where the grade is stiff, one and a half miles east of the town. The section men finally corralled them and brought them back "home." Fortunately no harm was done, but it being late at night and quite dark plenty of damage could easily have been caused. These rampagous cars actually travelled over 20 miles without any help except the wind. This is a warning not to leave cars without the brakes set.—Cromer, Man.

Election of Officers

At the annual meeting of the Greenwood Fat Stock Association held recently John Schaeffer was elected president. The other officers elected were: vice-president, Dudley Cockerill; secretary-treasurer, R. A. Quickfall; directors: Ralph Tait, Alex Buchanan, J. Lindsay, C. S. Trick, J. Henderson, R. A. MacGarva, Gordon Muirhead, Hugh Bowman, George Croy and George Cockerill. A bigger and better show is being planned for next year.—Gunton, Manitoba.

Deliver First Loads of 1944 Crop

U.G.G. agent K. G. Tuasine reports that C. Real and C. Slaughter, farmers of this district were the first to deliver samples of the 1944 crop at the Kenville elevator. Mr. Real who farms in the Pretty Valley district delivered a load of Wheat on August 14, sample grading No. 2. Mr. Slaughter's delivery was a first load of rye and was also a fair sample. Both these grains were straight combined and were under the moisture test.—Kenville, Manitoba.

Serious Threshing Accident

Joe De Pape, youngest son of Chas. De Pape, met with a serious accident recently while adjusting a binder. There were two binders working, one in front of Joe's, and when the front team started up his own team followed, catching him in front of the knives and breaking and cutting his leg.—Mariapolis, Man.

Honor Pioneers of Carmangay

Friends from several points in southern Alberta recently met together at the Community Hall to honor old-time residents of Carmangay, Mr. and Mrs. James McNaughton. Sponsors of the gathering were the past and present boards of management of the Little Bow Municipal hospital. After an introduction by Ed. Griffin, former board chairman, the chairman of the present board, Chris Egger, presented an illuminated framed scroll to Mr. McNaughton on which were engraved the names of the members.

On behalf of the community a presentation of two upholstered chairs was made to Mr. and Mrs. McNaughton by D. H. Russell, an old associate of Mr. McNaughton in hospital organization, municipal work and agricultural fairs.

Local Boys Are War Casualties

Paratrooper Boyd Anderson, a local boy, is reported as missing in France. He was with a British Paratroop Unit. Two sons of Mr. and Mrs. Cojohn have been reported wounded in action, one, Pte. Radu Cojohn serving in Italy and the other Gnr. Gus Cojohn on service with the Regina Rifles.

* * *

The 36th Annual Wood Mountain Stampede held recently was considered better than ever with a very good turnout and many interesting entries. The great days of the past were lived again with all the excitement and thrills thrown in. This is one of the few real Wild West stampedes still being held each year.—Wood Mountain, Sask.

Saskatoon Feeder Show

The Ninth Annual Show and Auction Sale of the Saskatoon Feeder Show and Sale Association is announced for Thursday and Friday, September 28 and 29, 1944.

The Association is organized under the patronage of the Dominion department of agriculture, the Saskatchewan department of agriculture, the Saskatoon Board of Trade and Exhibition Association, the University of Saskatchewan and the Union Stock Yards of Saskatoon Ltd. The first show and sale was held in 1936, with annual events following and attractive prize money offered—the purse standing at approximately \$2,000 this year.

The shows have provided for feeder cattle two-year-olds and yearling steers and steer and heifer calves of recognized beef type, and classes have been renewed for breeding ewes.

Judges at this year's show will be Jack Byers of the Dominion department of agriculture and Prof. J. W. G. MacEwan of the animal husbandry department of the University of Saskatchewan; while J. W. Durno, of Calgary, will be in charge of the auction sale.

A Valuable Bull

J. M. Cambell, owner and operator of the Pine Coulee Stock Farm, Stavelly, sold to W. A. Crawford Frost, of Nanton, a 14-months-old Hereford bull, Pine Coulee Real Domino 12th. Sire (Real Domino), Dam (Britisher Lady 39th). Sale price \$3,000.—Stavelly, Alta.

Old Neighbors Honored

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Helem who have resided in this district for many years have sold their farm and will in future make their home at the Pacific Coast. They were the recipients of a walnut coffee table from the ladies organization of the United Church and from their many friends of the district. Mr. and Mrs. Helem have taken an active part in the affairs of the church and of the community. Mr. Helem served for nine years on the council of the Rural Municipality of Brenda. He likewise served for several years on the board of stewards of the United Church at Medora. He also has been the secretary of the Medora local of United Grain Growers Limited.—Medora, Man.

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ASPHALT ROOFING

The Farm Front Takes Stock

By GEORGE SHEPHERD

West Plains, Saskatchewan

WHILE farm conditions at the beginning of 1944 were brighter in many ways than they were a year ago the confidence of the average farmer in our Ottawa government is perhaps considerably lower than it was at this same time last year. Farmers are wondering as to the future of their business.

Two prospects face Canadian agriculture today, or will face it in the near future. Either we will have a continuation of government supervision of agricultural production, perhaps to a greater extent in the future than in the past, or our government must get out of agricultural affairs completely and we will return to what is generally known as the free enterprise system. The latter possibility hardly seems logical or wise.

In an agricultural country such as Canada farming is not just the farmers business—farming is everybody's business. Therefore if Canadians who work in factories and develop our natural resources depend on a prosperous agriculture for a living it should follow that the prime business of any Canadian government must be to make it possible for agriculture to be prosperous. Whether it is possible to secure this desired end all the time we have 240 politicians at Ottawa, when what we really need is about 24 business men with statesmen-like vision, is sometimes doubtful.

During the last three months of 1943 we have been treated to an exhibition of how not to conduct the farming business in what has become known as the bacon muddle. Just who was responsible for this muddle has not been made public but between our Federal Department of Agriculture, the War-time Prices and Trade Board, the National Selective Service and High Finance we have produced not bacon but sausage—or even boloney.

Our hog program for 1943 could be likened to a man going out on a binge. We really did run hog wild. It seemed as though all that was necessary to secure the bacon crown for Canada was to jump in with both feet. But events and later consideration have proven that one cannot change the agricultural economy of the West overnight, much as we might like to do so.

It is now self evident that if we are to become regular producers of bacon that we must have all year round production and not follow the old style wheat grower by marketing a year's product in three fall months. To secure all year round production we will need a sliding scale of hog prices such as now obtains in the beef market. But if 1943 proved nothing else it did prove that the West can raise hogs if it sets its mind to it.

* * *

Farmers as individuals have neither the time or the necessary material to formulate deep agricultural programs. But they can bring forward valuable suggestions through their farm organizations. At present the Canadian Federation of Agriculture is doing great work. Greater strides too can be expected in Saskatchewan now that the Livestock Pool has been amalgamated with its big brother the Saskatchewan Wheat Pool. This should materially broaden the outlook of the Wheat Pool which hitherto has perforce centered its activities a little too much on the highly speculative business of wheat growing.

If our Pools but knew it they have the opportunity of a lifetime at hand. For years they have been asking for the closing of the Grain Exchange at Winnipeg. Wheat trading has now stopped on the Exchange but it is a certainty that trading will be re-opened unless an alternative and better plan for the marketing of wheat is brought forward.

If our farmers organized under the Wheat Pools can formulate and present a grain selling policy that is as fool proof as a grain selling policy can be in this most uncertain world and insisted on its adoption by our Federal government—yes even by another Ottawa delegation, then trading and

gambling in wheat may be stopped once and for all.

There would probably be little criticism by western farmers if our Wheat Pool Directors voted the sum of from five to ten thousand dollars for research into the question of wheat marketing. Research work such as this should be undertaken in connection with some of the most forward looking men from our western universities. Much useful and painstaking work has been done by the Iowa State College in investigating the marketing of farm products.

However if farmers are to have a voice in shaping agricultural policies they must develop long term views on



Cattle grazing along the banks of the Qu'Appelle River valley, north of Moose Jaw, Sask.

agriculture and be prepared to use prices not as objectives or as goals to be attained but as directives to bring out products desired in the quantity desired. With this in mind farmers would need to accept with good grace necessary adjustments in agricultural prices and not raise cain every time prices were adjusted to suit varying demands.

For instance it might be a very good time right now to warn the men who are raising cattle that cattle numbers are at an all-time high and that prices are due for a decline in the near future. Too many men are carrying far too many cattle tempted into doing so by the lure of high prices. In the event of one of those very dry years throughout the West with a shortage of summer grass and winter feed we are liable to witness an unprecedented run of unfinished cattle on our markets similar to the hog marketings of the fall of 1943.

Many of the newer recruits to the cattle industry, and this includes a proportion of the patrons of Community Leases, are carrying far too many cattle for safety and are simply gambling on wet summers and easy winters. To such men, who have extended their cattle holdings unwisely, it would be only common sense to say that dry summers and severe winters can and will return but that government shipments of relief hay and straw will not.

If we accept as correct the premise that government regulation of agriculture is to continue, and it seems only logical to suppose that it will, then whatever government is in power should play ball with the farmer and fully explain situations as they develop. Possibly 90 per cent of our farmers listen in on the noon Farm Broadcast and farm policies explained then would reach a wide audience.

One of the most debatable questions soon to confront Canada is the balancing of farm income as against the wages of labor and professional men. But before getting all wrapped up in this matter we would do well to soberly ask ourselves, "Can farming, as at present carried on expect or deserve the returns desired?"

One hundred years ago the manufacture of many goods such as shoes, furniture, clothing, etc., was carried on by families, sometimes even in their own

homes. By grouping together in factories it was found that one man could produce more goods, better goods and cheaper goods than when working as individuals.

But on our farms we have not done that. Up until the start of the present war each farmer ran his own little enterprise just as best he thought or could. This rugged, and sometimes ragged, individualism possibly has its good features but it is wasteful in every way.

On many western farms the investment in equipment is top heavy and extravagant. Too much expensive machinery is idle most of the year. And to be strictly honest too much of the farmers' time is frittered away on tasks that are not productive and full time employment the year round on many farms is a pipe dream. Yet in every community one can observe fathers and sons, or brother and brother, or even



two level-headed neighbors working together, pooling their efforts and equipment and thereby raising their standards of living and living a fuller life.

To attempt to change our farming system while the present generation is in control is perhaps hopeless. But with the present war over and the return of our younger men from the armed forces we may look for a brighter future for agriculture. The men and women in our armed forces have seen the value of concerted effort and co-operation. One can hardly visualize an army going into battle with the pilots of airplanes firing at any object they fancied. Or of tanks going into action at their own sweet will. Or of infantry firing blind.

Yet on too many of our farms this method obtains, our efforts are scattered and we lack the benefits of grass roots co-operation. When will we be ready to work more collectively? Let us hope that the oncoming generation will have learnt the value of concerted planning when they return to the farms.

And lastly it will be nothing short of political suicide for any Canadian government to permit even a semblance of the disorganization of the 1930's to return to our Canadian farms again.

China Needs Better Farming

MOST of us know very little about China, where, according to the most recent figures, 87 per cent of the population, or 320 million people, are on the land. Chinese agriculture provides 80 per cent of the country's production and 98 per cent of her exports. China's 320 million agriculturists operate only 232 million acres under cultivation; and 90 per cent of Chinese cultivated farms are of less than five acres and almost half are actually under one acre, with only seven per cent from 15 to 16 acres each.

Technically, Chinese agriculture is very backward, and has remained practically unchanged for hundreds of years. As a result, wheat and cotton from North America, before the war, could be sent to China and sold at a lower price than that produced in China. The Danish farmer produced four times more wheat per acre than the Chinese farmer, and twice the yield of cotton per acre was secured in Egypt.

In Soviet Russia in 1928 farmers made

up 78 per cent of Soviet Russia's total population. As a result of industrialization in Russia, and the mechanization of Russian farms, this percentage was reduced to 61 per cent in 1937. In 1880, farmers made up 44 per cent of the population of the United States. In 1930, this percentage was reduced to 25. In Canada, our agricultural population used to exceed that of the towns and cities. Today, only 27 per cent of Canadian population live on farms.

Now a Co-op Village

MIDLAND Co-operative Wholesale, which has 298 member retail co-operatives in Minnesota and Wisconsin, and distributes groceries, farm equipment, machinery, fertilizer, feed and petroleum products, recently bought a Wisconsin village, including 140 acres of farm land, for \$29,500. The town included a feed mill (\$6,000), nine residences, two two-storey store buildings and several smaller structures. The church, parsonage and a tavern were not included.

The purchase was made from the ten children of Christian Burkhardt, founder of the village which took his name. The mill was actually purchased a year ago, but scarcity of housing accommodation for an increased number of employees resulted in the purchase of the entire community.

Midland did nearly \$7,000,000 of business in 1942, slightly over \$9,000,000 in 1943, and volume is expected to go to \$12,000,000 this year. The organization is 18 years old and did its first million dollar business in 1933.

U.S. Co-ops have Finance Association

THIS year provides the centennial for the co-operative movement which stems from the original Rochdale Society. Interesting as a memorial, is the formation in the United States of the first national association to finance co-operatives. The National Co-operative Finance Association, headquarters Chicago, will be clearing house for the financial needs of regional co-operative associations, and will supplement the Farm Credit Administration, private banks and shares of members, as sources of financial support for co-operatives. Authorized capital will be \$1,250,000, divided into common and preferred shares of \$100 par value, dividends limited in each case to six per cent annually. Nine organizations are charter members, representing the states of Ohio, Kansas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Washington, Illinois, New York and others served by the nine regional organizations. Ownership of shares is limited to co-operative or non-profit groups, and only common stock carries voting rights.

Dehydration Reduces Bulk

THE Department of Scientific and Industrial Research of the British Ministry of Food is concerned, among other things, with the application of dehydration to all types of food stuffs. At a recent display in England of dehydrated foods, there were included a great many kinds of vegetables and, among other dehydrated products, a small block two inches in diameter, weighing 5.3 ounces, which, in its original form, was a quart of milk weighing four pounds. Meat, it is said, will lose 80 per cent of its weight and 84 per cent of its bulk by dehydration and will keep indefinitely. Fish will keep at least one year after losing 90 per cent of its weight and 85 per cent of its bulk. Milk will keep several years; eggs will keep at least a year; and potato two years. Dehydrated cabbage will lose 95 per cent of its weight and 87 per cent of its bulk and will keep two years.

Canada Increases Meat Consumption

IN 1943, Canada utilized for all purposes 160.5 pounds of meat per capita, which compared with 143 pounds in 1942, 134.4 pounds in 1941, 127 pounds in 1940, 116.2 pounds in 1939 and 111.4 pounds in 1935. Of the meat consumed in Canada last year, 72.5 pounds per capita was beef, 66 pounds was pork, 9.7 pounds was veal, 7.5 pounds were edible offals and 4.8 pounds were lamb and mutton. These consumption figures include the amounts used by the armed forces.

Romance for Molly

A short short love story

By LUCIAN CARY

DICK BROWN knew as he went through his mail that he'd acted like a child that morning. He was ashamed of it. He was even more ashamed of hurting Molly. And at the same time he was still sore. She'd acted like a child too.

Molly had told him he was an engineer with a blueprint for a heart and that he didn't and couldn't and wouldn't ever know what it was to be romantic. That was when he'd said, "It's too bad you didn't marry Fergus Prince." And she'd said, "I wish I had."

It had started when he'd told her that Fergus Prince had wired he was stopping off in Chicago on his way to St. Paul and would be in to see him. Dick hadn't liked the sparkle in her eyes when he'd told her. Prince was the man Molly might have married and hadn't.

Dick looked up from the letter he wasn't reading because he was thinking about Molly and saw his secretary. She laid Fergus Prince's card on the table. The card said he represented a manufacturer of pumps in Pennsylvania.

"Will you see him?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "As soon as I finish this letter—in two minutes."

He went to the window when the girl had gone and looked out on the grey factory yard. Then he walked over to the screen that hid his overcoat and hat and looked at himself in the mirror. He saw a lean face under greying hair. The mouth looked grim and the eyes looked tired. That was natural enough. He was in charge of production for Walsh and Davis, who make modern precision grinders. The plant had been running twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, for more than a year.

And now he had to meet Fergus Prince. He'd have to be cordial. He'd have to ask the fellow to dinner. Dick had never seen Fergus Prince; he had only heard about him from Molly.

Molly had a swell sense of humor. It was one of the nice things about Molly that she didn't mind being kidded. Strange she didn't see as funny the way she clung to the memory of a slender blond blue-eyed boy with wavy hair she hadn't seen for twenty years. It wasn't like Molly not to know what she was doing. She gave Dick the feeling that Fergus Prince was the one romantic figure in her life.

The secretary was in the doorway. "Mr. Prince," she said.

Dick stared. This couldn't be Molly's Fergus Prince. This was the kind of fat, bald-headed, genial man you see standing at any bar at five o'clock in the afternoon, entertaining friends, acquaintances, and strangers with loud, affectionate vulgarity.

"Hiyah," Fergus Prince greeted. He sat down on the edge of the chair Dick pulled out for him. "How long will a fella with an A1-A priority have to wait for a coupla your No. 111 precision grinders?" he asked.

"Eighteen months," Dick said.

FERGUS PRINCE nodded. "I knew the answer before you told me. But I have to tell them when I get back to Oil City that I asked you in person. And I kinda wanted a gander at you anyway. You're the Dick Brown that married Molly Bingham, aren't you?"

"I am," Dick said.

"How's Molly?"

"Fine," Dick said.

Fergus Prince shook his head. "What a girl she was—when she was young."

Dick resented that way of putting it. "She's just as full of life as ever," he said.

"I'd love to see her," Fergus Prince said. "But I can't take the time. I'm catching the midnight outa here."

"Couldn't you come out to the house for dinner tonight?"

Fergus Prince got to his feet, wheezing with the effort. "Love to," he said. "But you better call her up and if it's convenient you give me a ring at the Grand around five o'clock. I'll be in the bar but you can have me paged."

"Right," Dick said. But he saw that Fergus Prince didn't want to take the trouble to see Molly. He preferred getting tight in the bar.

When the man had gone Dick picked up the telephone. But he slammed it back on the cradle without giving his home number. If he took this fat slob home to dinner the joke would be on Molly.

Dick couldn't do it. Not to Molly. Wasn't every woman entitled to one girlish illusion? He hadn't felt that way about Molly's illusion until he saw Fergus Prince. He had been annoyed by it. The ridiculous truth was he'd been jealous of Fergus Prince. Well, Molly was going to keep that illusion of hers. It wasn't going to be spoiled.

Dick picked up Fergus Prince's card and drove to a florist's shop. He was studying the array of flowers when a clerk asked him what he wanted.

"Something extra special," Dick said. He waved his hand at the masses of flowers. "How about something of everything—a lot of everything?"

The proprietor took an interest. With his aid, the clerk made up a great boxful of flowers. When it was ready Dick took Fergus Prince's card, ran a line through the Mr. and the last name and the name of the company he represented so it read "Fergus," and told them to put it in the box.

Dick felt pretty good going home that night. When he got there, the living room was full of flowers. Molly came in looking happy and wearing her most becoming dress. She was smiling and her eyes had warm little lights in them.

Dick kissed her, sat down in his usual chair, and lit a cigarette.

"Tell me about Fergus Prince," she said.

"He pretended he came to see me on business but

what he really wanted was to ask about you," Dick said. "I tried to get him for dinner but he had to catch a midnight train for the West."

"He could have come out here for a few hours and still made his train if he'd really wanted to," Molly said.

"He had too many appointments."

MOLLY came over and sat on the arm of Dick's chair and ruffled his hair. "Was Fergie just too awful to bring home?" she asked.

"Whatever made you think that? He's a nice guy. One of the best."

He would have gone on but he found it hard to meet Molly's eyes. The doorbell saved him.

Molly jumped up and ran to the door. When she came back she had a florist's box in her hands. When she opened it Dick saw American Beauty roses—flowers that Molly thought were hideous. But Molly wasn't looking at the flowers. She had picked out the card that came with them. She held it up. It was Fergus Prince's personal card.

"I knew it," she said. "I knew Fergus Prince would never have the imagination to send me armfuls of flowers for mixed bouquets. You did that. You sent me flowers with Fergie's business card to make me think—" She didn't finish the sentence. "You—you romantic idiot."

Dick put his arm around her. He saw that she was trying not to laugh and not to cry either. He felt the same way himself. So he kissed her and then they both laughed.

Rungius Painting for Canada



Described by Director H. O. McCurry, of the National Gallery, Ottawa, as one of the best works of Carl Rungius, Banff artist, the above painting of Lake O'Hara, celebrated beauty spot in the Canadian Rockies, has been transferred from the Biltmore Galleries in Los Angeles to Canada's national gallery at the capital. The painting was made an outright gift to the gallery by Carl Rungius who makes his home at Banff. Photo, lower right, inset, shows

the artist in his favorite outdoor garb. Life member of the Zoological Society of Animal Painters and Sculptors, he is a noted mountaineer and woodsman, and member of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies and Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies. Though his paintings have been widely shown in the continent's largest cities, Rungius is never so much at home as in his beloved Canadian Rockies.

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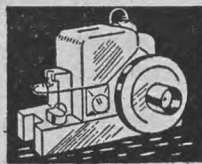


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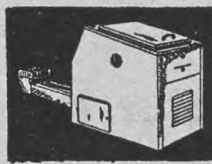
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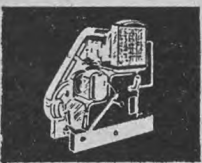
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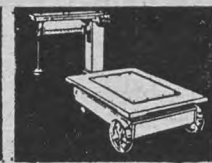
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PRIZE WINNERS FOR JUNE

SENIOR CLUE WORD PUZZLE

Congratulations to the following who sent in solutions containing only one error and who will share First, Second and Third Prizes equally: Catherine Carolan, Wallaceburg, Ont.; R. B. Hendry, Bindloss, Alta.; R. Leslie Stewart, Box 296, Virden, Man. Fourth Prize will be divided equally among the following who sent in solutions containing two errors each: Wm. Baumann, Verlo, Sask.; Mrs. M. Constantine, 1728 Bank St., Victoria, B.C.; Mrs. F. K. Godfrey, 451 Aberdeen St., Medicine Hat, Alta.; M. A. Hyndman, Box 27, Cardale, Man.; Jean Lawson, Box 277, Wallaceburg, Ont.; Mrs. H. G. Ridley, Box 57, Taber, Alta.

CORRECT SOLUTION

Across

1, panacea; 8, rinse; 9, crowded; 12, oil; 13, stream; 15, to; 16, C.E.; 17, aye; 20, methyl; 22, ceiling; 24, canal; 25, leek; 27, sink; 29, ea.; 30, ire; 31, circlet; 32, tendered; 36, per; 37, geese; 39, and; 41, tail; 43, hail; 45, civic; 46, in; 47, eject; 48, blaze; 49, tee.

Down

1, price; 2, allette; 3, assays; 4, cetyl; 5, ace; 6, Tom.; 7, detonate; 10, rake; 11, do; 14, re; 18, blanched; 19, final; 20, mole; 21, hiking; 22, concertina; 23, glitter; 26, eat; 27, seep; 28, kid; 33, endive; 34, retail; 35, match; 37, go; 38, sauce; 40, nail; 42, lip; 44, set; 47, E.E.

JUNIOR CLUE WORD PUZZLE

Congratulations to Betty Nauta, Strathmore, Alta., who sent in a solution containing no errors and wins First Prize. Second and Third Prizes will be divided equally among the following who sent in solutions containing only one error each: Eleanor Crawford, 723 Whytewold Rd., Deer Lodge, Man.; Harry Jastram, Whitewood, Sask.; Roger Peel, Box 54, R.R.1, South Edmonton, Alta.; Victoria Tyrkalo, Carvel, Alta.; Tom. Windsor, Turtleford, Sask.

CORRECT SOLUTION

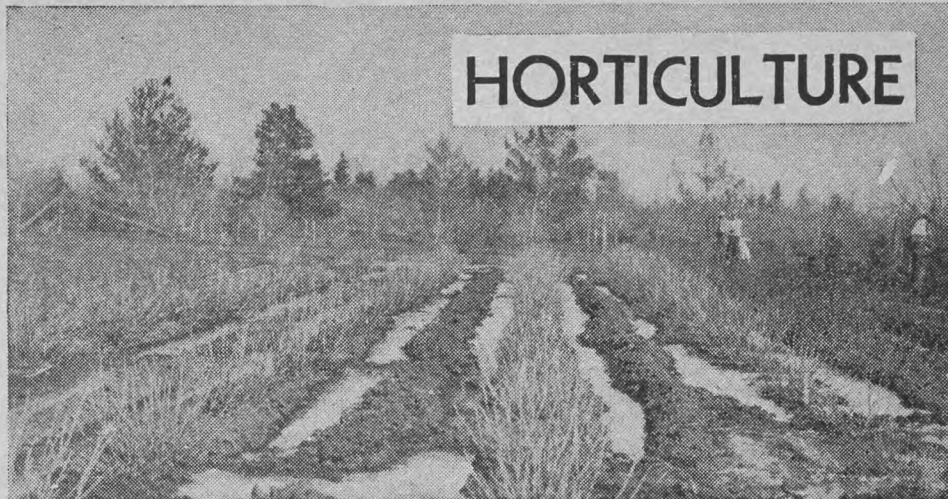
Across

1, St.; 3, tips; 6, en; 7, pose; 9, chap; 11, cab; 12, epic; 14, Reo; 16, catch; 17, artic; 20, lo; 21, colt; 23, me; 24, sieve; 26, o'er; 27, sir; 28, events; 30, poke; 32, ewer; 33, mole; 34, en.

Down

1, spiral; 2, to; 3, tea; 4, p.c.; 5, shea; 6, epic; 8, Scot; 10, apt; 13, cheers; 15, erosion; 18, ice; 19, cove; 22, level; 23, metre; 25, irk; 26, one; 27, spy; 29, ewe; 31, em.

HORTICULTURE



The small fruit orchard at the Dominion Experimental Station, Scott, Sask., is irrigated for experimental purposes. In the accompanying article, Emil T. Andersen discusses the fundamentals of successful irrigation of small fruits.—Scott Experimental Station photo.

Irrigation of the Small Fruit Garden

By EMIL T. ANDERSEN

Horticulturist, Lethbridge Experimental Station

MANY small areas of fruits have recently been planted on the prairies where they can receive irrigation. This has been brought about by the establishment of numerous small irrigation systems in Saskatchewan and Alberta, ranging in size from single farms to several sections of land, and through the increased development of special fruit crops in older established irrigated districts. The growers, in most cases, who are embarking on these new ventures have had little or no experience with irrigation of these small fruit crops. Irrigation of these crops, as of most crops, is essentially a very straight-forward procedure and will not present many difficult problems to the average farmer. The essential requirements are simple and few in number and if carried out will ensure reasonable success.

Most small fruit and tree orchards are irrigated by the row, or furrow method, as are vegetable gardens and other crops which are grown in rows, or intertilled. This method is distinct from that of flooding, used with grain or hay crops, where the water is permitted to flood over the entire soil surface. With the furrow method, a small amount of water is made to run down in trenches between the rows, until the intervening soil is well moistened. In this way the water can be kept from touching the plants, and puddling or baking is prevented in the direct region of the plant. This is very desirable as plants will not develop normally or well if the soil is permitted to bake hard around them.

A continuous furrow length of from 200-250 feet is more suitable under average soil conditions. If the plot is longer than this it is advisable to put in other cross ditches for distributing the water at about every 200 feet. If water is very limited, or the soil very light, it may be necessary to place distributing ditches as close as 75-100 foot intervals.

The most important difference to keep in mind when planning an irrigated garden, as compared with a dry land garden, is that of land slope. The rows must always be so arranged that they have a continuous downward slope from the water source, or place of water entry (usually a permanent ditch running across the upper end of the area), to the extreme end of the row. It will, therefore, not always be possible to have the rows running in a perfectly straight line, nor is this at all necessary. A slope of 2-3 inches per 100 feet of row is most desirable, but more slope than this is satisfactory.

Try It Out with Annual Crops

Levelling the land before planting is essential. Small elevations and depressions may be taken off, or filled in by hand with a shovel. Implements for floating and land levelling are easily constructed at home; detailed plans for the construction of these may be obtained on request from the Water Development Branch, P.F.R.A., Regina, Saskatchewan, or from the Dominion Experimental Station, Lethbridge, Alta.

A good plan is to first plant the area in mind to a temporary garden of vegetable crops, or potatoes in rows, following the course which is planned for the future fruit orchard. In this way, if

the preliminary levelling work has not been complete, low and high places will be noted when irrigating the garden crops. These places can then be marked and corrected later when the crop is off in the fall. It is important that the land be well levelled before a permanent crop is put in, otherwise certain areas will receive too much water and others too little.

A small area (about one-quarter acre) will provide all the requirements of the household as well as a saleable surplus, of most of the small fruits. Strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, currants, sandcherries, and sandcherry-plum hybrids are all successful in most areas where irrigation can be practised on the prairies.

Putting the Water On

The recommended spacing for planting strawberries is 18 to 24 inches between plants and 3.5 to 4 feet between the rows. This allows room for the development of a matted row 18 to 24 inches wide and a space between the rows wide enough for light cultivation and irrigation. Furrows may be made between the rows before irrigating, with a large shovel, specially shaped for making small trenches, attached to the back end of the garden cultivator. With larger areas, several rows may be furrowed at one time, using larger machines. With strawberries, one furrow between every two rows is all that is required for good irrigation.

Other small fruits (raspberries, currants, gooseberries, sandcherries, and other bush cherries) are planted in rows 8-10 feet apart. Two furrows, one along the side of each row, is sufficient to take care of the irrigation requirements of fruits at these distances.

Usually spring moisture is sufficient to carry small fruits to the stage where the berries have reached a size about half that of the mature fruit. The first irrigation should be applied at this stage, if there has not been much rain for some time. Raspberries and strawberries will require 2 to 3 irrigations during the fruiting season, at seven to ten day intervals following the first application mentioned above. One other irrigation shortly after fruiting has finished is usually required to promote good plant growth.

Gooseberries, currants, and cherries ordinarily require only two good irrigations during the growing season; one when the berries are half-grown and one when they commence to ripen. Excessive water applied to these fruits will promote an abundance of soft, rapid growth (particularly with cherries and cherry-plum hybrids), which is weak and will not withstand winter conditions, or heavy fruit bearing, as well as growth made under moderate soil moisture conditions.

Irrigation water must be considered as a supplement to the regular natural supply, and should be used only when rains are scarce and soil moisture is low. A few thorough irrigations are better than a large number of very light ones. The practices of cultivation for weed control and preventing soil baking, or crust formation, are of equal or greater importance where irrigation is practised. Soil nutrient requirements

are considerably higher and must consequently be supplied in greater quantities than with dry land culture. Maintaining the organic matter of the soil is more difficult, and heavier applications of manure, either green or rotted, are required.

Perhaps the most beneficial of all irrigation aids is that of late fall irrigation. When the leaves have begun to fall, and plants are showing definite signs of dormancy, the soil should be given a good soaking. This ensures a good supply of moisture and prevents much winter killing due to drying out. Drought in winter is probably the cause of more killing and weak plants than is low temperature. Particularly is this true with strawberries and raspberries. Fall irrigation also provides the plants with moisture during the early part of the following season.

The Neglected Salt Tree

THE veteran fruit grower and nurseryman, W. J. Boughen of Valley River, Manitoba, has written us a rather plaintive letter about the neglect which he considers is unjustly meted out to a favorite flowering shrub which brightens the garden about the end of June.

Mr. Boughen says, "I have been irritated every July 1, or thereabouts, because no writer, to my observation, has ever mentioned an exceedingly beautiful shrub which is supreme in beauty about the end of June for about ten days. It has silver leaves and is crowded with bright pink flowers, making it one of the most beautiful shrubs of all seasons, and certainly it is the most beautiful shrub at that season. It is a sort of pink caragana, and is called Halimodendron, or Siberian salt brush. I think it is supposed to be impervious to alkali, and is certainly worth sending for by anyone wishing to beautify their grounds with hardy shrubs."

Rehder's authoritative "Manual of Cultivated Trees and Shrubs" names this shrub the salt tree (Halimodendron halodendron). It is native to Turkestan and adjacent territory and was introduced in 1779. Like the caragana, the Halimodendron belongs to the family Leguminosae, or Legumes, and for this reason is a relative of alfalfa, clover, peas, beans and vetches.

Ohio Buckeye Has Proven Hardy

THE Ohio buckeye (Aesculus glabra), a horse-chestnut, has been fairly extensively tested in the prairie provinces. Specimens have become successfully established in the gardens and grounds of many government stations, parks, and institutions, as well as in a number of private gardens.

At the Dominion forest nursery station, Indian Head, Saskatchewan, Ohio

buckeye is considered a very satisfactory tree for planting in the average home lot, or in a boulevard. The largest specimen we have is 23 feet high, and has a trunk diameter at breast height of 7.35 inches. This tree has been planted over 20 years.

Ohio buckeye is apparently quite hardy under prairie conditions, and trees at the station survived the winter of 1942-43 without damage.



The Ohio buckeye, one of the horse-chestnuts, referred to by John Walker, in the article on this page.

In exposed situations trees are likely to suffer from sunscald.

The pleasing features of this horse-chestnut or buckeye are a wealth of greenish white blossoms early in June, and leaves composed of five leaflets which become attractive in early to mid-September as they take on many shades of bronze and orange. The leaves fall soon after that time. Nuts ripen about mid-September. As will be seen from the illustration, the top of the tree is very symmetrical and dense.—John Walker, superintendent forest nursery station, Indian Head, Saskatchewan.

Here and There in Gardening

Q. (P. L. F., Ninga, Man.): Last winter my dahlias went powdery dry at the stalk, so that the tubers when divided this spring sent out roots but no leaf stem. Should the clumps be divided in the fall or in the spring? How should they be stored for winter?

A. Dahlia stalks are cut off near the tuber but not so close as to remove the

buds or eyes, which are the source of new shoots for the coming season. Division may be made in autumn but spring cutting is favored. A cool root cellar that keeps potatoes firm and dormant is excellent for dahlias. They may be comfortable in a paper lined crate. If temperatures are rather high or the atmosphere on the dry side, cover the dahlia tubers in peat moss or dry sandy soil. During February remove the packing material, slightly dampen the peat or soil and replace the tubers.

Q. (M. Bros., Gerald, Sask.): How would you prepare soil for rhododendron and azalea? When is the right time to transplant such plants and how much light do these plants require for best results?

A. Rhododendrons and azaleas are considered as being impractical for growing in the average prairie garden. The soil should be a mixture of leaf mould, preferably formed from oak leaves, and acid peat. The area should be well drained, but at the same time so well watered that it is never permitted to get dry. There should be shelter from the cold, drying winds, and there should be partial shade. An area on the western or northern bank of a ravine, which is shaded on the southwest by trees, would seem favorable. Most varieties of these two classes of plants are too tender for prairie growing. There is at least one native rhododendron growing up along the Churchill river. It is of small stature and demands an acid soil.

On the dry prairies it would be an advantage to syringe down the plants regularly evening and morning every day during the growing season when it is not raining. Spring planting is usual.

Q. (Mrs. R. R. R., Fort Sask., Alta.): I want to make a lawn this fall and would like some instructions to do it correctly.

A. Late August or earliest September is a favorable period to seed the lawn. Later sowing of seed is likely to result in the fine seedlings being too delicate to survive the stress of winter. If germination fails to take place, winds may blow out much of the seed. However, on a well protected area, a top-dressing of rotted manure plus rows of brush may keep the seed undisturbed and in position to germinate in early spring. The two approved seasons for lawn sowing are early May and late August, preferably just before a fall of rain.

Deep rich soil, free of weed seeds, is desired. It is raked level but so as to be sloping gently to one side to avoid injury from freezing of snow waters standing in pools in late winter. Roll firm, then spread seed evenly by broadcasting. Rake both across and lengthwise to cover the seed. Roll again, then top-dress with rotted manure. Spread brush or corn stalks at freeze-up to trap snows.

Russian Perennial Wheat

PRESS despatches from Russia about the middle of August announced the discovery of a drought and rust-resistant perennial wheat, by Prof. N. V. Tsitisin and associates. Much interest has been aroused in Canada over this announcement, and especially the statement that one seeding of this new perennial wheat could be expected, under favorable conditions, to yield satisfactory crops for a period of five years.

This question of perennial wheat has been cropping up periodically for many years, because European and North American scientists have for a long time been endeavoring to cross ordinary varieties of annual wheat with some of the perennial grasses in the hope of yielding just such a result. Work has been proceeding in Canada by the Forage Crops Division of the Dominion Experimental Farms System, working in co-operation with the National Research Council, and many hybrids have been secured from the same plants as used in the Russian experiment. Some of these hybrid types have been tested in western Canada, and some of them hold promise as forage crops, rather than as cultivated grain crops.

There is no reason for the western farmers to get excited over the prospect of a perennial wheat for grain production, though such a crop might

be very useful indeed in irrigated areas and districts where moisture supplies are ample. In the drier areas where our better qualities of wheat are produced, lack of moisture would probably prove a decisive factor and would prevent the successful use of any perennial grain crop such as is likely to be available in the near future. Most perennial strains tested in Canada show lack of drought resistance, are not sufficiently winter hardy and have a high degree of sterility, which prevents seeds from forming readily. The grain is also more difficult to thresh.

Fraser Valley Flax

THE lower Fraser Valley shipped its first carload of baled flax to Drummondville, Que., recently, and it was merely a small token of the flax to be grown and shipped in British Columbia during the next few years. The industry on the coast is barely two years old.

The flax crop from 1,000 acres harvested last fall was deseeded during the past winter and spring. The seed has all been sold for approximately \$30,000, one single check from Peru being for \$23,000. Farmers have been paid on account \$50 an acre on last year's crop, and another instalment of

a similar amount will be paid later in the year.

The processes of retting and scutching the 1943 crop will continue well into next winter, when work will then be started in the deseeding of the crop that is at present being harvested. Many more carloads of the finished fibre will be shipped during the coming months. An average price of about 73 cents a pound for the best grade of fibre is expected.

The current crop is better than last year, although only about 700 acres are in crop as compared with 1,000 in 1943.

Scrambled Dried Eggs

EGG yolks, and the whites of eggs, have been successfully dried for a long time, but drying the whole egg is much more difficult. When used for the armed forces, at least nine months between drying and consumption must be allowed for. The difficulty is to dry eggs so they will keep at ordinary temperatures for this length of time. Spray dried whole eggs will keep at 50 degrees Fahr. for a year, but if kept at 100 degrees, they will only keep from one to two months.

Dried eggs, when scrambled, often have a burnt flavor, and United States Army officials have cut the moisture requirement of dried whole eggs from five per cent of moisture to two per cent, in the hope of minimizing this flavor.

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DICHLORODIPHENYL- TRICHLOROETHANE

Continued from page 7

One experimenter sprayed a screen and seven months later held a little dish with 25 flies in it against the screen. Thereupon 25 of the 25 kicked the bucket.

In another case the scientists sprayed the walls and ceilings of a number of dairy barns. Immediately the fly population was reduced by 95 per cent and for months was much lower than in untreated barns. A room 20 feet square in a dairy barn was treated on June 12, 1943. No animals were allowed in this room but flies were turned loose in it at intervals until September 23. The first batches to be released all passed away within 75 minutes. The last flock released took 120 minutes before the last fly was dead. Not a single fly that entered that room came out alive. It was a chamber of death for them. Here was a case where the lethal power of DDT lasted for 103 days in an open barn.

They tried it on hornflies. On May 5 last year five yearling bulls on pasture were run through a chute and sprayed. Each bull, it was estimated, was playing sugar daddy to from 800 to 1,000 hornflies. On the third day after spraying they had only four or five hornflies among them and on the sixth day only six. On the thirteenth day they had on an average only about 30 while cattle in a check herd half a mile away were carrying around from 1,500 to 2,000 hornflies each. A spraying every two weeks in fly time will keep cattle comparatively and comfortably free.

They examined the hair of the bulls through a microscope and found that though the carrier in which the DDT had been dissolved had evaporated the crystals of the drug itself were present. These crystals were easily shattered from the hair. Now the problem is to

make them stay put. They hope to make them stay put by developing a better carrier. If they succeed it will mean that the spraying can be done at longer intervals.

Coming back into the house again, there is that destructive pest, the clothes moth. It's the larva of the moth that finds a piece of woollen cloth as palatable as beefsteak and onions is to a hungry harvester. But just give a woollen garment a dose of DDT and, after drycleaning, even two or three times, spread it temptingly where the moths can get at it. In due time any of them that sample it will be as dead as Himmeler ought to be if he isn't.

NOW DDT is not the first insecticide to be discovered. There has been a lot of work done in insect control, or we wouldn't all be eating three times a day. But it is a great advance on anything hitherto unearthed. It has its limitations. Just where it will fit in in controlling orchard insect pests has still to be worked out. We have to have consideration for the beneficial insects, those for example, which fertilize flowers. We don't want to kill off too many bees and have our honey ration made permanent. Our own researchers are not asleep. Last year a large number of experiments were conducted with DDT to find out how it can best be used in blitzing insect pests of orchard, farm and garden. A preliminary report has been published. They have been trying it out in controlling the insects that threaten our lumber and pulp wood resources, spraying the trees from airplanes.

Now please don't write in and ask where you can get a can of DDT. It isn't on the market. The armed forces are taking it as fast as it can be made. But after the war, you will be able to

get it at the village emporium, probably in handy little cylinders under 50 pounds pressure to the square inch. Then all you will have to do is to point the nozzle at the place where you don't want a fly or a bug to be, press the trigger, give it a squirt, and no fly, bug, or other six-legged creature will visit that particular place for weeks or months and live to brag about it.

DON'T LET YOUR SOIL DRIFT AWAY

Continued from page 10

This is especially true of plowed sweet clover stubble.



COVER crops of oats are seeded on summerfallows the last week in July on lands adjacent to and in the foothills of southern Alberta where moisture conditions are fairly satisfactory. This grain grows 12 to 18 inches high in the fall and furnishes an excellent protection to the soil. When this practice first started, over 20 years ago, it was done wholly to prevent soil drifting. However, it was soon found that the grain provided excellent fall and early winter pasture and now it is seeded as a pasture crop as well as for soil erosion control. Where moisture conditions are good, a cover crop has not decreased yields of succeeding crops, but as the practice extends eastward into drier conditions, the loss in the following year's crop frequently is serious. Occasionally a dry fall, or grasshoppers, prevent the securing of a cover crop. Under such conditions other methods of drifting control must be substituted. Care

also must be exercised not to pasture the cover crop too closely, or drifting follows.

What has been said so far, and the examples given, are concerned with methods for preventing the soil from getting into a drifting condition. Unfortunately, there are farmers in all parts of the prairies, who, at times, fail to keep their soils protected and drifting conditions actually develop. This necessitates emergency methods and here it would be well to say that emergency methods have been developed that have been used successfully in all parts of the prairies under the most adverse circumstances. In fact, no drifting condition has been found that has not eventually been controlled and where it has not become too extreme, drifting has been stopped and the soil stabilized without great difficulty.

Usually, definite indications of drifting are observable before there is much movement of the soil. If these are noted and action taken immediately, serious difficulties may be avoided. Quite frequently, small patches will start to drift. If these are checked by ridging or by covering the small areas with straw or manure, no more drifting may develop. Where the entire field appears to be nearing a drifting condition, ridging with a cultivator or other similar work may be all that is required to prevent the field from getting started to move.

When grain is coming up and drifting starts, it is a problem to check the drifting without destroying the growth. However, if a light shower is experienced it may be possible to prevent drifting by harrowing the field while it is still wet; or, even if the field is dry, harrowing may stop the drifting for one day of wind and thus permit the crop to get high enough to protect the soil if only a day's wind is experienced.

Numbers of farmers watch their fields and, at the first sign of drifting, cover the danger spots with straw. If the grain is coming up, they may cover a great many acres with a light coating of the straw if required. Some farmers make a practice of reserving some straw

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piles to use for scattering to prevent drifting.

THE lister has been an effective remedy for more extreme conditions of drifting. Thousands of acres have been stabilized by this method. In the spring of 1937 one listing outfit, operated by the Lethbridge Experimental Station, brought an area of 5,000 acres under control. This entire acreage was drifting seriously. Strips were listed through every field, starting on the west side. Loose drifting soil was permitted to blow off from the unlisted strips and was trapped in the furrows of the adjoining listed strips and then the unlisted strips were cultivated with duckfoot cultivators and seeded. Intervening listed strips were permitted to grow up to weeds for a time, but were cultivated with duckfoot cultivators before the weeds became too large. The fallow strips were listed again in the fall and were duckfoot cultivated in the spring to level out the listed furrows. Where there seemed to be danger of spring drifting, the fields were plowed before seeding; otherwise they were seeded directly after the duckfoot cultivations.

In a few cases in other localities, drifting dunes had piled so high that the listing plows could not get down through the drift soil. These dunes were stabilized by seeding them to rye and covering immediately with a thin coating of straw. The land between the dunes was listed as described above. The duned areas were seeded to crested wheat grass in the rye stubble the following fall and were left as grass lands, because these dunes drift so easily that they are treacherous to farm.

IN the preceding discussion different practices have been described simply because they have been effective on many farms and it is thought that others may find in them the answer to their problems. Everyone who has seriously attempted to work out a drifting control program for his own farm and has consistently followed good practices, has met with success. This has been repeated so many hundreds of times in various parts of the prairies that it can be said without fear of contradiction, that every drifting situation so far encountered on these prairies can be met. The time is past when we can say that drifting is beyond our control. It is only a matter of intelligent, thoughtful, careful farming.

WITHOUT
CONVOY

Continued from page 6

—a Britisher—a tanker with oil.
“Sir!” Rolf cried. “She’s closing!”

The stricken tanker, burning and over on her side, had swung toward them. In the water around her men were struggling.

“Hard aport!” the captain shouted down the voice-pipe. “Full speed!”

They watched the tanker veer in their direction. Rolf held his breath, his body tense and his face white. In a few seconds the ships would be locked. But now, slowly, the big freighter took her helm and swung away, opening the distance from the flaming tanker.

“Midships,” the captain ordered.
A lookout suddenly screamed: “Ship coming up on the port quarter!”

Rolf stumbled and fell as he tried to get across the bridge. He jumped to his feet and flung himself against the port rail. This time there was nothing to be done. He could only stand helpless and watch a great black shape loom out of darkness slowly, deliberately, as though no power under heaven could stop it. Insanely he shouted: “Keep off, you fool! Keep off!”

There was a bump—that was all, a bump. He thought it was crazy, how slight a shock it seemed at the time. The oncoming ship seemed to hesitate for a moment, rolling slightly from the impact. Her wheel had been flung hard over, for almost before the two bridges came in line, the other ship fell off, and Rolf could see pale faces on her bridge.

And suddenly, all was black again. To their starboard the tanker had gone to her grave.

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When I go shopping for myself and for the family, I always look for the "Sanforized" label in shirts, washable dresses, pyjamas and frocks and play clothes for the children.



Somewhere in the vicinity the escorts were searching. Once Rolf thought he heard the report of depth charges.

WHEN dawn came they were alone on the sea. Their steering gear had been damaged and there was a hole in the ship's port side near the stern above the waterline. In the night they had lost the convoy, and now the Atlantic stretched out around them, vacant and lonely.

The chief engineer reported to the bridge that they would be able to proceed in a couple of hours. Progress would be slow, but there would be no danger if the weather held fair.

The captain, his face haggard and heavy puffs under his eyes, looked at his officers. "Well," he said, "we're still on top of the ocean."

"Why do we do it?" asked the first mate.

"Because we have bombers," Rolf said. "And a cargo of sugar."

The mate laughed, but the captain eyed Rolf thoughtfully. He looked aft to where the big crates were lashed to the deck. Then he went below.

Rolf remained on the bridge. If submarines were still in the vicinity, this ship would make a pretty target now. They would not even have to use a torpedo on her. They could come to the surface and shell her into oblivion.

"When you're on the bridge at night," Helen said, "will you be thinking of me? Will you come back some day?"

He thought of Martha in Norway. Norway. That was his duty—to sail this ship so that Norway would be free again and people like Martha would smile again. If there had been no war he would be married now, and he would be sailing into Oslo, back to home and Martha.

Three hours later the freighter got slowly under way. Alone and unprotected she was reduced in speed to four knots, and her steering was slow and uncertain. Clumsily she lumbered in the seas toward the coast of Ireland.

The freighter crept on as the days and nights passed, and no land was sighted, nor any other ship. She had taken water through the hole in her side, and she was heavy in the stern.

"We should be in the North Channel by tomorrow," the captain said. "It will be none too soon."

I will send a cable, Rolf thought: I will address it to The Music Box, and I will say I'm fine.

He was sitting in the saloon, drinking a cup of tea and thinking of this, when the alarm bell sounded. Before it had ceased ringing he was up the companionway and on deck. He climbed to the bridge. The captain was there, his expression grim.

"Planes," he said.

Rolf looked to the sky off the starboard bow. He saw four tiny specks in the blue. As they waited the specks grew larger, and soon they could hear the far-off sound of roaring engines. And then the captain seemed to draw in his breath, to lift his shoulders, and he said: "Germans."

Rolf said nothing. He went to a cabinet at the after end of the bridge and opened it. He took out a stripped Lewis gun, clamped the magazine drum into place, gave it a turn and cocked the weapon. Then he went back to where the captain was standing, binoculars glued to his eyes.

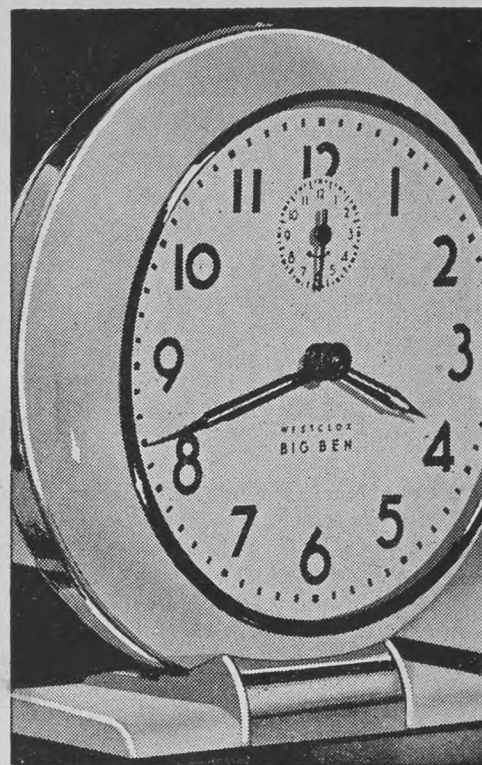
"They are heading southwest," the captain said. "Perhaps they won't—The words died in his throat. Rolf saw one of the planes break formation and sweep to the starboard.

"Ah!" was all the captain said.

The plane described a half-circle, flew high to the right of the freighter and then turned to face her. Rolf stood with his back to the wheelhouse. His eyes followed the plane like a hawk's, his hands held the machine-gun in a firm grip. He wet his lips. He had never done this before. He had never faced the roar of an attacking plane.

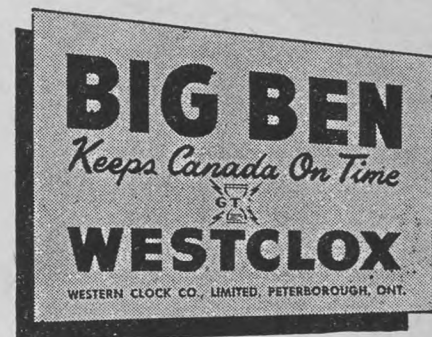
"Courage!" Helen whispered.)

THE plane thundered toward him. The index finger on his right hand closed over the trigger of the gun as the wings grew larger and the plane screamed down at him. The plane opened fire. Suddenly the butt of the Lewis gun beat against Rolf's shoulder as he pressed the trigger. His eyes were blinded. His ears sang with the roar of engines and guns.



DON'T WASTE TIME—Today with Victory in sight, time is more precious than ever. Make every minute count.

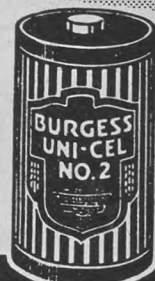
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ROLL ONE!
LIGHT ONE!
SMOKE ONE!

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He released his pressure on the trigger. Half in a daze he went to the rail and looked aft. The bomber was sweeping gracefully upwards from the stern of the ship rising higher and higher into the sky.

He looked down the deck. Two bodies were lying crumpled beside the starboard lifeboat and a seaman was staggering forward with blood on his face. Rolf turned to where the captain had been standing. But the captain was not standing now. A bullet from the bomber's guns had ripped into his chest. There was death on his haggard face.

Rolf wet his lips again. He looked aft, and his clouded eyes saw the plane sweep in an arc and head back toward the stern of the ship. He braced himself on the rail and raised the barrel of the Lewis gun to his eyes—this time—this time he would wait for them. Come on! Come on, you won't scare me now! I'm waiting for you—come one!

His sights were trained on the nose of the speeding plane. He held the gun steady in his white hands, his elbows braced on the rail. He told himself that they would not, could not lure him into opening fire too soon. He would wait until the belly of the monster was in front of him—yes, damn them, until he could see their faces.

Aft, the freighter's small gun opened fire. There were white bursts in the sky. But still the plane came on. Rolf's finger tightened, but he held his fire. He held it even when bullets from the plane raked the deck of the freighter. He could hear their whine above the roar of the engines. Wood splintered behind him.

His eyes blinked. His throat was dry. But his finger remained steady, for seconds that seemed an eternity. And then, as the shape of the bomber blacked out the sky before his eyes, he pressed the trigger, and he kept it pressed until the last bullet in the drum had screamed on its way.

In that moment he was happy.

The gun dropped from his hands. His body leaned heavily on the rail and his hands clawed for a hold. At the same time he twisted from his waist and hung sideways looking toward the bow of the ship.

He saw the plane engines roaring, start to go into a climb, watched her with half-closed eyes as her right wing listed drunkenly over. The big cigar seemed to tremble for a moment, and then she turned almost completely turtle and dove headlong into the sea.

He collapsed on top of his hot gun. There was blood running down his legs.

("Rolf!" Helen cried.)

I'm all right. I'm all right.

("Rolf, can you hear me—can you hear me?")

What is it?

("Rolf, I love you!")

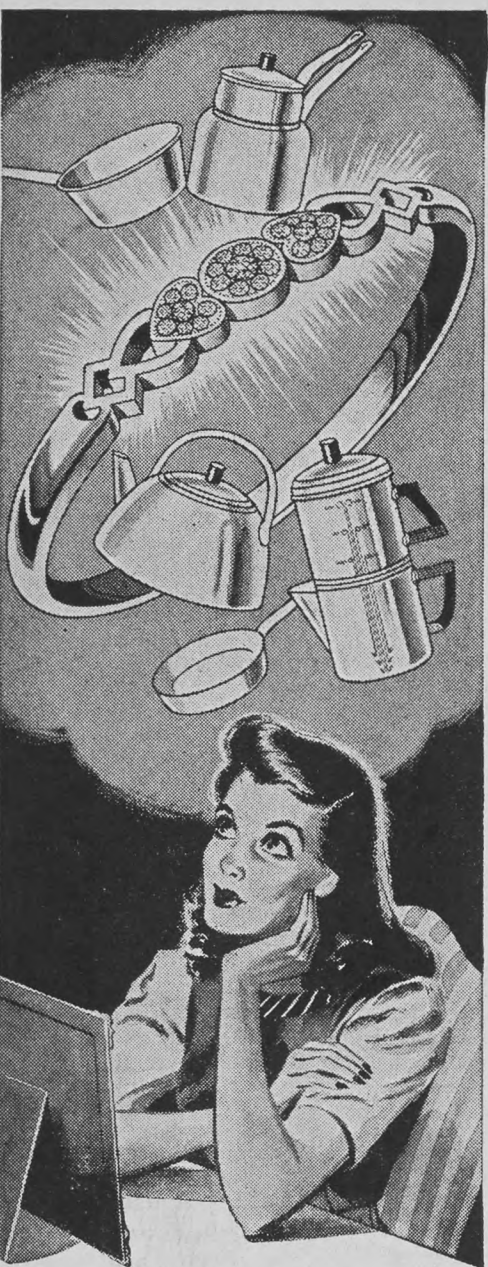
THE captain was buried at sea. So were some of his men. A British destroyer stood by them while it was done and the same destroyer escorted the crippled and bullet-riddled freighter into port. An R.A.F. patrol the mate told Rolf had chased the other bombers out of the sky and shot down one of them.

On the day of his discharge from hospital a packet of letters reached him. He saved them until he went into town and found a pub, and sat in a corner with a cool glass of ale.

One of the letters was from his brother in an English army camp. "I've been telling the other men about you," the letter said. "They know already, but



"Hi! Always glad to meet a fellow bookworm."



Breathes there a Maid...

...whose dreams of rice and wedding rings aren't interwoven with visions of a tidy kitchen equipped with "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Cooking Utensils? Yet thousands of wartime brides have been unable to realize this cherished ambition.

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And if you already have a few treasured Wear-Ever utensils, be kind to them. Give them honest care and they'll last long after more Wear-Ever utensils are again available.



42M

? QUIZ CORNER

For the Readers of The Country Guide

HERE are seven timely questions. How many can you answer correctly? After you have solved them—test the knowledge of your family and your friends. The answers are at the base of this column.



1. How many eggs when dehydrated can be packed into one ten-pound carton for export?

(Submitted by K. D. Howard, Freedom, Alta.)

2. How much water will the average hen producing 130-160 eggs drink in a year?

(Submitted by Miss Lillian Bennett, Hanford Brook, Saint John County, N.B.)



3. How many bees in the pound?

(Submitted by Raymond McKenzie, Jarvis, Ont.)

4. How many gallons of sap are needed to make one gallon of maple syrup?

(Submitted by Mrs. Douglas McIntosh, Vank-leek Hill, R.R. No. 2, Ont.)



5. Where is the largest single unit grain elevator in the world?

(Submitted by Miss Rita Fowler, Danville, Quebec.)

6. How many bushels of apples were grown and marketed by the Nova Scotia fruit growers in 1943?

(Submitted by Miss Laurine Killam, Forest Hill, A. Co., N.B.)



7. Which radio 'A' battery breathes oxygen?

(Cheques have been mailed to the six winners listed above.)

\$2 for YOUR question

Send us one question (with answer) which you think would interest other readers of this paper. We will pay \$2 for each question (with answer) that we publish. Address your letter to Canadian National Carbon Company, Limited, 809 Davenport Road, Toronto. All submissions will be the property of the Company.

HOW LONG DO RADIO BATTERIES LAST?

Sorry—there is no one correct answer to this question. It depends on so many factors. For example, any 'B' battery lasts longer if you do not operate your radio too long at any one time. Your batteries need rest periods. But we do know this. Years of scientific research have gone into the design and making of "Eveready" "Super-Layerbilt" Batteries. They are made to last longer and thousands of Canadians have learned for themselves the extra power that is packed into each "Eveready" "Super-Layerbilt" Battery. They are the most famous B batteries in Canada—ask for them by name!



EVEREADY TRADE-MARK RADIO BATTERIES

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS:

(The first six questions and answers were submitted by our readers and checked by well-known farm editors.)

1. One whole case or thirty dozen eggs.
2. About twenty gallons.
3. Approximately 4,000.
4. From thirty-two to thirty-five gallons.
5. Port Arthur, Ontario.
6. Five million bushels.
7. The "Eveready" "Air Cell" A Battery.

RBF344



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THE Dominion Bureau of Statistics is the principal fact-finding and fact-publishing organization in Canada. Over the past quarter of a century it has accumulated an immense amount of information with regard to the population of Canada, their developing economic activities and their changing social relations.

Business men are naturally most interested in data relating to production, trade—both internal and external—finance and employment. Various branches of the Bureau are concerned with compiling and publishing information on these subjects and making it available from year to year, from month to month, and even from week to week.

Every Canadian business man will find information of vital importance to his business in the industrial, financial, trade, employment and other reports issued by the Bureau.

Requests for published reports or for other information should be addressed to the Dominion Statistician, Ottawa. All inquiries will be promptly and courteously answered.

Department of Trade and Commerce
OTTAWA

HON. JAMES A. MACKINNON,
MINISTER

TC 454

I still like telling them. How did you feel when you got your Jerry? We're proud of you, all of us." And further down it said: "I've had some news from home. I wanted to see you personally but I can't get leave just now. However, I feel I must tell you now. You know, brother, things change in time. You must realize that Martha—she was very young, and you have seen very little of her in recent years. I cannot altogether blame her, perhaps—"

He did not need to read any further. Suddenly he felt free. He did not finish his beer. He left the pub and asked his way to a cable office. From there he sent his cable to Helen, and in it he told her he loved her and was coming back.

Then he hobbled down the narrow street toward the dock where his ship was berthed. Dusk had come, and suddenly the air raid sirens split the air. He looked up at the darkening sky.

And he laughed.

THUNDERHEAD

Continued from page 6

Breakfast was noisy. There were flap-jacks—piles of them, piping hot. And coffee and thick cream and sausages.

All the time, the thought of his colt was never out of Ken's mind. He was trying to figure out just how he could convince his family that the white foal was going to be a race horse and make lots of money for them all.

But as the hilarious breakfast progressed, Ken decided this wasn't the time to tell it. They wouldn't pay attention; would just say, "Oh, Flicka has foaled at last? Fine—pass the syrup, will you?" After all, there were so many colts born on the Goose Bar Ranch.

A car drove up and stopped behind the house and Colonel Harris said, "That's probably the sergeant and orderly with my mare."

"What for?" asked Nell.

Rob explained. "Mort wants to have his saddle mare bred by Banner, so I told him to send her up today."

"Why don't you have her bred by a real stud!" said Charley. "You don't happen to be ignorant of the fact that my Appalachian is the finest racin' stud in horse history, do you?"

"But think what you charge," said the Colonel.

"What I charge is one thing, and what I get is another," growled Charley, rolling and lighting a cigarette.

"Besides," Colonel Harris said, "your Appalachian is as pampered as a movie star, with his special pasture and feed and stable. He doesn't have to think any more—everybody thinks for him."

"Pampered!" roared Charley indignantly. "Pampered so that he produces one winner after the other! County Squire, who won at Tia Juana in 1934! Spinnaker Boom, who won the handicap last year at Santa Anita, and—"

"I know all that," said Colonel Harris. "He's a good stud for racing stock. But this tough fellow of Rob's, Banner; that's the horse for money. He thinks for himself, takes care of his mares in all sorts of weather, lives like a robber baron up there in the hills—"

"Remember that stallion they called the Albino?" Rob said. "There was a robber baron for you; helped himself to whatever he wanted—"

"What became of him anyway?" asked Colonel Harris. "Haven't heard anything about him for years."

"I'll wager he's around somewhere, lusty and wicked as ever," said Rob. "You know, we had him in a corral once. And I'll never forget the look of his eyes. I saw them close—too close."

"What kind of eyes, Dad?" Ken asked. "Like Rocket's. With a white ring around them. Everybody hates a horse with a white-ringed eye."

Charley Sargent returned to the original subject. "I tell you, Mort, Appalachian—"

Mort Harris put up his hand. "Charley, I don't want a race horse. Besides, Appalachian's black. And I want a sorrel."

"And you'll get it from Banner," said Rob. "He breeds true. Occasionally I get a black colt, but mostly sorrels, as like as peas in a pod."

Hearing this, Howard and Ken looked at each other, Ken blank and disconcerted, and Howard making fantastic faces of alarm. He mouthed silently. "When are you going to tell?" And Ken mouthed savagely back, "Shut up!"

Rob pushed his chair back. "What about you fellows riding out with me to get Banner?" Rob turned to Howard. "Run up and tell Gus to saddle Taggart and Bronze and Shorty."

Half an hour later, the three men rode out of the corrals together. And Ken still had not broken the news of Flicka's white colt.

NELL had a great deal to do that morning, and she hurried around the kitchen, her brown sandals light and quick on the green painted floor.

Occasionally she glanced at the clock and wondered where the men were. Whenever she thought of Rob, she could see him in her mind's eye and could sometimes almost feel his force. Suddenly she felt compassion for him and fear. The life here was so dangerous—cliffs and mountains, horses, weather—she braced herself, her lips closed firmly. Happiness hangs by a hair.

When dinner was ready, all but the roasting of the ducks, she sat down sideways in a chair by the window, folded her arms on the back, bent her head upon them and rested.

She was remembering how, as he left the table that morning, Rob had laid his hand for one moment upon the top of her head. She knew what the caress meant. He hated to leave her with all the work to do and blamed himself. There was always that hidden sweetness he had for her. But not so often now as it used to be.

Furthermore, there was that thing he never ceased worrying about; whether he had been right in bringing her here to the West, away from everything and everybody she had grown up with.

Just the other night they had been talking about it, after the boys had gone to bed. Taking his pipe out of his mouth, the smoke wreathing around his dark head, he said, "I should never have brought you out here. The life is pretty hard to take."

"I guess there's something hard to take about life wherever you are."

"But this is downright primitive. Will it ever be home to you?"

In answer, she had leaned to him and slipped her hand in his. "Here—this—your hand, is home for me."

He had clasped her hand with sudden violence.

Rob's hands were big and square-fingered but for all their size and hardness, they were also finely-drawn. Hands a sculptor would choose to hold a torch. Hands a horse would choose to bridle him. Hands that were always doing something; making the terrace, laying the low stone wall which held it; planting the flower border beneath it; making the stone fountain in the middle of the Green, planting and watering the cottonwood trees—

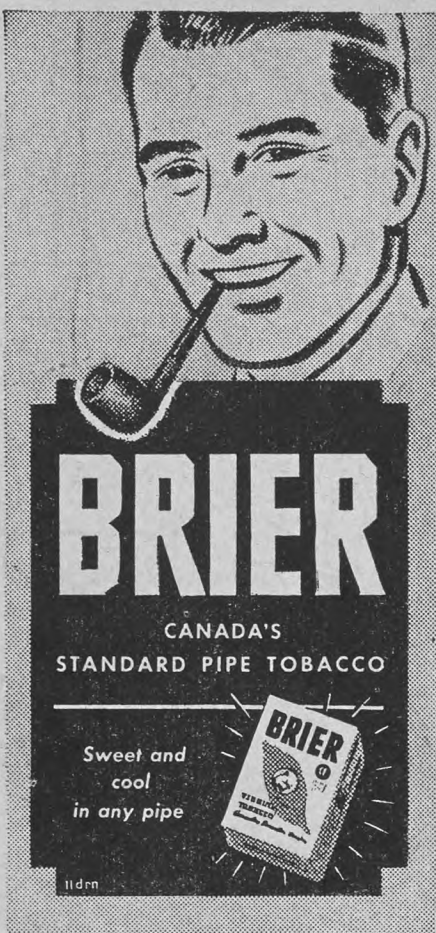
He spoke again "But the boys, Nell. Will they stay here? Or wander away as we did? We were born and brought up in cities—and escaped. To this. It may be just the opposite with the boys."

For an hour they had talked, their hands clasped, an hour of closeness and agreement and understanding. Such hours came more and more rarely.

This troubled Nell. Why should it be so? Because Rob spent his days fighting? Horses, men, weather, the elements—and the bank balance.

The bank balance. Long ago she had come to the conclusion that the horses would never pay. Why didn't Rob see it too? But Rob was like Kennie. Once he set his heart on one thing, he could not give it up. A grown man should be more fluid; able to change his opinions





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WHY HAVE SORE FEET?

JUST RUB IN

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT

and his plans. Not Rob, however.

But raising costly, pure-bred horses here was a losing game. The ranch was too far from the markets. And buyers demanded size. It was hard to raise a big three-or-four-year old in Wyoming, owing to the severe winters, lack of help, equipment, building, shelter.

The bankruptcy she and Rob seemed to be headed for was bad enough but Rob's despair was worse. Every day, there was more harshness in his voice: more bitterness about his mouth, and less of the tenderness and humor which had made their youth together long and sweet. What did a woman do when that went away?

She bent her head again on the back of the chair, determined to think of other things.

There was this beauty amid which she lived. The open prairie; the calm blue days; the wideness of the plains. There were the boys. Happy. Well. Growing in strength and character.

And think of that other night—that hour of calm companionship between herself and Rob—and this morning at breakfast when his hand had touched her head in passing, saying so much. She put her hand up now to smooth the hair on the top of her head as if to meet his hand there.

BANNER and his mares and colts were grazing in a saucer-like depression of the upland, when suddenly the stallion flung up his head and stood alert, his legs thrust out against the irregularities of the rocky ground, his red tail and mane flying in the wind.

For a few seconds he stood motionless, then began circling his mares, his nose lifted, nostrils vibrating for the scent. He swept in widening circles, reaching his nose higher, his eyes and ears wild and eager until at last he caught the unmistakable scent of his master. He halted, swung around, and headed for the approaching horsemen, but wide of them and behind, so that Rob, knowing what to expect, suddenly saw the stallion in pursuit of them.

All three men drew rein and turned to meet him. Both Sargent and Harris had seen the horse on former occasions, but it was impossible not to feel excitement as the intelligent animal drew near, taking in the group with pricked ears and an investigating curiosity.

"No oats for you today, old boy—" Rob said. Banner knew that. There were oats only when his master came in the automobile. Rob added, "Where's your family?" and, turning slowly, caught sight of the band of mares a mile away. He touched spur to his horse.

"There they are! Want to see them, Mort?"

"I sure do."

They cantered over the range, the stallion following, running in half circles around them, crowding close, sniffing at each of the horses.

Presently Rob took a whistle out of his pocket and blew it. Then he turned and began to trot back toward the ranch, one arm held high. "Come on, Banner! Bring 'em in!"

The stallion wheeled and began the round-up of his mares.

Rob spurred his horse, saying, "I'd just as soon keep ahead of them!"

But it was impossible. Long before they had reached the bottom of the slope, the band of mares with the stallion driving them were abreast of the three men, leaping gullies, plunging down hills, sliding the drops, crowding each other. Even the youngest colts were fleet and sure-footed.

Howard and Ken had the gates open, and the stable sergeant and the Colonel's orderly burst into admiring and profane speech at the sight of the red stallion bringing the band of mares and colts at a headlong gallop down through the pasture and into the corral.

Gus closed the gates.

"Where's the mare?" asked Harris.

He needn't have asked for Banner was already rearing and pawing at the gate of the eastern corral.

The men opened the gate and the stallion went in.

WHEN Banner had been put back with his own mares, Rob had Banner's oats—a generous half-bucketful—in his hand. The stallion would put his head in cautiously, his eyes looking up over the edge into Rob's face, then withdraw

HOW TO GET MORE EGGS

by Ful-O-Pep

A good Laying House programme should be planned well in advance—and carried out with thoroughness. So The Quaker Oats Company of Canada points out certain practices they have found essential to better egg production on the Ful-O-Pep Research Farm.



1 The laying house should be well cleaned—and it's best to disinfect it, too, before housing the new crop of pullets. We use a solution of formaldehyde and potassium permanganate—as this seems to make for greater freedom from colds. Choose a warm day; hose out your well-cleaned hen house; then pour a quart of formaldehyde into a deep bucket containing 1½ lbs. permanganate of potash—and get out. Keep house tightly closed for 24 hours; remove solution; and air well. This disinfects a room 20 x 20—but room must be warm and wet or the formaldehyde has little effect.

2 Sell off old stock, except breeding flocks—or house pullets in an entirely separate building from old stock—to control infectious diseases. These may be transmitted from the old stock to the pullets even though the adults show no visible symptoms.



4 Have pullets a little on the thin side rather than on the fat side of good fleshing at housing time. Pullets should be kept on a restricted feeding programme until about a month before they are housed. During the last month they should have practically all the Ful-O-Pep Growing Mash or Ful-O-Pep Egg Mash they want, as well as free feedings of oats. Ful-O-Pep's balanced feeding programme with Ful-O-Pep Egg Mash, scratch grains and oats will then give your pullets all they need to lay LOTS OF EGGS! Ask your Ful-O-Pep dealer for more information today.



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THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD FARMERS' BULLETIN

DRESSED AND LIVE POULTRY PRICES

Order No. A-1310, Effective August 14.

To encourage adequate supplies of turkeys, geese and ducks in all parts of Canada this Christmas season, minor adjustments have been made in the wholesale ceiling prices of these classes of poultry. The adjustments are based on experience gained last December when, although there were excess supplies on the Vancouver market, definite shortages existed in eastern Canadian cities. Reduction of carrying charges by $\frac{5}{8}$ ¢. per pound per month, commencing January 1, 1945, will discourage cold storage operators from withholding turkeys from Christmas sale.

Wholesale ceiling prices for turkeys, geese and ducks are reduced $\frac{1}{8}$ ¢. in British Columbia, and increased $\frac{1}{8}$ ¢. in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes. Maximum prices in the Prairie Provinces remain unchanged. There is no change in the existing ceiling for chickens and fowl.

Zones in the new order are roughly:—Zone 1, Maritimes; 2, Quebec; 3, Ontario; 4, Manitoba; 5, Saskatchewan; 6, Alberta; 7, British Columbia. Maximum wholesale prices for box-packed, graded, dressed turkey from November 1 to December 31, 1944, now will be:

	Zone 1	Zones 2 and 3	Zones 4 and 6	Zone 5	Zone 7
(Young Hens or Young Toms)					
Special Grade.....	40	39½	37	36½	38½
A Grade.....	39	38½	36	35½	37½
B Grade.....	37	36½	34	33½	35½
C Grade.....	34	33½	31	30½	32½

(Old Hens, 3c. per pound under maximum prices for young hens and young toms).

(Old Toms, 4c. per pound under maximum prices for young hens and young toms).

The maximum prices at which a primary producer may sell graded turkeys that are not box-packed, direct to consumer are $\frac{3}{4}$ ¢. below the above whole sale price for the grade concerned, PLUS 25 per cent, or 7c. per pound, whichever is the lesser (except in the period December 15–31st, when the price for birds not box-packed is the same as for those box-packed).

The Order also sets maximum prices for live poultry, but does not apply to sales of purebred live poultry when sold for breeding purposes, as such transactions do not come under price ceiling regulations.

CAN SLAUGHTER HOGS WITHOUT PERMIT

Order No. 427—Effective July 21.

Because of the great increase in the number of hog-producers in all parts of Canada the Board has taken steps to simplify the disposal of hogs slaughtered by farmers. Slaughtering regulations in Board Order No. 340 and carcass stamping requirements in Slaughtering Circular No. 5-A have been suspended, insofar as they apply to hogs.

This means that during the period of suspension of regulations any farmer can slaughter hogs for sale without securing a slaughtering permit, and he will be able to sell pork without having it stamped.

CEILING PRICE FOR POTATOES

Under Order A-1207 shippers' prices for new potatoes took a seasonal drop of 25 cents per 100 pounds on August 13. This is the last reduction under the order and applies to new potatoes until August 31. After that date potatoes come under the ceiling regulations of Order 929.

SMALL ARMS AMMUNITION

Distribution of a limited supply of small arms ammunition to sportsmen this fall will not affect the present allowance to farmers for essential uses. Under the following terms a farmer may secure his share of ammunition for sporting purposes in addition to his allowance as an essential user:

Every person possessing a registered rim-fire rifle may apply for a permit to purchase not more than 100 rim-fire cartridges and every owner of a registered shotgun may apply for purchase of 50 shot shells. If an individual possesses both types of gun, he may make application for purchase permits for both types of ammunition, but no matter how many rim-fire rifles and shotguns he owns, he is entitled to only 100 cartridges and 50 shot shells. A purchaser with shotguns of two different gauges may take 25 shells for one gauge and 25 for the other.

Application for a purchase permit must be made to a Local Ration Board between August 15 and September 30 inclusive, the applicant presenting his gun registration certificate and his ration book or ration card. No hunters' purchase permits for small arms ammunition will be issued after September 30, but the permits will be valid for the purchase of ammunition from September 1 to December 31 inclusive.

No centre-fire ammunition will be released to sportsmen.

For further details of any of the above orders apply to the nearest office of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

No. 8

it and chew the oats, turning his head to watch the mares, then dip it in again and take another mouthful. The process of covering his eyes and nose, upon which depended the safety of his mares, outraged his every instinct and only his trust of Rob made it possible.

At last Rob dropped the bucket and told Tim to open the corral gates.

"That's all," he said. "Take 'em back, Banner."

The band drifted slowly out through the gates and began to graze on the long lush grass beside the little stream.

"What'll they do now?" asked Harris.

"They'll hang around the corral for a while, then they'll work up through the pasture to the county road gate, and on up to the range again. When they've all gone through the county road gate, Tim will close it."

Just then Ken saw his mother approaching. Now is the time, he thought—everything over and everybody here together—

"Dad," said Ken. "I've got a surprise for you."

"Sure enough?"

"I've been saving it since last night."

Suddenly Rob guessed. "Not Flicka's colt?" he asked.

Ken nodded, beaming, his blue eyes shining with excitement. "Yep! You wait here! I'll bring them out. They're in the stable."

In a moment the stable door opened, Flicka trotted out, then an angry little squeal was heard and Ken appeared, shoving the white foal before him.

Absolute silence greeted this apparition. Rob's jaw dropped. His eyes popped.

Nell was the first to speak. "Why, Kennie!" she exclaimed. "A white colt!"

Charley Sargent found his tongue and with delight in his eyes looked at Rob. "I suppose this is an example of Banner's true breeding. I remember you said, one sorrel after the other—as like as peas in the pod—" He turned to Mort Harris and said sadly, "I sure do sympathize most deeply with your bad luck, Mort. Your mare—"

Harris gave a howl and turned and looked in the direction the car and trailer had gone, then seized his head and pretended to tear his hair.

Ken was caught in one of those agonizing moments of life where extravagant hopes and deep despair were somehow reconciled by wishful thinking. He was trying to think of a way to suggest to them that this was a happy event; yet keep his guilty secret.

"Isn't he a beauty?" he cried. "And a white horse is good luck. Everybody knows that!"

Rob found words at last. "As throw-back!" he exclaimed disgustedly.

He looked at Ken; one of those blasting looks which Ken could not meet.

Nell was studying the foal. It did not look like the Goose Bar colts. It had a repellent look of precociousness and maturity, with its heavy neck and big knobby head, the large mouth with thick rather loose lips, the short uneven legs—

"Why," she exclaimed in a shocked voice, "It's a goblin!"

The blood rushed to Ken's head and made him dizzy. He went to the corral fence and took hold of the rails to steady himself.

His race horse. The savior of the ranch. Goblin.

"Goblin," shouted Howard, "Goblin Goblin, Goblin!"

Ken turned to his mother.

"Mother, would you think of a name for him?" he pleaded. "Something about his being white—and—and—about his going to be a race horse—"

"Race horse!" The exclamation was a chorus.

Suddenly Ken's face flamed. He looked at his father. "You said—there might be one gentle one in the lot and you'd have a race horse! And Flicka did get gentle. And then because of her bad leg, she couldn't be a race horse. But here is her colt. And he's big and strong. And he's got her blood and her speed. And his mother will teach him manners—he won't be hard to handle even if he has got a white coat from the Albino!"

"The Albino was his great-grand sire," explained Nell to Sargent.

"And Banner's his sire," drawled Sargent. "Now what about all Rob's theories of line breeding? He bred Flicka

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back to her own sire, and look what he got!"

But Rob was looking at his small son standing there, fighting for his foal. And his anger left him and a silent cheer rose within him. Good for you, son!

"Name him, Mother," insisted Ken desperately. "Give him a name that will be right for a big winner of races. And something about his being white."

"Cottage cheese!" yelled Howard derisively, and then mincing about, "or Cream Puff!"

Nell had not spoken. "Mother," Ken urged her, "go on, Mother—"

SHE looked at the foal; that stubbornness, the mulish head, its anger—it ran across the corral, head down, kicking out with one hind leg—it seemed full of hatred.

"Mother!" insisted Ken.

In despair Nell raised her eyes and saw, up behind the line of the green hill, a great thunderhead pushing up into the blue of the sky. It was so dazzling white it half blinded her.

"There," she said calmly, "see that? A thunderhead. And it's pure white. We'll call him Thunderhead, Ken—and that's a fine enough name for any race horse."

No one spoke. The silence was like a cool shadow on a hot, dusty day.

Ken stood quiet, feeling weak—the name was so beautiful. Thunderhead. He looked at the great cloud, and turned away so that the others could not see his face. Thunderhead. That would carry the colt to glory. With that name what horse could fail?

At dinner, Ken was in the seventh heaven. It had gone well; better than he had dared to hope. Thunderhead! What a name! Just then he glanced at his father and found the penetrating blue eyes fixed on him in a manner which made pins and needles go through him. It was the look by which his father ferreted out what he had been doing, where he had been, even what he had been thinking.

Ken dropped his eyes and busied himself with his food, but his cheeks were hot and he knew his father was still looking at him. He didn't want to look back, and held himself from doing so until all his body felt strained and anguished. Finally his eyes met his father's. And after a second, a little smile appeared on his father's face, as if he had got what he wanted.

WHEN dinner was over they went out to the terrace for coffee, and Ken was about to dash off to the stables. But his father's voice called him back.

"Stick around, Ken—I might want you."

Ken sat down again.

"And now," said Rob genially, "Ken is going to tell us who is really the sire of that white foal up in the corral."

Ken had thought he was prepared for it, but it was a shock all the same, and he couldn't find words to answer.

"The sire!" exclaimed Harris, astonished. "Why, I thought Banner was the sire of all your foals."

"Not that one," grinned Rob. "I told you, Banner breeds true. Sorrels. Come on, Ken, who is the sire of that little goblin up there?"

Ken jerked his head in the direction of Charley Sargent. "That big black stud of his!"

"Appalachian!" exclaimed Rob.

"Ouch!" shouted Sargent. "What a whopper! Why, Ken's never even seen him!"

Ken answered, "He's that big black stallion with three white socks and a star. He hangs out in that little draw by the quakin' asp where the fence crosses your line. Twenty miles away by highway, but about eight miles of straight riding across country."

There was a shocked silence. Then Charley Sargent gave a yell and jumped to his feet. "I don't believe it! Why—that little misbegotten pup up there—son of Appalachian!" In two strides he reached Ken, seized him by the shoulder. "Stand up here."

"Come on, Ken," said Rob, "let's have the story."

Ken's face was a little pale but his dark blue eyes looked at his father without flinching. "Well, when I came home for the spring vacation at Easter you remember you took me to town with you and we met Mr. Sargent and had dinner with him at the Mountain Hotel? And he was talking about his stud, about Appalachian. And bra—well, praising him, and all the colts he had had from him—"

Ken paused, and Rob answered, grinning, "Yes, I remember. He praised 'em. It's a habit he's got."

Colonel Harris laughed and Sargent's hand pinched Ken's shoulder a little harder. "Get on with your story, young man."

"So," said Ken doggedly, "when I got home in June, that was about the time to breed Flicka. And you told me to take her up to Banner."

Rob nodded. "I remember. Well, Ken?"

Ken's words came with a struggle. "Well you see, I had been thinking and thinking about Appalachian, because I wanted Flicka's foal to be a racer, and Banner was never a racer. So I just rode Flicka over to Appalachian's pasture one day, and when she was bred I rode her home again. That's all."

Howard stared in open-mouthed awe at his younger brother. The stunt itself was nothing to the secrecy with which it had been concealed for more than a year. It was a faculty Howard was envious of—to do unusual things—and then keep them to yourself.

Sargent shouted, "I don't believe it," then turned his back and went striding up to the corral.

"This beats me," said Rob. "I didn't dream it was Appalachian. I knew it wasn't Banner. What I thought was that the Albino was somewhere in the neighborhood again and that he had got to the mare, and that Ken knew it."

Charley came striding back. "Gimme a drink, Rob. If this is true, it's a terrible blow."

"Hope this won't make you take to

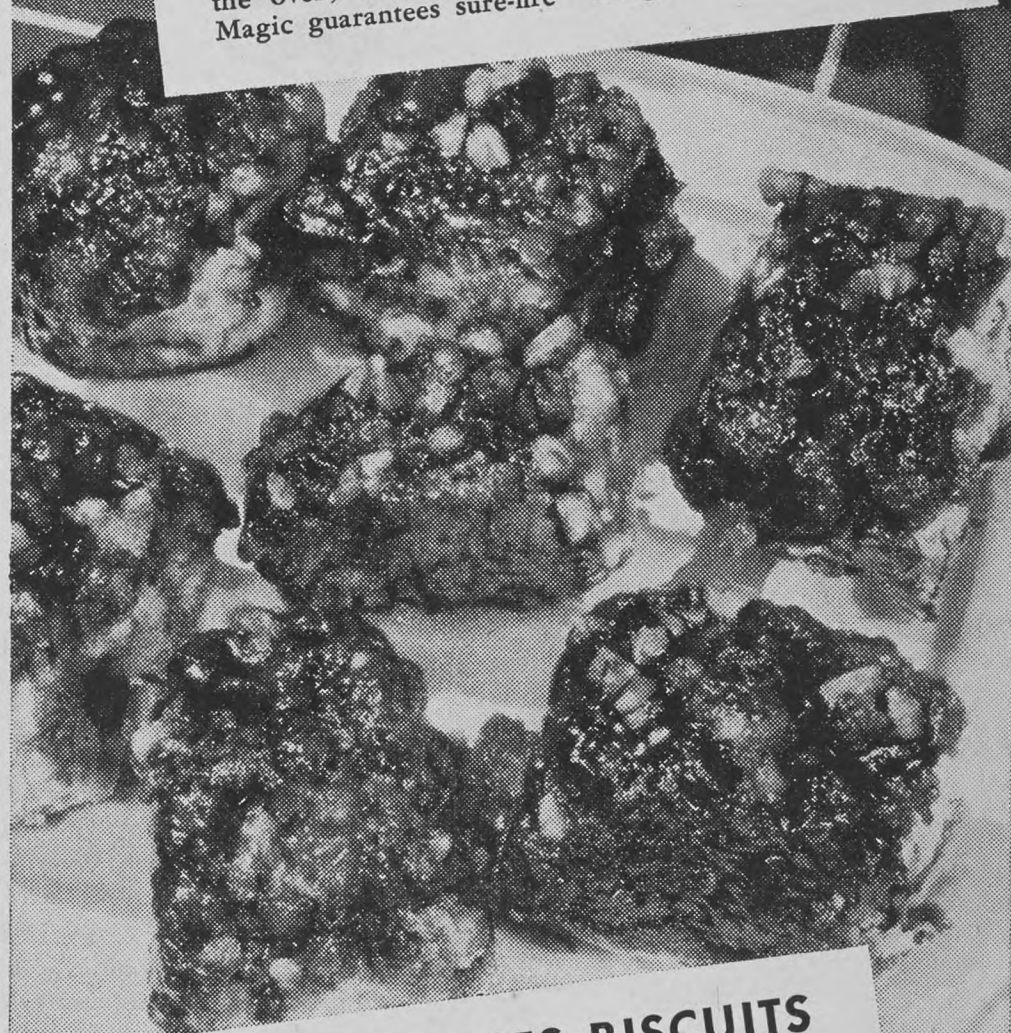
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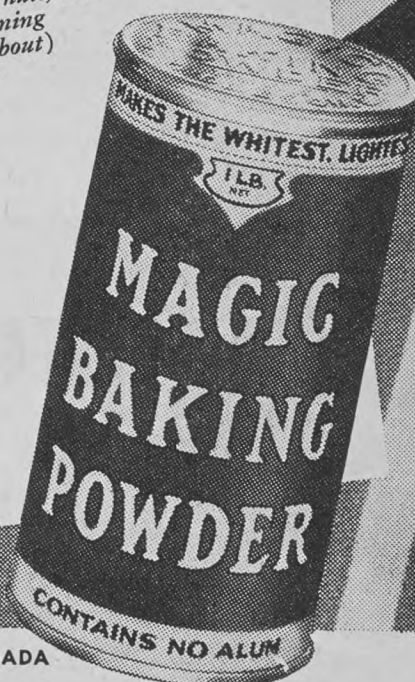


MAGIC MOLASSES BISCUITS

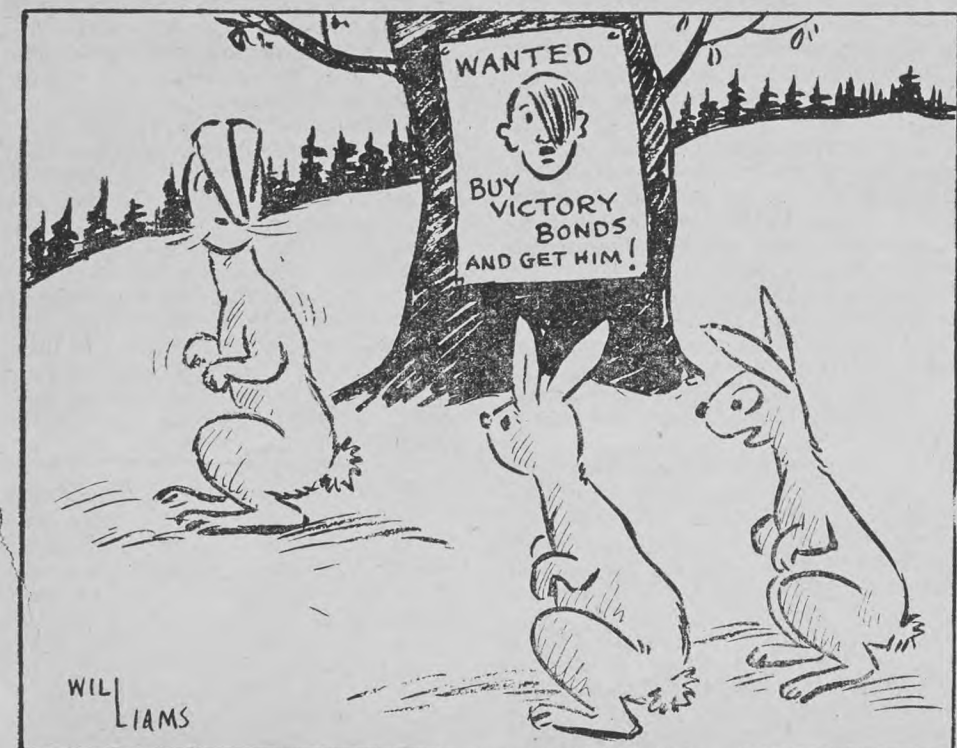
2 cups sifted flour
4 tspns. Magic Baking Powder
½ tspn. salt
2 tbsps. sugar

½ cup chopped nuts, any kind
4 tbsps. shortening
⅔ cup milk (about)
1 cup molasses
¼ cup water

Mix, sift first four ingredients. Cut in shortening until mixed. Slowly add milk to make soft dough. Roll ½-inch thick on lightly floured board; sprinkle with ¼ cup nuts. Roll as for jelly roll. Cut in 1-inch slices. Mix molasses and water and pour into well-greased layer cake pan. Sprinkle with remaining nuts. Place biscuits on top, cut side down. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) about 35 minutes. Turn out immediately. Makes 10.



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drink, Charley," said Harris dryly, as Sargent gulped the drink Rob poured for him, then held his glass out again. "Lots of people have family secrets to hide!"

"We won't give you away, Charley," chuckled Rob.

"Here comes the Goblin now," exclaimed Howard.

Gus had let the horses out of the corral and Flicka and her foal were coming to water at the round stone fountain in the middle of the Green.

The men and boys went out to look at them more closely.

"You'll just have to face it, Charley," Rob said. "It's a throwback all right, through Flicka to the Albino. And your stud's blood wasn't strong enough to outweigh hers."

"My stud's!" groaned Charley. "It isn't his blood alone but sixty generations of the finest racin' blood."

"Dad," said Ken miserably, "is he — really — so awful?"

Rob hesitated. "Well, Ken, nobody could say he has good conformation. He'll have to grow in some spots and shrink in others. That jughead!"

Ken looked at the head. It was certainly too large.

"Hi, fellah!" said Charley to the foal, then turned to Ken. "Well, you win, Ken, and if you want papers, you can have them." He turned to Rob. "Do you realize, Rob, that this little Goblin has Appalachian for a sire, Banner for a grandsire, and the Albino for a great grandsire? That ought to be enough T.N.T. to bust him wide open."

Ken stood looking at the foal. The name of Goblin had stuck—not the other. Even he himself was thinking of it as Goblin now—where was the beautiful name and all the pride and glory?

The foal turned and looked at him. Between pupil and lids was a ring of white eyeball. A white-ringed eye! Ken felt suddenly completely beaten.

WHEN Goblin was two weeks old he accompanied his mother, ridden by Nell, up to the Saddle Back. It was a cold day and already there was the smell of winter in the air. Nell was in black gabardine jodhpurs and grey tweed coat, a red woolen scarf knotted around her throat and a visored cap pulled over her eyes. Her face looked a little pinched and bleak, facing the wind, facing the mountains, facing the long winter.

She tried to keep her eye on Goblin but this was not easy to do. He did not run close to his mother's side as most foals run. There was about everything he did a quality of independence and aggressiveness. In a fashion that was uncanny in so young a foal he took interest in everything he saw, every other horse, every person. When he was standing with a group of horses, it annoyed him if his mother moved away or was called elsewhere. He would gallop after her angrily, wheel, and lash out at her.

The gallop of most young foals is indescribably light and airy, for at birth their legs have almost the full length of the mature horse. Goblin's legs, in proportion to his long body, were short. And when he laid himself out in a run he was so close to the ground that Howard had invented a special name for this peculiar gait—scrabbling.

When he scrabbled madly to and fro, his big white head stretched out on its long neck, the sight was so funny that even Nell had to laugh at him, although with a sort of pang. Now that the boys had gone back to school, she had charge of him.

Idly, Nell's thoughts played with Goblin's future. Here was Flicka going into the band of brood mares with a foal by Appalachian. How would Banner take it? Would he know the foal was not his? Probably, but he never paid much attention to the foals anyway. Well—that wasn't quite true. When the first snow came and the colts looked at it forlornly, not knowing where the green grass had gone, the stallion pawed up the snow to show them the grass beneath. And of course, if anything attacked a colt—a wildcat or timber wolf—the stal-

lion would fight the intruder to the last drop of his blood. But mostly he merely tolerated the colts, and that only as long as they were small. As they approached the age of yearlings, the stallion would begin to persecute them, the males because of his jealousy, and the females because they took up too much of their mother's attention and created a division of loyalty. Banner's mare must follow him only, think of him only, look to him only.

Nell topped the crest of the Saddle Back, gasped for breath and snatched at her hat. Even a gentle wind up here with that great sweep from the west sang in the ears with a sound that was like the taste of metal in the mouth.

Flicka stood alert, her ears pricked sharply, her head turned. The foal was

quiet too, his head up, his nostrils flaring. The wind, the smell of the snow, or perhaps some other scent that reached him, excited him, and he left Flicka's side and trotted forth to meet — what? His action was assured and peremptory. Nell watched him, amused, then turned Flicka along the ridge and proceeded on her way, trying to pierce every hollow, every little ravine, every far hillside with her eyes. Somewhere there, Banner and his mares were hidden.

She had forgotten to bring the whistle with her. At intervals she gave a long-drawn cry, "Ba-a-a-anner — Oh, Ba-a-a-anner!" And the wind snatched the sound from her mouth.

Goblin turned to look at her, astonished.

BANNER came with the wind behind him, mane blowing over his eyes. Nell slipped off the mare, removed the bridle, hung it on her arm, and stood waiting. The foal was out in front, staring at the great horse bearing down on them.

Banner came to a halt and stood looking them over. Goblin squealed and trotted out to meet him. Banner seemed not to notice him but began to circle, trotting slowly, coming up-wind behind them. The foal, with an air of taking command of the situation, circled within Banner's circle, and, just as the stallion reached Flicka, presented his small rear and kicked. His heels rang on the stallion's belly. Banner paid no attention. He had the scent of Flicka now, and they both whinnied shrilly. Nell stepped aside.

"Go on, Flicka," she said, "Go with Banner."

Flicka went slowly and Nell stood watching. The mare stopped, looked back and whinnied for her foal. Goblin squealed, put his head down, kicked first one leg and then the other, and galloped with small thunder of hoofs after his mother.

Nell stood watching until Flicka and the colt disappeared over the rise. Then she looped the bridle more securely over her arm and began to walk toward home.

The snow came late that year. The skies faded to a leaden grey and the air was full of stillness and menace.

Nell would lean at the window, staring out, her eyes blank and her thin pink lips curving down at the corners. The world looked desolate to her, and there was desolation in her heart. It was always so in the Fall. Sometimes, she felt such an ache of loneliness that it was almost panic. She felt she could no longer endure, that she hadn't the strength one needed for the life here. The country's vastness blotted out human beings. And the endless procession of the winds—coming and going—from where? To what?

ROB and Nell made the usual changes inside the house. They closed off part of it by heavy wooden doors to keep the heat in the rooms grouped around the big central chimney. The dining room became their living room, and they cooked and ate in the kitchen. Rob put up the storm windows and Nell hung the cherry red hangings, thickly lined.

Above the kitchen was their bedroom, a square, bright-windowed room, warmed all day long from the kitchen stove below, as well as its own open fire.

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They went to bed early at night. Nell had put heavy blankets under the sheet, on the mattress of the big walnut bed. For a spread, she used a down puff of crimson silk. She wore pale pink pajamas of very thin wool made like ski suits, close at the ankle, and warm bed socks to draw over them. A white polar bear skin was spread before the fireplace and it was her habit to sit there close to the fire, warming herself thoroughly before getting into bed. Rob sat near her, in his big chair, wrapped in his old blue flannel robe, weary from the day's work, smoking a last pipe, staring down at her.

There was a suspense about waiting for the snow. Always, for a while after the boys had gone back to school, Rob and Nell felt empty and aimless and talked to each other with excessive cheerfulness. Gradually that would pass and they would draw closer together, more intimate because more alone.

If it weren't for that, thought Nell, I couldn't stand it.

One night she was unusually nervous and sleepless, lying there in the big walnut bed beside Rob. Quietly she drew herself up and looked at him. The room was flooded with moonlight and she could see his hard, chiseled profile, the mouth sagging a little. He looked younger in sleep, but tired.

She clasped her arms around her knees and laid her head upon them, her tawny hair falling over her forehead. Her hands were gripped so tight the knuckles showed white.

Winter again. Blizzards. Wild storms. Days of terrible loneliness and fear, with Rob out in weather when a man should be safe beside his own fire.

Wind, knocking you down when you tried to walk or stand against it; making a noise that was first like a whine, and then a howl, driving you crazy—And the snow. Days, weeks, of being shut in by snow so deep that it sometimes drifted over windows and doors, Oh, all of it hard! Hard!

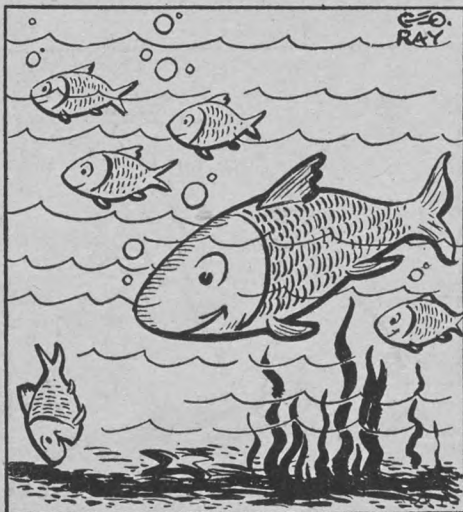
They hadn't wanted it to be like this. The horses were to have made money enough so that she and Rob could have plenty of help; a furnace in the house; a vacation in a warmer climate every winter when the boys were at school.

Money, money, money—it all came back to that! Her mind dashed this way and that, doubling on itself, trying to find a way out.

THE Goblin—she seized that impossible dream of Ken's—was it so impossible? Something had to succeed. The Goblin's short thick legs could grow long and swift. His bumpy shape, his big head, his bad balance, could somehow smooth out into magnificent proportions. His mean temper, that ugly readiness to bite and kick could change to the intelligent docility of Flicka. And speed! Flicka's speed. Rocket's speed. The Albino's speed—speed—speed!

Suddenly Nell was riding a racing dream, running away to victory. Goblin! No, not Goblin any more, but Thunderhead! The racing stallion of the Goose Bar Ranch! leading the field on every track in the country, not only a great racer but a great sire of racers, begetting hundreds of winners after him.

Abruptly the bubble of her dream burst and the realities of her life, the familiar square room, the biting cold, Rob's big shoulder hunched beside her, stared her in the face. This was the ranch. It was going to be winter, a long,



"Look Ma! I can stand on my head!"



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4. "That's one way I *am* being sensible," I replied. "I'm acting on our doctor's advice. Why, *he* was the one who suggested Castoria. It's made *especially* for children, with no harsh drugs in it to upset the baby's stomach or digestion."



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3. "That is a point," said Evelyn, "but I do think you overdo this fussing and spoiling. Surely a baby doesn't need to be brought up like a hothouse plant. You *can* be sensible about it. This special laxative, for instance?"



5. "And," I went on, "our druggist recommends Castoria, too . . . not only for babies but for children up to ten years, as well. He said Castoria is gentle, effective—actually has a *pleasant* taste. On his advice, I bought the money-saving Family Size bottle."



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cold winter, just like all the other winters. They were poor and going to be poorer. Forcing herself to acknowledge this she began to penetrate the truth still more deeply. Did she actually hate her life?

In the secret corners of her heart, she knew she was as ready as Rob to take chances, share danger, endure privation. She turned to lean closer to Rob, to lay her cheek on his shoulder. She had never got over feeling like a girl—that man in the bed beside her! And yet it was very sweet.

A low song wavered up from the Green in a hesitant and wistful cadence.

Nell raised her head. So strange a sound, so pure and musical the tone—Was it real? Was she imagining it?

She slipped out of bed and ran to the window and searched the moonlit scene below her, the diaper of brilliant silver spread before the terrace, the inky shadows thrown upon it by the spikes of the pines on the cliff opposite. One shadow seemed to move, a shadow shaped like a tiny bear walking on hind legs. It was a porcupine. It moved slowly across the Green, and from it came the soft moaning song, the rare song of the porcupine, a sound as innocent and unconscious as the voice of a very young child, murmuring itself into sleep.

Nell clasped her hands in artless joy. She had never heard it before.

And now between her windows and the dark cliff opposite, there was something in the air, glittering, falling out of a blue nothingness. The moonlight shining through it made it a rain of diamonds. Snow. The first snow!

In the morning the ground was white, the flakes falling as silently as something in a dream.

Rob and Gus harnessed up Patsy and Topsy to go for a load of firewood. They passed Nell dressed in her ski suit of green cloth, a white scarf around her neck, white mittens and a cap of white wool on the back of her head that left her tawny bangs soft and straight down to her eyebrows.

"She don't never grow old," marveled Gus. "She luk lak a little girl. A little Swedish gurl in de snow."

Nell walked through the snow, occasionally turning up her face to catch the flakes in her mouth. All her life when fresh snow was falling, she had had to be out in it. Now she felt exultant. She would have liked to go farther and farther into the snowy wilderness.

But presently she turned and started back, thinking about the bitterness that flared out in Rob now and then. Always talking about his bad luck. Suddenly her heart swelled with the deepest longing for some good fortune to come to him. She remembered her dream about the Goblin. Who could say what might happen? The colt had extraordinary ancestry. If only nothing happened to him! Nothing must happen to him—

GOBLIN knew the storm first as intense cold and a prolongation of the night. Cold at dawn was usual in late November but when the sun rose, mares and colts would turn themselves broadside and stand basking with heads hanging in complete relaxation.

But today, when there should have come the sunrise there came instead, a dim twilight, revealing an ocean of cloud hanging low, solid and deep, with the world crouching beneath it.

There was something else that could be sensed rather than seen, and Goblin trotted to the edge of the rise as if he could find this strange new thing by



"I could sit and smell for hours!"

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pursuing it. His nostrils flared till they showed the crimson lining. He was trying to catch the scent of fear.

Then came the snow, moving from the east, the first flakes like tiny cool feathers falling softly on the horses' rough coats and melting immediately. As the hours passed the wind rose, and the flakes became needle points of pain. When the colts felt them on their eyeballs, they whinnied and thrust their heads under their mothers' bellies for shelter and a taste of warm milk.

In the storm Banner was not still a moment. He circled the herd quietly, watchful lest one mare or colt wander away. Presently, he took the band to the water-hole. It was in an exposed place and at first they balked and turned away but the stallion forced them on until they scented the water. It drew them and they drank their fill. Then he guided them to a draw between two hills where they had shelter from the wind but no feed. As between hunger or scouring by the wind, he knew they would suffer less from hunger. If the wind did not change, the storm by night would be a black fury with a bedlam of sustained, screaming sound.

The wind did not change. Night came early. The herd bunched for warmth, and on the outskirts of it the coyotes circled, their long trembling howls terrifying the colts who lay under or close to their mothers, while the blizzard screamed over them.

When morning came and Banner again forced them out of the draw, to keep them moving and grazing, two of the colts were unwilling to rise. But at sight of their dams moving away from them, they struggled weakly to their feet, shook themselves, and followed slowly.

Many times that second day Banner climbed the peak to stand, protecting his eyes with his ice-fringed lids, listening for some sound that was not the whine and roar of the storm.

A small figure stood just beneath the peak, looking up at him. Pure white in the storm, he was hardly visible. Banner bent his great head and looked down at him. The Goblin looked back. Neither moved. Then Banner lifted his head again and gazed in the direction of the ranch.

He was waiting, not for an audible sound or visible sign, but for knowledge within himself.

It came at about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Rob and Gus had piled the mangers full of hay and fought their way out to the County Road and opened the gates. Rob raised his face toward the Saddle Back and gave the long cry into the teeth of the wind, useless because it was snatched from his lips even as he gave it.

"Ba-a-anner! Bring 'em in!"

Not the cry, but the close communion between the two—man and stallion—would acquaint Banner with the fact that the gates were open, the corrals and mangers ready, and that Rob had called him to come.

The white-shrouded stallion, standing on the crest, felt his own sudden decision. He plunged down the slope toward his mares and roused them from their lethargy. They moved out of the shelter into deep snow, sluggish and stiff with the intense cold. Banner nipped and lashed. He drove at Gypsy, his favorite and lead mare. She floundered out of the drifts and plunged around the shoulder of the hill. The rest followed, gaining speed as they caught the stallion's determination. Besides—they knew where they were going.

Banner took the lead, once they were under way, and the mares followed. They ran with the storm behind him. Now and then Banner turned and circled the band, driving them from the rear.

Goblin lacked the long slim legs and the speed of the other colts. Still, he ran at Flicka's side with a fierce eagerness and zest. It was his first run with the herd and he galloped as hard as he

could. Suddenly a ravine opened beneath his feet. He leaped bravely—his feet went deep into soft snow—his head went after them. He hit ground and turned a complete somersault and lay stunned, half-buried.

Flicka stood over him nickered. She tried to paw the snow off him. The colt struggled, his feet kicking wildly but he had no purchase. There was a swirling movement behind them. It was the stallion, coming at a gallop, his eyes shining like fire-opals through the snow.

He thrust his head into the drift, caught Goblin by the neck as a cat takes a kitten in its mouth, lifted him out, shook him, set him down, and was away again, thundering after the herd.

Flicka and Goblin galloped on alone. They passed a mare standing motionless in the storm. One foreleg was lifted, the foot dangling loose, broken by a step into a badger hole. Her fine bay colt stood in the lee of her, still finding his shelter from her broken body. Hopping on three legs, she tried to follow Flicka. Then she stopped. They never saw her again.

They passed through the open gates, raced down the Stable Pasture, and reached the corrals. The whole herd was feeding at the mangers in the barn and out at the feed racks, in the east corral under the lee of the cliff.

Banner would not go into the stables. He never had. Bob held a bucket of oats for him and the stallion stood before him, taking great mouthfuls of the heat-giving grain, lifting his head to chew and look around, to look into Rob's eyes. Rob talked to him, and the deep friendly voice of his master lifted his load. The stallion laid down his responsibility and rested.

Before dark, a fine bay colt came whimpering and neighing down the Stable Pasture, without its dam. Rob, looking at it, saw long bleeding gouges on haunch and shoulder. Coyotes! Or perhaps timber wolves. Where was its mother? Rob went to the fence and looked out toward the Saddle Back, trying to pierce the white smother. The mare might be anywhere out there, dead or alive. No, not alive. Else the colt wouldn't have left her. Well—write off another mare lost.

The band would stay in as long as the storm lasted. But there would be a day when Rob would go to the stables and find them empty, and he would know the stallion had begun to fret for the wind and the wideness of the upland and that he had taken the mares away.

At last the wind did stop and the air was calm and crystal clear. The whole world glittered and shone. And on the upland the mares moved contentedly on familiar grazing ground and told the colts, "Did we not say so? It is over."

All of this gave Goblin much new knowledge; and out of it there was created a piece of wisdom which sank deep into his heart. When the cold burns too deep, when there is death in the wind, take the way down the mountain. Gates are open. Mangers are full of hay. There is shelter and food, and the screaming whiteness cannot follow you in.

Three times more before Goblin's six months of nursing were completed, Banner swept the whole band down to the ranch, for hardly a month passed without a blizzard. Goblin came to know the way so well that he tried to shoulder to the front, and only his lack of speed kept him from being there. But one day, after a heavy blizzard, he was not allowed to return to the Saddle Back. He was to be weaned.

KEN McLAUGHLIN, home for one of his winter week-ends, stood in the Stable Corral, holding Flicka's halter. His face was full of love as he looked into Flicka's eyes and stroked her forehead. Flicka's golden coat had darkened with the cold. Running his hand down her neck, Ken felt the hair deep as fur. Her chest was broad and strong. And her legs—oh, why couldn't Goblin have



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Sunshine
of the
Night!

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had those long slim legs of a runner? Flicka was with foal again.

Standing there with her young master, she was paying no attention to him. She was looking over his head in the direction that they had led her, a few minutes before, with Goblin following. Then they had brought her back without him. He was down there, with all the other colts, shut into the corral near the big cow barn. She whinneyed violently.

Ken patted her face and talked to her. "Don't you care, Flicka—pretty soon you'll have a new baby—and it's better for you not to be nursing Goblin—you've been getting too thin."

He led her into the stable, filled her feed box with oats and left, closing the door behind him.

Then he exploded into a swift run, tore down the gorge toward the cow barn, the color flaring into his face, his blue eyes darkening with excitement. Now the Goblin! Now his race horse!

As he opened the gate into the colt corral, his heart began to pound. What a change! The colt was still odd-looking, shaped like a mature horse. But there was no mistaking the power in him.

Rob, standing outside the corral, watched Ken advance slowly toward the colt, calling him by name. Goblin stood in his usual pose, legs planted stubbornly, big head reaching forward. His teeth showed between his black lips and there was the white ring around his eye. Ken called him again, and the colt approached the boy cautiously, obliged to satisfy himself as to why memory rang a bell at sight of this small human being. He got one sniff—and at the same time Ken's hand tried to pat his nose. The colt's ears flew back and he whirled and lashed with his heels. Ken ducked.

"Pretty close!" laughed Rob. "You've got to be fast with that fellow!"

"Gosh! How's he's grown," marvelled Ken. "Bigger than any of the others, isn't he, dad?"

"He's a husky."

Goblin was tearing around the corral now, furious that there was no way out. When they had come down from the range in other storms, the gates were always left open. They were there of their own free will.

He began to buck, not in fun. He tied himself in a knot, twisted and bounced stiff-legged three feet off the ground.

"It's the bronc in him," said Rob disgustedly. "He'll never make a race horse unless he gets over that."

Race horse! The word went through Ken like a flame. Did his father really believe then, as he himself believed?

That night, across the vast expanse of the snows, flattened under the bright moonlight, Ken rode Flicka bareback up the Saddle Back, looking for the brood mares. Far down the ridge, Ken found them, inky black shadows against the whiteness.

Banner came sweeping out to get Flicka. Ken, who had brought his skis, dropped them to the ground, dismounted and removed the bridle.

Some knowledge of further and more permanent separation from her colt came to Flicka

and she neighed wildly and tried to run away from the stallion. But Banner drove her ruthlessly, and finally the two dark figures disappeared over a distant rise. One last whinney of despair came ringing down the ridge to Ken.

The boy stood, powerless to move, looking around. It was all too much for him; the snowy world too vast, the silence too eternal, the solitude too awful. It needed only the sudden far-away howl of a timber wolf to make his heart burst into an agitated flurry. In his helplessness, the image of

his mother rose before him. Her smile, the feel of her hand on his hair, the ways she would look at him, understanding him, reading his heart.

Rapidly he fastened his skis to his feet. As he gathered speed, the icy air burned his cheeks, roared in his ears, and shattered his thoughts to bits.

Far back on the ridge, Flicka stood, her head turning as if watching a white colt that was no longer there.

IT took Goblin only one night to learn that something of the utmost importance had come into his life.

Oats.

No need now to go following and begging behind his mother! No need to pay and scrape at the snow for a few mouthfuls of dried grass! Here was strength and deliciousness spread down the long centre trough in the corral! Once last night, and now again in the morning. He mouthed and crunched it in delight, and if any other colt jostled him he was quick and vicious with his teeth.

A loop of rope fell softly and surprisingly over his head; then drew taut. He reacted like a bomb exploding.

The boys had halter-broken him in the fall, but since then the pride and kingliness of the mountains, the freedom of the wind, and the strength of the storm had poured into him. Not for him to be tamely tied and led about! The fight was on.

Two hours later, sweating, hatless, and nursing one hand which had been bruised by a twist of the rope, Rob said, "I guess he's licked. We'll leave him to think it over. Lucky to have got through that without killing him. What power!"

They were all in the corral, Rob and Nell, Gus and Ken.

Ken asked his father, "Do you think he'll ever be tall?"

"I fancy so. That Albino must have been over sixteen hands—a whale of a horse. And Goblin probably will be-velop in the same way."

"Well, then, if he grows tall, maybe he can be a racer after all."

Rob bent his stern blue gaze on his small son. "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched."

Ken dropped his eyes, "No, sir."

Nell glanced at her husband, suspecting that Rob, too, had been counting unhatched chickens.

"By God!" he suddenly exploded. "That Albino interests me! I'll bet he's still around somewhere. Maybe down in the Buckhorn Hills. There are miles of open country between our ranch and the Colorado border, you know."

"But wouldn't someone have seen him, Dad?" Ken asked. "And talked about him?"

"A thousand horses could be hidden in those mountains and never be seen by man. Some of those plateaus go up to fourteen thousand feet—and how can anyone get up there? A few miners or prospector, perhaps. There are no roads."

"What would the Albino be doing up there?" asked Ken, his eyes wide with wonder.

"What any stallion does," said Rob dryly.

That night Ken returned to school and the Goblin settled down to his new way of life.

Early in May came the last big snowstorm. In it there must have been a magical, mothering heat, for when the sun peeled it off, the world was green as far as the eye could see.

Goblin tasted his first green grass. Babyhood was over. He was put on the range with the other yearlings. He had no mother, needed none. He needed not even a trough of oats and the care of men. For the first time in his life, he was completely free and he began investigating the range.



"Sorry about the egg, I dreamt I was bombing Berlin!"

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He no longer scrambled. His legs stretched out with a long powerful clutch, as he trotted tirelessly the length of the Saddle Back, climbing the peaks to stand as Banner had so often stood, his nostrils tremulous for every scent that came. When he faced the ranch, as Banner was wont to do, a curious quivering ran through Goblin; remembering the mangers where he had found shelter and food in the winter storms.

His heart had been won, at least half his heart. But the other half! Then he would turn away and search the plains and the high mountains to the south. The air was so crystal clear that the Buckhorn Hills, etching their fantastic outlines against the deep blue of the sky, displayed a variety of rugged detail. A soft breeze came, sweet and wild and strange. . . .

Something called to the Goblin. He answered with a loud neigh, and flung himself down the slope. Leveling off, he fell into his long springing trot, his head high, his nose pointing up, taking the way toward the open country and the Buckhorn Hills.

The very day after Goblin's departure, the boys came home from school for the summer and the first thing they did was to ride out to see the yearlings; the Goblin in particular. And, after a thorough afternoon's search, they returned and reported him missing.

Everyone hunted for him. Rob drove the car to the neighboring ranches and made inquiries. He posted a notice at the Post Office. The ranch itself was combed from end to end. But at the end of a week, Rob gave up. He said curtly that the colt had run away, but he would come back. Horses, once oriented, always returned to the place of their birth.

Ken was stupefied with grief. All winter long he had been thinking of the Goblin, of beginning his training. With all the money he had been able to save from his allowance, he had bought a stop watch before he left Laramie.

WHEN he went to bed at night he invented fantasies of what might have happened to the colt. Leaping a ravine, a fall, a broken leg—lying dead by now, and the coyotes and crawling things eating him. A clump of shrubs could have hidden the corpse so easily, and how many thousands of such shrubs there were on the ranch! That had happened to Dixie, a year ago. They had found the skeleton six months later.

Goblin, meanwhile, was feeding in lush pastures south of the border. Though in a single afternoon's play, he or any one of the yearlings could run twenty miles, he had taken a full week to work his way to the foot of the Buckhorn Range. There was so much to see on the way. So many dells and ravines to explore. The grass in every meadow tasted different. After his first start southward, he had just drifted. Now—here he was.

It was the river that interested him. He had never seen anything like it. It took him a long time to decide that there was nothing dangerous about it, though it plunged and leaped and hurled itself over rocks. He drank from it at last, and the river did not even mind that.

He followed it upward, into the hills which got steeper as they got closer until they sheered up, leaning over him. The going was more difficult and the feed more scarce, but all the time he had a satisfied feeling that he was going where he wanted to go. He crossed the river many times. A leap from one rock to another, from there a scuffling plunge and a few swimming strokes would get him across. Presently it would look better on the side he had left, and he must go back.

So it happened that he was standing on a flat rock, just gathering himself to leap to another rock in midstream when the thing was flung against his legs, so terrifying him that he made his leap badly, and was swept into the water, and from then on knew nothing but the struggle to keep his nose above water and claw himself out.

WHEN he accomplished this, he was some yards downstream. Even while he was shaking himself, he turned to look back, to discover what had hit him. It was still lying there on the rock on which he had been standing, and it

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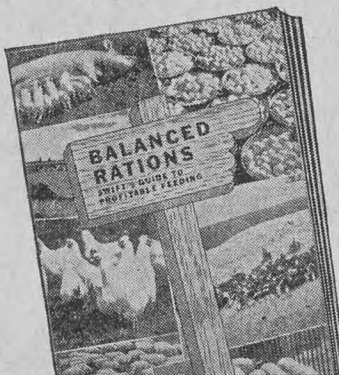
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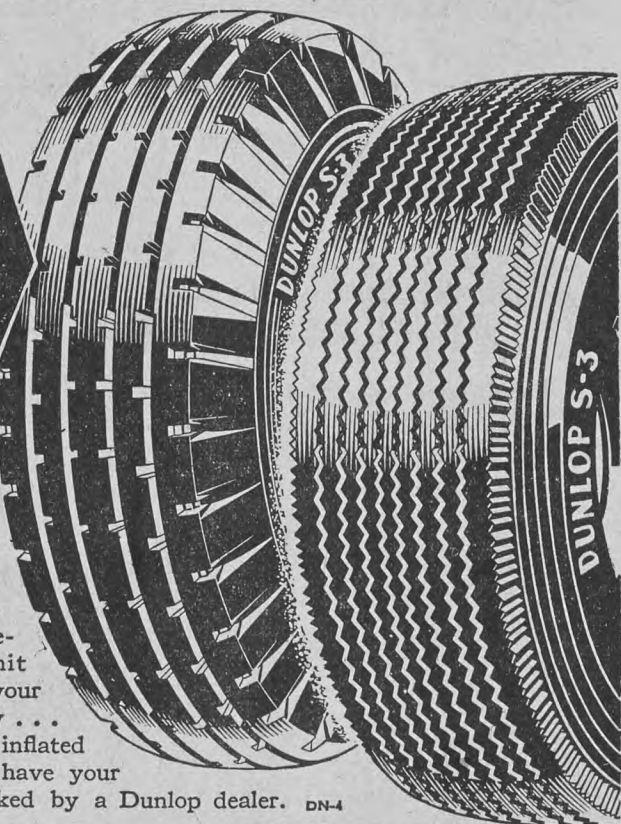
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didn't move. With his ears alert and his eyes fastened on it, Goblin went back and investigated.

A foal! Not so unlike himself, except that instead of being all white, it had brown markings on it. Then Goblin shuddered all over. The foal had no eyes; they had been picked out. In half a dozen places, there were bloody gashes—

It was at this moment that he leaped to meet the flapping black cloud that dropped down upon him from the sky. Huge pinions beat about his head, Goblin emitted the first real scream of his life when, for a moment, the terrible face looked closely into his own, and the great hooked beak dove for his eyes.

Goblin reared and went over backward, the eagle flailing him with wings, beak and talons. Rolling on the narrow rocky beach, half in and half out of water Goblin struggled to get from under the creature. When he gained his feet, with the instinct of the fighting stallion, he darted his head down to bite the foreleg of his enemy. He got it between his teeth and crunched.

He was clawed by the other leg, his

shoulder was raked and gouged. The beating wings buffeted his head like clubs. He held on. The beak struck him again and again. Blood spurted from his neck and belly.

Suddenly it was gone, shooting straight upward, then sliding into the shelter of the pines. Goblin stood alone, the thin shank and curled, cold, claw, dangling from his teeth. There was a thin, bad-smelling blood oozing from the end of it. It terrified him and he dropped it, leaped away from the spot and went scrambling over the rocks downstream.

The eagle peered from his pine tree. He sat on a bare bough, balancing himself on one claw and one stump and his spread wings. His predatory eyes were fastened on the colt galloping northward, a white streak down the dark brink of the canyon and at last a moving dot on the plains, five miles away.

The Goblin used the speed that he had never used before; the speed that had reached him in the chromosomes passed down to him by his forebears.

It was a great run.

(To be continued)

Lookout Duty

A prairie boy's memories of 1885

By A. A. H.

SUPPER was over. We were sitting round the house waiting for father to come home from Brandon. He had been away all day with the ponies and the buckboard. I didn't know why he had gone to Brandon, but I knew it was a long way and that he would bring home a lot of stuff because that's what he always did when he went to Brandon. It was a big place with big stores and there was a railroad there. I had never seen a railroad, but I knew you could get things where there was a railroad, and you took loads to Brandon, sometimes, to sell. If you took the horses and a load, it took two days to go to Brandon; and if you took the ponies and the buckboard, it took all day and sometimes father did not get home 'till after I had gone to bed.

We were not sure he would come before dark, because the roads were not good. There was still some snow in the bushes by the creek, and in the bluffs, and a lot of water lying around on the prairies. Bill Best, our hired man, was not able to plow yet, but he was out with the wagon and the team that day cleaning up the yard of winter manure and old straw. Now he had done the chores and was sitting with us while we waited. My younger brothers had already gone to bed. It was getting dark and mother lit the lamp and my older brothers and sisters were talking about school.

I was getting sleepy, but fighting hard to keep awake, because I wanted to see what father brought for us. I was watching the road through the window and listening for the sound of the ponies on the bridge where they would cross Plum Creek before they turned in to come home. It was an old, narrow wooden bridge, and you could easily hear it rattle, even with the door closed.

Then I heard it. So did Jim and Will and Bill Best. Mother got up and put a stick in the kitchen stove and Bill lit the lantern and put on his cap. I watched the road and saw the ponies swing toward our house at a smart trot, and water splashed from the wheels as father drew up right in front of the window. Jackie and Dolly, the ponies, were wet and dirty and looked tired. They had been sixty miles since morning and stood quiet while Dad jumped down and Bill Best started to unhitch them.

Dad untied a bundle from the back of the buckboard and carried it 'round to the back door. It was big and heavy, but he was a big man, and as we opened the door, he tossed it in on the floor and unbuttoned his overcoat. Mother was stirring the fire and preparing some tea and food. We children were trying to open the bundle.

For a moment I did not hear what was being said. My eyes were on the bundle, but just about the time we were getting into it, I heard father say in a tone that caught my attention.

"The Indians are on the warpath out west. They massacred some settlers

at Duck Lake and are fighting the Mounted Police. They robbed the Hudson's Bay store and there is a rebellion."

Mother asked some questions—I do not remember just what. We stopped working on the bundle. I do not remember, at all, what was in it. We stood 'round listening to what was said, and I am sure each of us children had our own vivid picture of howling Indians with guns and scalping knives and torches in our mind.

Our homestead was on the old Indian road between the Sioux Reserves at Pipestone and Griswold, and at times we saw more Indians than white people in the neighborhood. There was a camping ground within sight, less than half a mile up the creek. That very day we had seen ten or twelve teepees there, and one band of four Red River carts, several travoises, and a few bucks riding ponies had passed across the bridge and joined the camp. I had watched them myself as they passed, while the other children were away at school. I had not started school yet, but would next year. However, I knew a lot about the Indians. They often came to our doors and mother always gave them food, and father could talk to them a little. He traded ponies with them, too. That's how we got Jackie and Dolly and the buckskin beaded saddles Will and Jim rode them with. We figured the Indians were our friends. They used to ask mother for milk whenever they had a sick baby, and she always gave it to them. They had always camped near our place and in winter often came and bought some hay and oats for their horses when passing. When we killed a steer or a pig, we gave them the heads and other parts that we didn't use. They used to tan skins for Dad when he shot a fox or a wolf. We used to play with their children on Saturdays, and sometimes Jim raced ponies with them, but I was not big enough to ride yet. The Indians were our friends.

I do not remember well what was said that night, except that Dad said soldiers would have to go out to a place called Battleford and fight. People in Brandon were excited, and everyone was talking about it. I do not know where I got certain names into my memory, but it must have been during that summer. But to this day, when I think of Indians, I think of a rhyme that started like this, "Piapot, Poundmaker, Big Bear, Riel," and I think of Duck Lake, Frog Lake, Cut Knife and Batoche.

I was not sent to bed alone that night, but I slept all right after a very short time of wondering if we would have any trouble. I was too small to worry much, but I knew mother worried.

In the morning, before breakfast, Will and Jim and I went out and looked toward the Indian teepees and saw there were twelve of them, and we counted the hobbled ponies and colts that were pasturing close to the camp and there were over twenty of them. We could see

smoke from their little cooking fires and a few squaws were moving about and some papooses were carrying up wood and water from the creek. We did not see one man moving, but we decided they weren't on the warpath because the ponies were there and the carts were pulled up beside the teepees. It was just the same as any other morning in spring.

It was chilly and we ran back to the stable and found Dad and Bill Best doing the morning chores. Jackie and Dolly were still lying down in their stall. It was not any different from other mornings. It was a nice morning and Bill had the harness on the big team and Dad went to the kitchen with two big pails full of new milk and mother called us to breakfast. We were ready, and Bill came along.

After breakfast, Bill went out to hitch

on to the wagon again to do more cleaning and the older children got ready for school. They had two miles to walk, but not past the Indian camp. Mother still seemed anxious, but said nothing, and father moved about, but did not go to work until the four older children were started to school with a lunch pail and orders to come straight home at four o'clock.

Then mother took care of Bob, the baby, and I helped Georgie who was only three, to get on some clothes. Father was in the kitchen and he was putting nails in a place on the wall beside the back door. They were big nails and he only drove them in half way. Then he got out his two guns, a rifle and a shotgun, and he laid the rifle on the two top nails, and the shotgun on two just below the rifle. First he tried them right side up, like when you hold them to shoot, but they wobbled, so he turned them over and they hung pretty solid. They were too high for us children to touch, but not too high for him or mother. Then he called mother to come and try to pick them off, and she practised a few times and said she could do it all right if she had to. Then he put some bullets in the rifles and two cartridges in the shotgun and put the guns on the nails and left them there. He said to mother, "Don't let the children touch them, and if an Indian comes, get the gun in your hands before you open the door."

She said, "All right, but I don't think I need to if only the squaws come."

He just said, "Well, be careful." Then he turned and said to me, "Do you think you could watch the road and the teepees and if you see any Indians coming to the house you could get in first and tell your mother."

I said, "Sure, I can do that. I'll watch all the time."

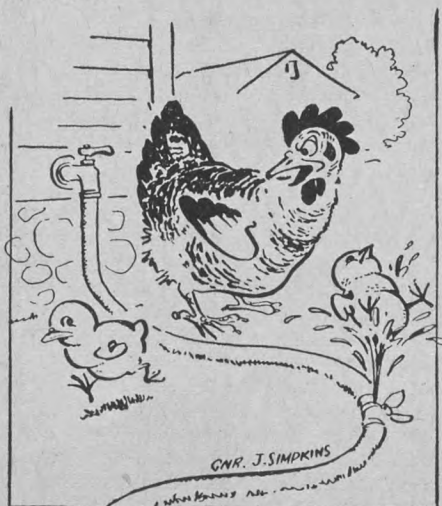
Then he went out to work.

WARM days came. Work went on.

When the others were away I kept my watch. There was a large smooth boulder fifty yards in front of the house and every day I wandered out to it and back to the house at intervals that were longer or shorter. I could see the teepees. I counted them each day. I reported every movement. The men never turned our way except occasionally when father was gone. The squaws came much as they had before, but never without my warning mother ahead of them. The Sioux had had their lesson on rebellion in the Dakotas, and so far as we could see, never thought to make trouble.

The summer went by slowly and quietly. I wore a path to my observation boulder and all about it for I spent hours there on nice days with Georgie and the baby while mother was busy about the house and Dad and Bill were away at work. When the holidays came, Will and Jim and my older sisters shared the watch. It became a game with us (who could report any movement first), but it was a lesson on "sentry go" that sent both Jim and me to the Boer War fifteen years later.

We had a mail and paper once a week, and I heard father and mother talking of the news from Battleford and Saskatchewan Landing and Cut Knife. I can remember when they had word that Riel was captured, and the Indian Chiefs, Big Bear and Poundmaker, were defeated and caught. Before harvest time the soldiers were back and we quit watching and the Indians were still our friends.



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In the Deanna Durbin Model Home campaign were as follows:

Deanna Durbin Home—W. G. Campbell, Box 92, Neville, Sask., Receipt E49. **Silver Tea Service**—J. B. Gault, Winnipeg, M40-13. **Lady's Watch**—Mrs. R. M. Clark, Wasketenau, Alta., G6824. **Lady's Watch**—J. R. Rennie, Winnipeg, M2518. **\$50 Bond**—Mrs. E. Candaele, Winnipeg, O30-05. **\$50 Bond**—Martin Lee, Sexsmith, Alta., O3235. **\$25 War Savings Certificates**—Stan Brewster, Pine Falls, Man., B6325; Jim Wachuk, Toronto, K3580; P. Werbin, Winnipeg, L296; Ida Gunn, Winnipeg, A1366; M. Shewchuk, Winnipeg, B5634. **Smoker Set**—Mrs. J. D. Lawson, Winnipeg, N1953.

Many thanks to everyone who contributed by purchasing one or more tickets. This money will pay for over 750,000 quarts of nourishing body building milk for Britain's needy children.

HEAR AGAIN! LIVE AGAIN!

With a Western Electric Hearing Aid. Depend on a name famous for 75 years. Literature free. Wallace Electric Ltd., 427 Seymour St., Vancouver, B.C.

MEN! GETTING UP NIGHTS?

Golden Kidney-Bladder Treatment. Lasting relief. \$5. . . . "Hormone-Vitamin" for normal youthful pep. \$5. . . . "Love Drops" Perfume, captivate win love, \$1. Golden Drugs, St. Mary's and Hargrave, Winnipeg.

PILES DON'T WAIT ANOTHER DAY

TRY THIS SUCCESSFUL COMBINATION INTERNAL-EXTERNAL PILE TREATMENT

For quick relief from pain and suffering from itching, bleeding, blind or protruding piles. Internal and External action. Relieves pain and aids healing. No matter what other methods you have used without result, you owe it to yourself to give Page's Internal and External Pile Treatment an immediate **FREE** trial. Write TODAY for a large trial package; it costs you nothing. Many have found blessed relief through the Page Method of Internal and External Treatment. Send for your **FREE** Trial Supply TODAY.

E. R. PAGE CO., DEPT. 24X2, TORONTO, ONT.



Hey! Lady! Don't Dose Constipation!

● If yours is the common type of constipation due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, try eating Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. It really "gets at the cause" by supplying bulk-forming materials needed for gentle, natural elimination.

ALL-BRAN is delicious as a

cereal. Grand in crisp, crunchy muffins, too! (Recipes on every package.) Eat ALL-BRAN every day and drink plenty of water. See if this simple plan doesn't make you feel better. Your grocer has ALL-BRAN in two convenient sizes. Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada.

HELPS YOU
Keep Regular-Naturally!



Actual Tests Prove

One Can of New Improved

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER

Cleans Your Broiler Pan*

48 MORE TIMES

Than Any Other Leading Cleanser



MADE IN CANADA

HERE ARE THE RESULTS!

Exhaustive scientific tests made by independent laboratories under actual living conditions proved that—
OLD DUTCH CLEANSER

- 48 more broiler pans* than Cleanser A
- 93 more broiler pans* than Cleanser B
- 112 more broiler pans* than Cleanser C
- 128 more broiler pans* than Cleanser D
- 136 more broiler pans* than Cleanser E
- 136 more broiler pans* than Cleanser F
- 160 more broiler pans* than Cleanser G
- 200 more broiler pans* than Cleanser H

*13-inch by 16-inch broiler pans

The cleansers identified above by letters, along with Old Dutch Cleanser, account for over 90% of all the cleansers sold in the United States and Canada.



It's what you get . . . not how much you pay . . . that spells real economy. That's why more women use Old Dutch than any other cleanser!





He's really working for *Canada's Farmers* ...selling **FLAX**

This typical store scene, re-enacted thousands of times daily across Canada, explains why flax continues to be a marketable and profitable crop.

When you consider that over a period of years approximately a quarter of Canada's flax production has gone into the manufacture of linoleum and kindred products, the close relationship between farmer, linoleum worker and salesman, becomes apparent.

They all buy, sell and use each other's products—and they all benefit. Helped by a post-war stimulated linoleum industry, flax will continue to provide a stable source of income for Canada's farmers.

LINOLEUM WORKERS CONTRIBUTE TO VICTORY



Huge Dominion hydraulic linoleum presses are shaping hundreds of thousands of metal aeroplane parts.



Miles of war fabric have been proofed against water, flame, mildew, gas and arctic weather.



And linoleum for naval vessels, air force schools, training establishments, munitions plants, etc.



**DOMINION
OILCLOTH
AND
LINOLEUM**

COMPANY LIMITED
MONTREAL CANADA

THE COUNTRYWOMAN

CANADA is busy garnering its harvest of grain, fruits and vegetables, which in most parts is an abundant one this year. It should be remembered with gratitude, at this time, that our farmers have done a magnificent job in the increase in production of food, not only in grains, but in fruits, garden stuff, dairy products, in eggs and poultry. They have worked towards goals set steadily higher, by the food planners of the nation, and have overshot the objective consistently.

Although they have lost 25 per cent of their effective working force, to the armed services and war industries, they have boosted production figures during the past five years approximately 40 per cent. This means that a working farm force 75 per cent strong is producing 140 per cent of prewar quantity of foodstuffs which are so much needed at home and abroad. It means that those remaining and carrying on have almost doubled their production.

It has been done by men, women, boys and girls working to the full extent of their strength and not counting hours of labor. It has been done by the aid of older people, who have surely earned rest and leisure, returning to work again. It has been done with the encouragement and active co-operation of rural women, who have had less help in the home than ever before. It is estimated that fully 100,000 women and girls have left farms in Canada during war years. Those who remain have uncomplainingly doubled their energies, making every moment and motion count. It has been done with the help of youths and school children, who in some cases have been kept out of school during the busiest months and in others, have given a helping hand in farm work outside of school hours. Townspeople too, have given friendly and valuable assistance in off-hours and during precious holiday time, in order that none of the crops should be lost through lack of help.

There is no doubt but that many children on farms today are working too hard and for too long hours; that women are driving themselves continuously at tasks which are too heavy for them; that men and women, especially those in middle and later years are carrying too great responsibilities than is wise from the standpoint of health. Against that we have to put the insistent demands of our times.

As we labor at the harvest, we struggle only against the hazards of nature and are spared war's disasters. In so many countries herds, crops and homes have been destroyed and families scattered by a whirlwind of events. There can be little rest of body or mind until victory finally comes; until people of the war-torn countries are fed and sheltered and given the opportunity to resume normal life again. We may find comfort and rightful pride in the fact that things which our farm people labor to produce play such a vital part in giving others strength to carry on.

For Those In Need

THE news that the Board of V... Bundles of Manitoba at its August meeting set itself the task of rushing further stocks of clothing relief for robot bomb victims, and to get them overseas, if possible, by quicker routes, is encouraging. This action, coming as it does at a time when the senseless and indiscriminate bombing of a civilian population is perhaps at its peak, will enlist the energetic support of many individuals and communities. It is greatly to be hoped that by mid-September, at the time when these lines are being read, that Allied armed forces will have reached and wiped out the flying bomb sites along the western coast of Europe.

It was reported at the meeting that 170 boxes had arrived from prairie and city points and many donations of cash. The contents of many of the boxes have been fully prepared for shipment overseas, while others contain goods to be mended, cleaned and repaired or made over. Volunteer workers handle the mending and renovation of used clothing. Stories from members, whose own families had been bombed out gave great impetus to the work. A letter was read from the Women's Voluntary Services in England, showing how welcome these stores of needed articles are and how British women are endeavoring to meet the crisis:

"We have been trying as best we can to equip every small area with all the things it might need in the event of it being cut off from its neighbors. We have seen to it that every region and every district has its quota of food and clothing to tide it over quite a long time. Your gifts, therefore have come at a most timely moment. We are always amazed at the incredible amount of goods that you have sent

Thought for friends overseas and a tribute to women's part in farm production

By AMY J. ROE

over to us since the beginning of the war and there really seems no limit to your kindness to us."

Not long ago Phyllis Bottome, famous English novelist in her book, *Mansion House of Liberty*, wrote a short but telling comment on such help being sent to British people at time of heavy bombing:

"I sat for a long time in the room where those who had been bombed overnight came to make their official statements. There was no question that their problems were being handled with sympathy and consideration. There was no outward expression of excitement about these bombed-out people, but there was pain in its passive most cruel form. These were the people who had to take disaster where they were, and without alternatives. If those, in the United States and Canada, could see what the wonderful gifts they send do to mitigate these helpless hours of human tragedy, their hearts would glow with joy and pride."

Degrees of Charity

"THERE are eight degrees or steps in the duty of charity.

"The first and lowest degree is to give, but with reluctance or regret. This is the gift of the hand, but not of the heart.

"The second is to give cheerfully, but not proportionately to the distress of the sufferer.

"The third is to give cheerfully and proportionately, but not until solicited.

"The fourth is to give cheerfully, proportionately, and even unsolicited, but to put it in the poor man's hand, hereby exciting in him the painful emotion of shame.

"The fifth is to give charity in such a way that the distressed may receive the bounty, and know their benefactor, without their being known to him. Such was the conduct of some of our ancestors, who used to tie up money in the corners of their cloaks, so that the poor might take it unperceived.

"The sixth, which rises still higher, is to know the objects of our bounty but remain unknown to them. Such was the conduct of those of our ancestors who used to convey their charitable gifts into poor people's dwellings, taking care that their own persons and names should remain unknown.

"The seventh is still more meritorious, namely, to bestow charity in such a way that the benefactor may not know the relieved persons, nor they the names of their benefactors, as was done by our charitable forefathers during the existence of the temple. For there was in that holy building a place called the Chamber of the Silent, wherein the good deposited secretly whatever their generous hearts suggested, and from which the poor were maintained with equal secrecy.

"Lastly, the eighth, and the most meritorious of all, is to anticipate charity by prevent-

ing poverty; namely, to assist the reduced fellow man, either by a considerable gift or a sum of money, or by teaching him a trade, or by putting him in the way of business, so that he may earn an honest livelihood, and not be forced to the dreadful alternative of holding out his hand for charity. This is the highest step and the summit of charity's golden ladder."

By MAIMONIDES, a Jewish Teacher of the Twelfth Century.

Interest In Plans

There can be no doubt of the interest in the planning of better farm houses. The response to the article "If I Were Going To Build" in the last issue has been quick and strong. In spite of the busy season, both men and women have taken a pen in hand to express their ideas on the subject and on the article published in *The Country Guide*. There is great need for advice and criticism from competent and observant architects and it should be forthcoming, when the reconstruction committees get under way in the various provinces and in the Dominion. We have lacked such help in the past and have worked on a trial-and-error basis which is expensive when it concerns building.

A Manitoba farm woman writes: "I hope some day to have my dream house and am planning all the time. I think about it while I am working. When I get a few spare moments I draw my ideas out on paper to see if the plan would be practical. I would like to get a lot of new and perhaps better ideas so let's have more articles on the subject."

There is a lot of fun in planning and there are many good reasons for exchanging ideas, advice and criticism through your family farm journal.

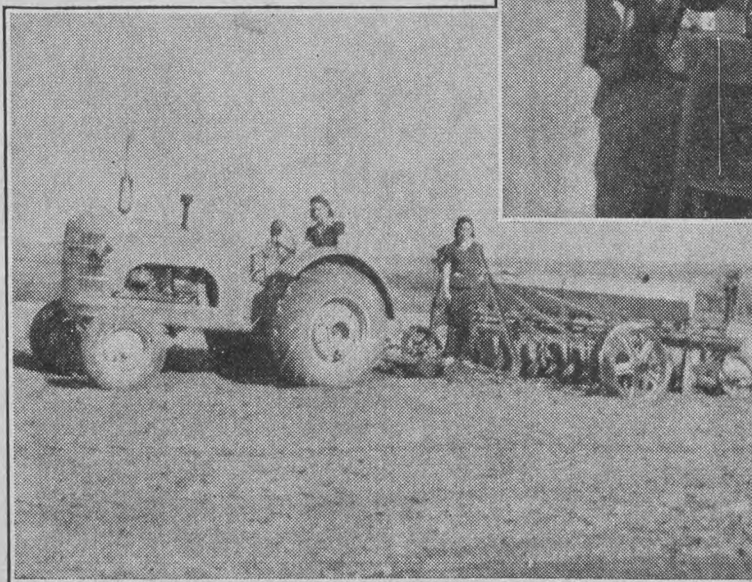
Fair Farmers

IF proof were needed that girls are playing an important part in keeping farm machinery rolling in the business for which it is intended, the picture on this page snapped by *The Guide* camera, gives a good piece of evidence. It is not just a camera pose, either for them. They handle the steering wheel on a truck or tractor and levers on tillage machinery with the grace and ease that comes only from long and accustomed handling. They wear dark durable slacks and blouses suited for the job they do. Their smiling faces hide their serious intent for work.

The two pretty and capable young women are the 17-year and 18-year-old Ruth and Olive Murray, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. G. Earl Murray, who farm one-and-one-half sections of land near Glasnevin, 80 miles southwest of Regina. Another sister, Elsie, is married and was attending a summer course in Home Craft at the University of Saskatchewan at the time of our visit.

Their father declares that the two girls are better with the tractor than he is. They were his only "farm hands" last year and he is quick and generous in giving credit to the girls' ability. In their spare time they were painting the house. When the day's work is done and there happens to be a dance or a party in town, the girls are permitted to go. The girls were keen in their enthusiasm about helping farm and that enthusiasm must show in anything else they undertake.

Earl Murray used to work an outfit of horses, owning 16. Now it's all machine power on his farm and he only has three horses. He is a veteran of the last war and is a Lieutenant of the South Saskatchewan Reserve Unit and goes to the regular period of training at Dundurn camp. On the Murray farm is a very promising shelter belt of trees, ash, elm, and maple, a strawberry patch in its fourth year of production and raspberries. Dust and wind did considerable damage during the drought years but the owners had the courage and persistence to do their planting over again four years ago.



Ruth and Olive Murray of Glasnevin operate farm-power machinery.

ALBERTA LEADS THE WAY

In providing dormitory accommodation for non-resident pupils attending high school with satisfaction to parents and advantages for its young people

By MARJORIE DOWLER STYLES

sters in town, on unique. Every community can tell of their own for the first time neglected their school work; while batching was unsatisfactory from a nutritional viewpoint.

Probably the greatest number of farm girls graduating from high school in the past

"worked for their board"—the student helping care for small children, assisting with housework in the early morning and after school hours and on week-ends. In many cases this arrangement worked to the mutual benefit of both parties concerned. In others the student was certainly exploited. One girl I know was required to care for a young baby at night, preparing the two a.m. feeding as long as it was required, as well as the six a.m. when she was expected to get up, build fires, tend the furnace, do dishes, ironing, Saturday cleaning and any other jobs that popped up unexpectedly. It was no wonder lots of them stopped after grade ten or took six years to graduate!

SINCE such opportunities were open only to girls, boys often stayed at home, travelling incredibly long distances daily to high school. During the winter of 1942-1943, one of the coldest in the history of western Canada, a 16-year-old boy passed our place daily on his eight-mile trek to school. Starting from home in the dreary blackness of winter wartime mornings, arriving home at night in darkness, he struck it in 20, 30, even 40 below zero weather. Four hours a day in the saddle, covering a distance of 3,200 miles on horseback during one school year. "I hope to be a pilot," he explains. Nor is this boy

several boys or girls making similar efforts to obtain their high school diplomas. Grim fortitude—that's what it takes!

To overcome this situation, early in 1930, the Rev. John Nyholm, pastor of the Danish Lutheran Church at Dickson, a hamlet, 20 miles south-east of Rocky Mountain House, fathered what is believed to be the first co-operative high school venture in Alberta. A former pastor donated ten acres of ground and on it was built a comfortable two-storey residence for a girls' dormitory; parents and interested members of the community donating lumber, cash, furnishings and labor for it. The basement of the Lutheran church serving as a schoolroom, has since been replaced by a brick high school.

FOR 14 years this community endeavor has operated successfully without costing the taxpayers a cent. At present Miss Jennie Hindbo is supervisor. The girls help get breakfast and prepare their noon lunch, which they take with them the three-quarters of a mile to school. When they return at five o'clock Miss Hindbo has a hot meal ready. Last year 30 girls were in residence at Dickson. A president and secretary are chosen by ballot from the senior girls to administer the club. They do the buying, keep track of expenses and at the end of the month pro-rate the cost, each girl paying her share. Before the war the cost of board averaged eight dollars a month, naturally it is higher now.

The depression prevented these co-operatively minded people from adding a boys' dormitory. But parents moved granaries and sheds into Dickson, weatherproofed them, and here the boys batched or secured their meals at the dormitory; sharing the cash expenses

with the girls and doing their share of the heavier chores—tending furnace shovelling snow etc., though having no say in the administration of the club.

Through the years it is probable 400 students have benefitted from the vision and effort of the Rev. Nyholm. Heading the list of Dickson's Reconstruction Plans is a boys' dormitory, to be built when the war ends.

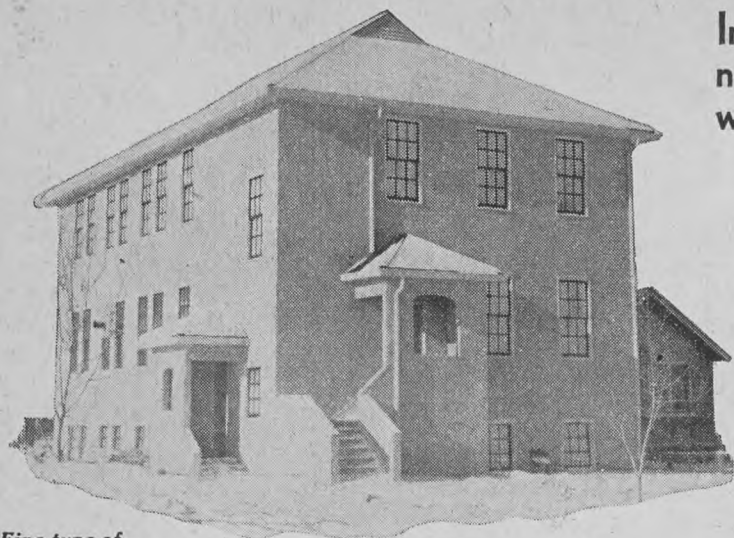
IT was dried out crops coupled with disastrously low prices that drove the parents around Big Valley (near Drumheller) to open the second Alberta dormitory venture in 1935. From among those interested a Dormitory Board was chosen. A dwelling was rented, furniture was borrowed, renovated or purchased when necessary. The High School principal was engaged as boys' supervisor; his wife as girls' supervisor also agreed to oversee the cooking. Since one of the greatest difficulties farmers encountered at this time was ridiculously low prices for their products, it was arranged insofar as possible to take meat, butter, eggs and vegetables in lieu of cash; up to 40 per cent of the board was accepted in produce. Cost of board in 1939 was ten dollars a month.

From a very modest beginning as regards equipment and arrangements in 1935 the Big Valley dormitory by 1939 accommodated 40 students, some of them from considerable distances.

When the large school units were organized in 1937, greater efforts were made to increase high school facilities for rural students. These large divisions vary in size, smaller ones containing as few as 50 of the old standard districts (about four miles wide by four miles long) while the largest ones contain up to 100.

In the south of the province where chinook winds predominate in winter, making 12 months of car travel possible, large consolidated schools have been built. School vans similar to small busses bring the children to and from their homes daily. In other parts of the province one-roomed rural high schools have been opened. Still other students depend on correspondence for their high school course. The pupil may or may not attend the public rural school, where the quiet and regular hours are helpful, but the public school teacher is not required to help him. His lessons come from the Correspondence Branch of the Department of Education and are returned there for correction.

However, 29 of the divisions have solved the problem by operating high school dormitories. The Anglican Church has two, one of them being at Athabasca, in the north of the province. The Dickson dormitory, as has already been stated, is



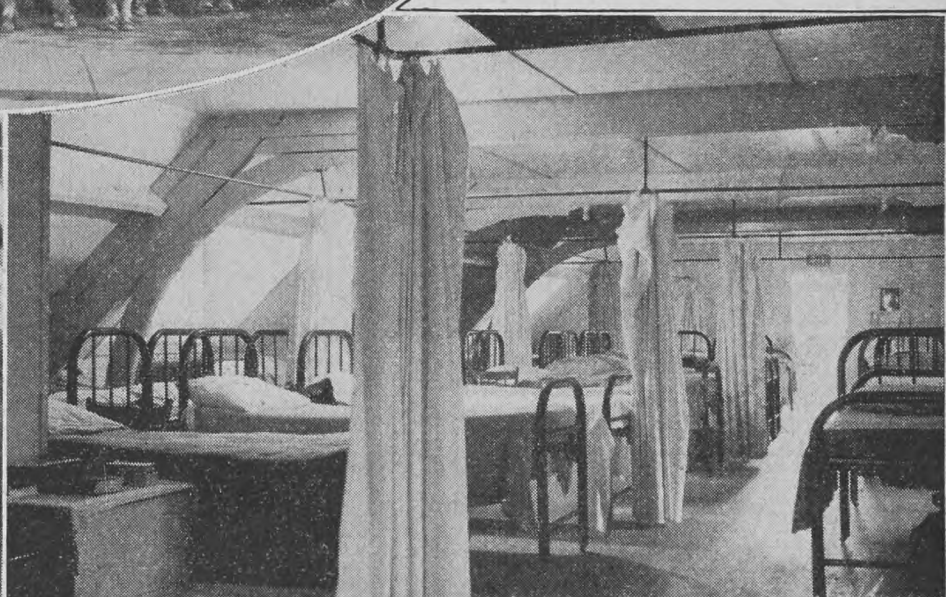
Fine type of building at Drumheller. Built in 1940.

THE brilliant Alberta sunshine playing on the attractive flower beds and lawn, mellowed the red brick and grey stone of the three-storey Red Deer High School Dormitory, built to accommodate rural students while attending the city high school. As it was late Friday afternoon excitement reigned. Students, whose parents lived within easy driving distance of Red Deer were grouped in the hall, with books, laundry bags, and over-night cases, waiting their turn to sign the register, indicating they are going home for the week-end, as required by the dormitory rules.

An Air Cadet came down from the boys' quarters and hurried off to drill: he would be returning before six p.m. so was not required to register his whereabouts. Another student carrying a violin case went off for his music lesson. A lady entered and spoke to one of the girls, who called upstairs, "Hi, girls, who wants to work this week-end? Clerks and household helpers are wanted." Others remaining over the week-end were already busy arranging the Saturday laundry schedule and dormitory chores.

No longer content with the out-moded slogan, "Grade eight for every child in the province," Alberta farm parents are insisting in ever increasing numbers on high school facilities being provided for rural students. In western Canada, farmers depending on uncertain agricultural returns found it impossible to provide board (from \$25 to \$30 a month), books, tuition, clothing, transportation, during four years of high school in a city.

One alternative widely practised was for parents to hire a light-housekeeping room in the nearest town where high school facilities were available. Here, two or more students batched, sharing expenses. Sometimes these 'teen-aged young-



Dormitory views at Red Deer. Centre top: Girl students predominate in wartime. Left: The dining-room with student waitresses. Right: Girls' sleeping quarters.

operated as a community endeavor. The remaining 26 are operated by the divisional school boards. The types of buildings vary from a commodious residence to a remodelled school building. Twenty-two of the buildings belong to the taxpayers in divisions concerned, the remaining four are leased. They are strategically situated in the following divisions, Berry Creek, Taber, Sullivan Lake, Lac Ste Anne, Clover Bar, Rocky Mountain House, Neutral Hills, Holden, Stony Plain, Sturgeon, Vermilion, Castor, Pincher Creek, Drumheller, Olds, Ponoka, Red Deer, Pembina, Wheatland, Athabasca, Bow Valley, Eastern Irrigation District. Four other divisions are planning dormitory accommodation for next year.

THE dormitories at Drumheller and Red Deer are the largest and best equipped in the province. Last year Drumheller Dorm accommodated 36 girls and 28 boys; the Red Deer Dorm 87.

Both of them were built at a cost of about \$10,000 each—equipment costing more in Drumheller dormitory. The money was raised by selling debentures. There has been some grumbling over the cost, but aside from the initial cost of building and equipment these larger dormitories are now self supporting. In the smaller ones, if necessary, the deficit is met from common funds by the Divisional Board.

"The successful operation of a dormitory, depends on the suitability of the supervisor." W. H. Swift, M.A., chief inspector of schools, informed me that all divisional boards operating dormitories emphasize this. Nor is the requirement easily fulfilled—to feed and house 80 adolescents away from home for the first time, keeping them happy—working together in harmony—faithful to their studies is a gigantic task.

Red Deer has been fortunate in having the services of Mr. and Mrs. M. Paice, as supervisor and matron for some time. This energetic couple are "neither too old nor too young." They have two children of their own, so are understanding with the students. Mrs. Paice formerly had experience at the Olds School of Agriculture. She plans the menus, does the buying, cares for anyone who is sick, supervises the girls' dormitory, arranges recreation with the assistance of the students' House Committee, of which Ross Gibson is president and Peggy Gillette, secretary. This year they have organized an eight-piece band, which adds much to their parties and sing-songs.

Mr. Paice is responsible for the boys' floor, the heating system and grounds. A cook and maid prepare the meals, while students in groups of ten wait on table, do sweeping and such chores, but take no part in preparing the food.

In the dining-room Mrs. Paice has created a homey atmosphere not always found in expensive boarding schools. Flowering plants on the window sills, crisp curtains, tied back to admit the sunshine. Green inlaid linoleum topped tables give the needed touch of color to enhance the cream walls. A piano at one end—a radio, too, purchased with money donated by the students. Here, the students study during compulsory hours in the evenings. Here, too, they have their parties.

In the spotless kitchen, Mrs. Lumsden and Ann Tainsh prepare the meals and are well equipped with frigidaire, cooling pantry, automatic bread slicer, and equipment necessary to handle such a large number of boarders.

This staff is responsible to the Divisional School Board, which includes L. A. Thurber, B.Sc., superintendent of schools for the Red Deer division. A special Dormitory Board of two is appointed from their number to deal with minor matters in emergencies.

Separate floors accommodate boys and girls for sleeping. Two hospital wards—one for each sex, make it possible to

isolate sick students. Individual lockers, with drawers, serve as closets and dressers. Hot and cold showers, toilets, an electric washing machine and irons make for the convenience of all. Students supply their own cutlery and bedding. Those who go home week-ends take their soiled linen, those remaining wash Saturday.

Cost of board and lodging for students from the Red Deer division was \$12 per month, while those from beyond its boundaries paid \$15.50.

Produce is no longer accepted as part payment of board, it being found the matron could bargain to better advantage for cash with the large amount of supplies used.

Parents and prospective students are requested to study the dormitory rules carefully, and sign an agreement that they will abide by them.

IN interviewing the parents of five dormitory students, four were very enthusiastic over the advantages of dormitory accommodation for farm students. The fifth mother said, that while her daughter had attended the dormitory during her first year away from home, she and a neighbor's daughter were now batching in Red Deer. Pressed for her reasons of changing, she said at that time there was no hospital ward so that a student coming down with a cold was a source of infection to others, also her daughter preferred cooking her own meals. However, this lady said the batching proposition was certainly more expensive and she thought the dormitory was filling a great need.

The three-storey, stucco dormitory, built in Drumheller in 1940 is similarly equipped. J. E. Hawker, of the Drumheller high school staff, chief supervisor, is responsible to the board of trustees. Miss Mary Beaton, also of the Drumheller high school staff is girls' supervisor. Miss Mabelle Davies, a graduate of the Olds School of Agriculture is dietitian and cook.

The supervisors meet weekly with the Students' Council, which is elected from dormitory students, when matters of discipline, sports and recreation are attended to. The Drumheller students have one party each month, one sing-song and two game periods a week.

Since this dormitory was opened, the number of rural students attending high school in this division has increased 200 per cent, and they are a great credit to the high school the principal states. The secretary of the division says the board is well satisfied with its dormitory, but emphasizes the fact that without suitable and firm supervision, such would not be the case.

Last year there were 5,178 students living in Alberta dormitories—learning to work and live harmoniously with others.

In ten years from now how far will this movement have spread? No one can say. But it is significant to recall that from the United Farm Women of Alberta in annual convention a resolution was forwarded to the provincial government requesting dormitory facilities be provided in all divisions as soon as possible.



Red Deer Dormitory Staff: Ann Tainsh, Mrs. Lumsden, Mrs. and Mr. Paice

Everywhere
in Canada



HERE'S A
VITAMIN TABLET
I can
afford to give
to my whole family



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tablet
a day
is all
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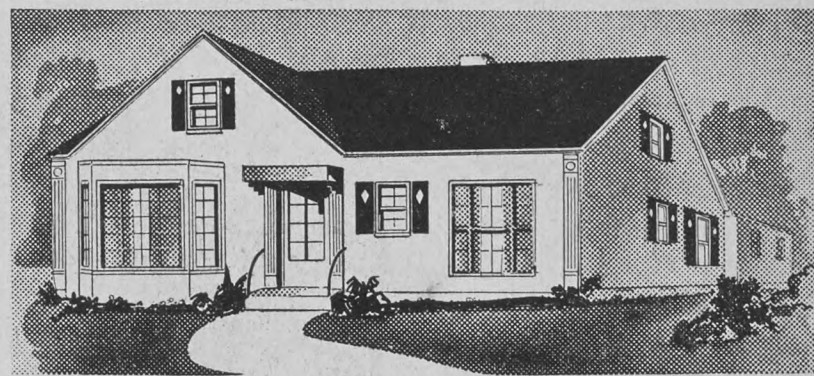
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That's why our government asks everyone of us to conserve precious kitchen fats and oils . . . and to turn them into local collecting units.

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How to conserve Fats and Save Money

Just one can of Gillett's Lye mixed with ordinary cooking grease gives you a grand batch of soap at *less than 1¢ per cake*. In 20 minutes you can make enough soap to last you for 2 months! It's a wonderful way to save money for yourself—while you save fats for Victory.

So if you aren't able to turn in your used fats to your government—use them to make soap this easy way. Get Gillett's today—follow the directions on the can.



Fall brings a rich variety of vegetables for pickle making. [N.F.B. Photo.]

Filling Pickle Jars

By MARJORIE J. GUILFORD

GOOD pickles do not always depend on good luck alone, but on care and patience. This is more especially true in the case of pickles in which the vegetables are left whole, or in large pieces, than in chopped pickles and relishes. Common faults are pickles that are hollow, wrinkled, too soft, too hard or too tough.

Avoid hollowness by pickling the vegetables as soon as possible after they are picked.

Wrinkling is caused by too strong a brine or too sweet a syrup. In pickling, the natural juice is drawn out and replaced by a pickle mixture. This change needs to be made gradually. A strong brine for two days will not have as good a result as a weaker one for nine days.

Pickles that are too soft and flabby may be caused by vinegar that is too strong, brine that is too weak, or by over-heating. Pickles should never be really cooked—just heated through.

Good vinegar is essential for a good product. Good cider vinegar is a clear pale amber color and has excellent flavor. White vinegar used with white vegetables sometimes gives a better color. Sometimes water containing too much mineral will darken pickles. To overcome this difficulty, add one-half cup vinegar to one gallon of brine made with very hard water.

Use common cooking salt rather than table salt for pickle-making. It is cheaper and the results are better.

Pickles should stand at least a month before use in order that the flavors may become well blended.

Nineday Pickles

Cut up 5 quarts cucumbers. Place in brine (1 cup salt to 2 quarts water) to cover for three days. Put in cold water for 3 days, changing water each day.

Put in weak vinegar solution, 5 cups water to 1 cup vinegar; add 1 tablespoon alum. Boil cucumbers in this mixture 5 minutes; remove and put in crock.

Boil 3 pints vinegar, 3 cups brown sugar, 1 ounce allspice, 1 ounce cinnamon (powdered or sticks); 1 ounce celery seed and pour hot over pickles. Drain, reheat and pour hot over cucumbers each morning for two additional mornings. Bottle and seal. Yield: about 5 quarts.

Mustard Pickles

3 qts. pickling cucumbers	4 qts. water
1 medium cauliflower (broken into flowerets)	2 c. cooking salt
1 qt. small pickling onions	1 c. flour
2 sweet red peppers	6 T. mustard
	1 T. turmeric
	1 c. sugar
	2 qts. vinegar

Prepare vegetables by peeling onions, cutting cauliflower, peppers, and cucumbers into desired sizes. Soak overnight in brine of water and salt. In the morning, bring to boiling point and drain. Make paste of flour, mustard,

turmeric, sugar and a little of the cold vinegar. Add remaining vinegar and stir until well blended. Bring to boiling point and cook until sauce is slightly thickened, about 10 minutes. Add prepared vegetables, bring to boiling point, pour into hot sterilized jars and seal. Yield: about 4 quarts.

Sweet Cucumber Relish

3 large cucumbers	1½ c. salt
3 medium onions	1½ tsp. cinnamon
1 c. cider vinegar	1½ tsp. mustard
½ c. brown sugar	1 tsp. ginger

Put cucumbers and onion through food chopper. Mix with salt. Cover and let stand overnight. Drain well. Add other ingredients. Cook 10 minutes. Bottle while hot.

Beet Relish

4 c. coarsely ground cooked beets	1½ c. coarsely ground green pepper
6½ c. coarsely ground cabbage	2 T. freshly grated horseradish
2 c. coarsely ground onions	1 T. salt
2 c. sugar	2 c. vinegar

Combine all ingredients in large preserving kettle; bring to a boil; cook until thick, about 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Pour into hot sterilized jars, filling to top. Seal at once. Makes 5 pints.

Green Tomato Pickles

1 gal. green tomatoes	1 T. whole allspice
1½ c. brown sugar	1 T. celery seed
6 large onions	1 T. whole cloves
2 sweet red peppers	1 T. whole black pepper
4 c. vinegar	1 T. mustard
1 T. mustard seed	

Slice onions and tomatoes thinly. Sprinkle with half cup salt. Let stand overnight in a crock or enamel vessel. Tie all spices in a cheesecloth bag. Chop pepper pods thinly. Drain the tomatoes and onions well. Add the sugar, mustard, seasonings and peppers to the vinegar, then add the tomato and onion. Cook for one-half hour, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. Remove spice bag. Pack into hot sterilized jars and seal immediately. Yield: about six quarts.

Tomato Chutney

4 lbs. ripe tomatoes	2 c. brown sugar
1 lb. apples, chopped	1 c. seeded raisins
3 onions, chopped fine	1 tsp. cinnamon
1 pt. vinegar	1 tsp. dry mustard
2 T. salt	½ tsp. cayenne

Chop tomatoes and add apples and onions. Add the remaining ingredients and cook until chutney is thick and clear, stirring occasionally. Seal it in hot sterilized jars. Makes 5 pints.

Apple Relish

12 sour apples	2 c. vinegar
2 green peppers	1 T. ground ginger
1 sweet red pepper	2 c. sugar
1 medium onion	1 T. salt
1 c. raisins	

Chop apples, peppers and onion very fine. Add vinegar and simmer for one hour, stirring often. Add raisins, chopped fine, and the other ingredients, and simmer another hour. Pour into clean, hot jars and seal.



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Vegetable Care

Points on keeping nutritive values

KEEPING vegetables in top-notch condition as regards flavor and food value, between garden and table requires care. It is the responsibility of the housewife to see that as little food value as possible is lost, and that the vegetables are attractive and flavorful when served.

Use fresh vegetables as promptly as possible after they are gathered. Wash them, drain and store in a closely covered container in a cool place until time to use them. Do not discard outer leaves of lettuce or cabbage—their darker green color means they are richer in vitamin A. Shred them and add to the soup pot or mixed salad. The leafy parts of cauliflower and broccoli are also good and should be cooked and served with the heads.

Chop salad greens just before serving. Mineral oil in salad dressings prevents proper utilization of the vitamin A usually found in worthwhile amounts in green salad vegetables, so do not use this type too frequently.

PREPARE vegetables for cooking just before you are ready to put them in the boiling water. Allowing them to stand very long in water after peeling, paring or otherwise cutting is disastrous to mineral and vitamin values. Be careful not to cut or bruise them beforehand. The cooking time will be shortened by cutting the vegetables into small pieces, but this exposes a larger surface area to the dissolving action of water so that loss of vitamins is increased. This may be offset by the fact that cooking time can be shorter and a smaller amount of water will be needed. Long slender vegetables such as carrots and parsnips will lose less food value if cut lengthwise rather than sliced or diced, because fewer of the long lengthwise cells will be cut.

Baking or otherwise cooking vegetables in their jackets conserves vitamins and minerals. The largest amounts of these often lie just under the skin, so if you peel them, do it thinly.

MOST vegetables are best cooked quickly in a small amount of water. With a little practice you can learn to judge the amount of water so that only a few tablespoons are left at the end of cooking time. In this way maximum flavor, vitamins and minerals are retained. Use the water in sauce, soup or gravy. Some people prefer to cook the strong flavored vegetables such as cabbage and onions in a large amount of water in an uncovered pan. This is a sacrifice of some food value for milder flavor.

Have water boiling rapidly before vegetables are put in. They will cool it sufficiently to stop boiling. Bring back to the boil quickly, after which boil gently. Add salt—about one-half teaspoon to two cups water—to cooking water, to help bring out the flavor of the vegetables.

Cook vegetables only until they are tender, but still retain some firmness and crispness. Never, never make the mistake of over-cooking them.

Another warning! Never add soda, for it destroys the natural flavor and some of the vitamins. If the cooking time is short, the green color will be preserved.

Try to plan so that you do not have any left-overs. When you do, keep them in a covered dish, in a cool place and use them up as promptly as possible. Preferably serve them cold in a mixed salad, as reheating destroys food value. But sometimes they are more palatable served hot in a cream sauce, or having been heated in a steamer, seasoned with butter, salt and pepper. Avoid having to reheat a second time. Remaining flavor and food value will be practically nil.

EAT THE RIGHT FOOD

These are the Health-Protective Foods. Be sure you eat them every day in at least these amounts. (Use more if you can)

Eat these foods first, then add these and other foods you wish. Some source of Vitamin D such as fish liver oils, is essential for children, and may be advisable for adults.



MILK...
Adults—1/2 pint. Children—more than 1 pint. And some Cheese, as available.



FRUITS...
One serving of tomatoes daily, or of a citrus fruit or of tomato or citrus fruit juices, and one serving of other fruits, fresh, canned or dried.



VEGETABLES...
(In addition to potatoes of which you need one serving daily) Two servings daily of vegetables, preferably leafy green, or yellow, and frequently raw.



CEREALS and BREAD...

One serving of a whole-grain cereal and 4 to 6 slices of Canada Approved Bread, brown or white.



MEAT, FISH, Etc....

One serving a day of meat, fish, or meat substitutes. Liver, heart or kidney once a week.



EGGS...

At least 3 or 4 eggs weekly.

CANADA'S OFFICIAL FOOD RULES AS APPROVED BY
CANADIAN COUNCIL ON NUTRITION



LET'S KEEP TO CANADA'S FOOD RULES!

CANADA needs every man, woman and child to be strong and healthy, alert in body and mind, to carry on the tasks of war and to enable this great Dominion to take her rightful place in the world when final victory is won.

It is the duty of every housewife, of every individual to study the rules of eating for health, for whilst most of us eat enough in quantity, we do not always get the proper balance into our daily diet. We should therefore study the body's daily requirements in such basic elements as proteins, minerals, energy foods, vitamins.

Pictured above are the six health-protective food groups. Eaten every day in the prescribed amounts, they constitute Canada's official food rules, as approved by the Canadian Council on Nutrition.

★ Save Food for Fighters! Here are 10 FOOD-SAVING RULES For Wartime

- 1 PLAN FOOD BUYING CAREFULLY**
Buy only the food you know your family will eat. Calculate quantities so that there are no left-overs.
- 2 PLANT A VICTORY GARDEN**
Help to increase Canada's food production by growing your own vegetables and fruits. Raise chickens and any other stock you can.
- 3 AVOID WASTE IN PREPARING**
Measure all ingredients. Watch vegetable and fruit peelings—peel them thin. Cook potatoes in skins.
- 4 COOK FOODS PROPERLY**
Follow your cook book carefully so as to avoid waste and retain maximum food values.
- 5 SERVE SMALLER PORTIONS**
Start a Clean Plate Club in your home! Don't urge second helpings—let them ask for more.
- 6 SAVE LEFT-OVERS**
When you do cook too much, save meat and vegetable remnants for stews, bones for soups, bread-crumbs for stuffings.
- 7 SAVE SURPLUS FATS**
Use what you need in your own cooking. What's left over turn in with your other salvage.
- 8 DO NOT HOARD**
Canada has a sufficiency of all the foods you need. Don't hoard or buy foods for the sake of using up your ration coupons.
- 9 ENCOURAGE OTHERS TO SAVE**
Share with your friends any food saving tips you hear or read. Don't spread gossip about "shortages" or tips that may start runs on unrationed foods.
- 10 REDUCE YOUR FOOD BILL**
Choose economical foods—those with concentrated nutriment. Try to keep down and reduce your total food bill.

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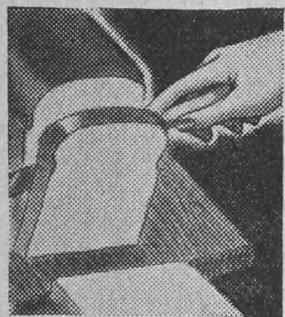
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Be Alert to Eye Care

By LORETTA MILLER

YOUR eyes are your most expressive feature. They reflect the care they receive, your mood of the moment, your thoughts. So, if you are very wise, you'll guard against unpleasant thoughts and you will do everything possible to increase your eye I.Q. The eyes require special protection during the bright summer months and extra care should be given to the region around the eyes if the skin is to be kept smooth and youthful.

The mechanism which controls one's sight is so closely allied to the nerves and muscles that control the action of the lids and which lie close to the skin surface around the eyes, that nothing but the very best care should be considered.

The pigment in the eyeball contains nutrient vessels which secrete the fluids upon which the nourishment of the eyes depend. And though the retina of the eyes is transparent, it contains veins and arteries. Rays of light emanating from any object, pass through the eyeball and are focused upon the retina and in that way are perceived. And because unprotected eyes are either strained by the very bright rays of the sun during the summer months, or, because, in an effort to shut out these rays one squints and half-closes her eyes, sun-glasses prove an invaluable aid.

Correctly fitted absorptive sun glasses that reduce glare and absorb the dangerous invisible rays that cause strain, should be of first importance in the summertime care of eyes. The newest lenses are a pleasing neutral shade which transmit twenty per cent of the "seeing" light, and absorb 95 per cent of the invisible ultra-violet (sunburn) rays and 88 per cent of the infra-red (heat) rays. These glasses remove any strain caused by the direct light, or sun's rays or reflection. These lenses which are scientifically made, may be confidently worn without fear of impair-

ing the vision. In fact, those who must have a correction in their glasses, may have these same lenses prescribed through professional channels.

Massaging the skin around the eyes is a wise measure to consider even though there are no lines present. Correct massage aids in keeping the muscles around the eyes strong and this, in turn, helps keep the skin smooth. The two sets of muscles in the lids, one a circular muscle by which the lids may be closed and the other, an elevating muscle by which the upper lid is raised, respond rather well to the rotary massage movement.

After cleansing the facial skin and rinsing off all soap or removing all cleansing cream, make a generous application of rich cream, smoothing it lightly over the skin around the eyes. Then, beginning at the temples, and using the cushions of your fingers, follow an inward movement under the eyes toward the nose, then move the fingers up to just below the brows and massage out to the temples, circle each eye in this same way fifty times.

A light tapping massage should be applied next: Be sure that there is a heavy coating of cream on the skin, and, with the cushions of your fingers, retrace the movement described above, but use a very light tapping touch. Circle each eye about twenty times.

Any recognized eye-bathing lotion may be used. If you haven't a favorite, perhaps you will be interested in one of the two I shall give you: One is made by dissolving a scant teaspoonful of good table salt in one-half pint of water which has been boiled. Let this cool then pour it into a bottle which can be kept securely corked when not in use. Another excellent lotion for the eyes may be "put up" for you in your local chemist's shop. Simply ask for a blend of twenty-five per cent camphor water (and please don't confuse this with spirits of camphor or camphor in any other form) and seventy-five per cent boric acid solution. Let me repeat: Twenty-five per cent camphor water and seventy-five per cent boric acid solution. This, too, should be kept in a corked bottle.

Pour a little of either lotion into a clean eye-cup and, holding it tightly to the eye, tilt the head back just enough to allow the liquid to bathe the eye. Roll your eye in all directions. Then lower your head to normal and remove the cup.

It is a known fact that short sight is not often found among hunters or those looking for or at distant objects, but this form of eye trouble is closely linked to those who study, sew and otherwise over-use their eyes at close work, especially under poor light conditions.

The habit of viewing distant objects has proved that benefits can be achieved from correct eye exercises. Here is an excellent one involving the correct movements for putting the necessary muscles of the eyes to work: Sit comfortably in a chair, close your eyes and imagine you see distant darkness. Count to 20, then open your eyes and quickly change their focus to a pencil held at arm's length. Count twenty. Repeat ten times. Follow this exercise once each day or whenever your eyes are tired.

A splendid exercise for relaxing tense muscles around the eyes is that of holding the head erect while focusing the eyes far to the left, then looking at once far to the right. Next, after looking in each direction ten times, describe a complete circle with the eyes. This eye-rolling exercise should be done without moving or turning the head. Repeat until you have described ten circles with your eyes. Then close your eyes and count three. Open your eyes and count three. Repeat ten times.

Designed for Thin Girls

By ANNA DE BELLE



K-32

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Cleaning Closet

Work is easier if there is a place for everything, and everything in its place

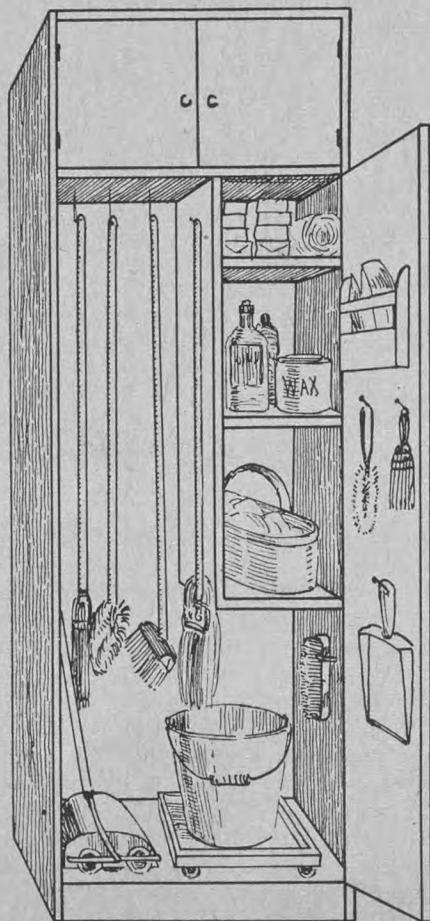
A CLOSET for storage of cleaning equipment provides a means of gathering together in one place all brooms, brushes and supplies and removing these sometimes unsightly articles from sight in the kitchen. Often there is a nook or cranny in the kitchen or hallway that is little used and where a cupboard of this type can easily be built. The size will, of course, depend on the space available, but a satisfactory size is 21 inches deep and 27 inches wide. The cupboard should be high enough to allow for your longest handled broom. If you have large equipment such as a carpet sweeper or vacuum cleaner, be sure that the cupboard is large enough to hold these.

The inside walls of the closet should be resistant to oil. Plaster, enameled or covered with linoleum or oilcloth, or wallboard painted with enamel are suggestions. If the floor of the closet is raised about two inches, it will be more easily kept clean.

The closet is usually more convenient if divided into two parts, one part provided with shelves for soap, wax, clean cloths and other supplies; the other part with hooks for mops, brooms and brushes. Try to arrange hooks and shelves so that any article can be removed without moving another article. Brushes, brooms and mops should be provided with hooks or rings at the ends of the handles so that they may be hung, rather than having to rest on the head of bristles. An oiled mop may be stored with the mop part in a can. The scrub pail may be kept there also, in such a location that the wet mop may hang over it.

Some ventilation of the cupboard is desirable, especially if the floor mop is to be hung there when wet. Small holes may be bored in the door, and space left between the inside of the door and the front of the closet space.

If there is room, this is an excellent place for storage of extra table leaves. These should be separated by a partition from other contents, and from each other by spaces, so that they will not be scratched. If there is room and no other arrangement is available, the ironing board may well be kept in the cleaning closet, if protected against dust and oil.



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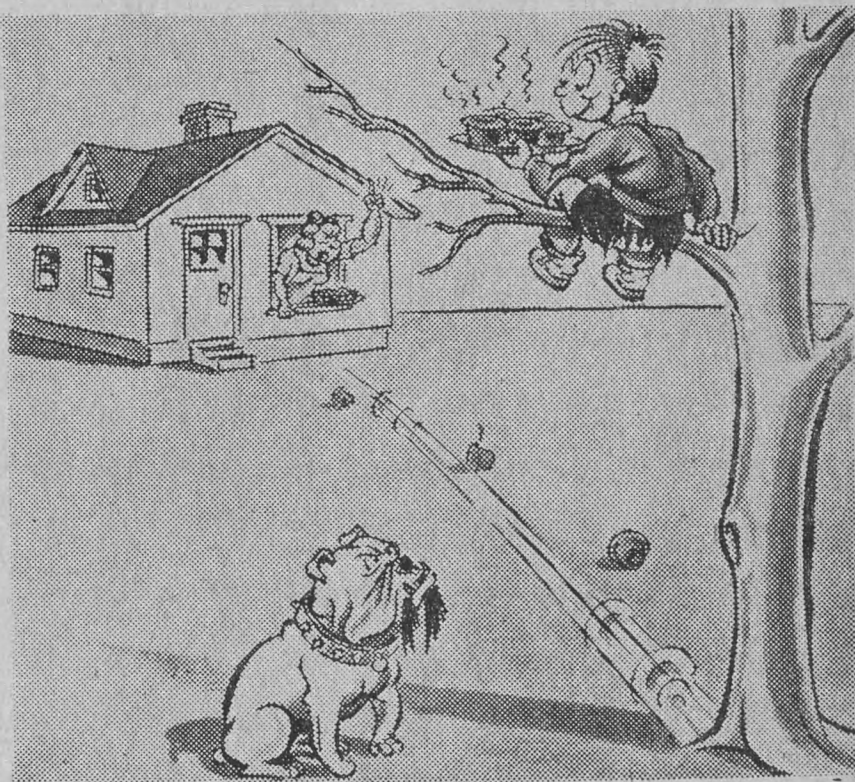
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1 1/4 cups SUNNY BOY 3/4 tsp. baking
1 1/2 cups white flour soda
1 1/4 cups white sugar 1 teaspoon ginger
3/4 cup shortening 1 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 tsp. salt (small) 1 teaspoon cinnamon

Mix all dry ingredients well together. Then add 3/4 cup Corn Syrup (warm) and one well beaten egg. Form into balls, put in pan far apart, and bake in moderate oven.

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Do not hesitate. "Ampollina" Dye is your guarantee of a perfect renovation.



Farmer Finally Combats Hay Fever Aggravated By Ragweed or Dust

Gets relief from Sore, Itchy, Inflamed Eyes and Fits

"For several years I have suffered from hay-fever each summer," writes Mr. Bernard Bernier, Saint Aimé, P.Q. "My eyes were inflamed, painful and itchy, I sneezed a great deal, wheezed, and coughed, and suffered from laboured breathing. If I ate tomatoes my hay-fever got worse; but the worst thing of all was ragweed pollen or any kind of dust. As I am a farmer, it is hard to avoid ragweed or dust, so it was sometimes impossible for me to work at all.

During all the years I suffered," Mr. Bernier continues, "I took many pills and syrups. But it wasn't until I saw an ad for RAZ-MAH and bought some that I found relief. I only took two \$1 boxes, but I am pleased to say that RAZ-MAH helped to dry up my eyes and nose, relieved my cough, and enabled me to breathe more easily and with comfort. I recommend RAZ-MAH with all my heart to everyone who suffers from hay-fever."

Templeton's RAZ-MAH, used by thousands in every part of Canada, is specially made to bring you relief from the sneezing and blowing, sore, itchy, watery eyes and difficult breathing caused by Hay-Fever and Asthma, and relieves the coughing caused by Chronic Bronchitis. 50c, \$1 at druggists, general stores. R-3

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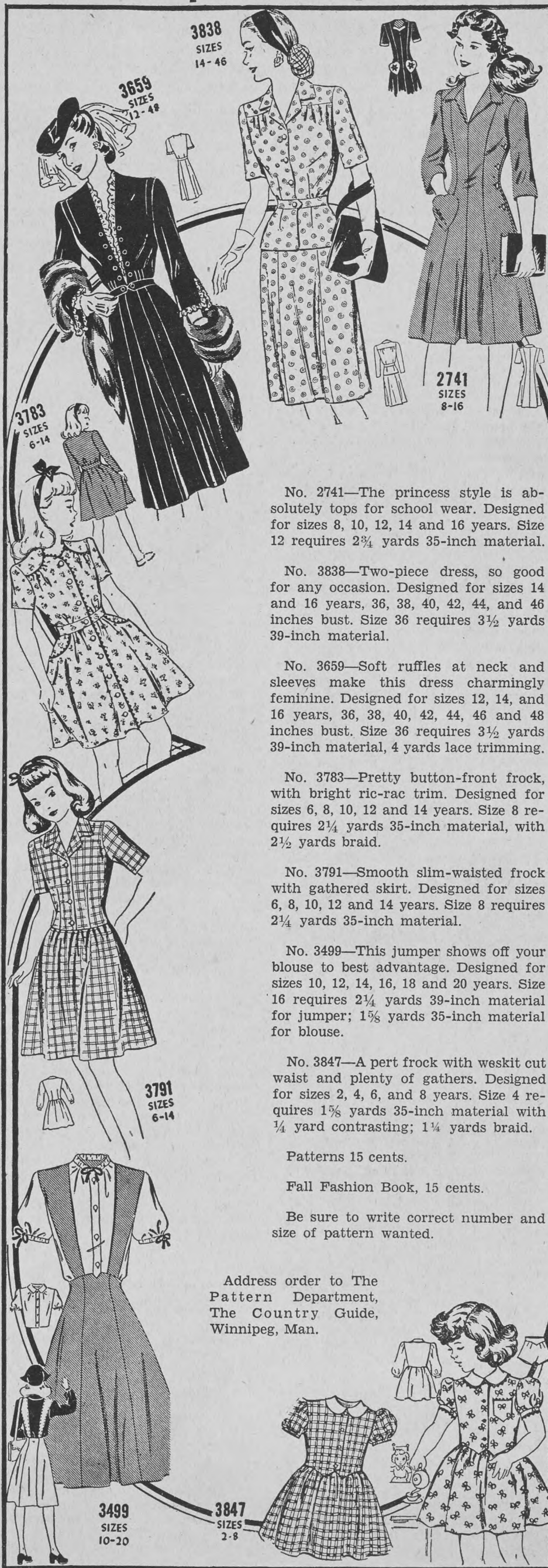
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No. 3838—Two-piece dress, so good for any occasion. Designed for sizes 14 and 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch material.

No. 3659—Soft ruffles at neck and sleeves make this dress charmingly feminine. Designed for sizes 12, 14, and 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch material, 4 yards lace trimming.

No. 3783—Pretty button-front frock, with bright ric-rac trim. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 35-inch material, with 2½ yards braid.

No. 3791—Smooth slim-waisted frock with gathered skirt. Designed for sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 35-inch material.

No. 3499—This jumper shows off your blouse to best advantage. Designed for sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards 39-inch material for jumper; 1½ yards 35-inch material for blouse.

No. 3847—A pert frock with weskit cut waist and plenty of gathers. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards 35-inch material with ¼ yard contrasting; 1¼ yards braid.

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THE COUNTRY BOY AND GIRL

Carrie Cow

By MARY E. GRANNAN

CARRIE was a nice cow. You know how nice cows are. They're big and sleek and brown and white. They have two soft big kind eyes and a gentle voice that says "moo." That was the way with Carrie. But Carrie was different from other nice cows in one way. She wanted to go to school. You may not believe that, but it was true.

All summer, when the boys and the girls played in the pasture where Carrie was, she heard them talking about school. She heard little Daisy Brown saying, "This year, I'm going to have Miss Culton for a teacher. She's sweet. My sister Alice loved her. Do you know what Miss Culton does at Christmas. She shakes hands with everyone in the room, and she asks everyone in the room to go to her house to see her Christmas tree, and when they do go to her house to see her Christmas tree, she gives each one a surprise."

"That's lovely," said Annie Appleby. Carrie Cow could hear her. "I wish I were going to go to Miss Culton," Annie said, "but I can't because I'm not big enough. But my sister Susie says I'm going to love my room and my teacher. Her name is Miss Love. Susie says Miss Love can make the loveliest pictures and Susie says my teacher sings like a red robin too, and she has curly hair and she smiles most all day long."

"Susie's right," said Daisy. "I went to Miss Love's room when I was little, and I loved it. Aren't we lucky? Play all summer in the meadows with Carrie Cow and then go to a nice school in the autumn! Would you like to go to school Carrie Cow?" asked Daisy.

Carrie answered solemnly "Moo," which meant "Yes."

The children laughed. "I believe she would," said Daisy.

"But she can't," said Annie. "Cows can't go to school."

Big tears filled Carrie's eyes. Annie saw them. "My goodness, Carrie Cow, don't cry. You wouldn't really like school anyway, Carrie." And Annie laughed. "And the seats would be too small for you, Carrie."

Carrie walked away. Carrie felt very sad. Carrie looked very sad. She was thinking all the time about school. One day a songsparrow asked her what was the matter.

"I can't go to school," said Carrie. "And I want to go. It's such a nice place. A person's lucky who goes. Daisy said so, and so did Annie. And I can't go."

"How do you know you can't?" asked the songsparrow. "Did you try?"

"No," said Carrie.

"Well try," said the songsparrow. "Annie and Daisy might be wrong, you know."

Carrie brightened up after that. She gave her very best milk and her very best moos all day long. And then came the day school opened. Right after milking, Carrie went over to the school yard. She wanted to be there early. When the children began to gather, they laughingly tried to shoo Carrie out of the school yard. Carrie wouldn't go. The teacher came. She laughingly tried to shoo Carrie out of the school yard, but Carrie wouldn't go for the teacher either.

"Oh, well, let her stay," said Miss Love. "She's doing no harm."

The children went in and found their places. After they got settled, who should walk into the school room but Carrie Cow. The children all screamed with laughter. A cow in school! Carrie looked very sad. Then little Annie Appleby raised her hand. "Miss Love," Annie said, "I do believe Carrie wants to come to school. She said she did the day Daisy and I were talking about it. She cried when we said she couldn't come. I guess she thought she'd try, though," said Annie.

Miss Love thought for a moment, and then she said . . . "I know what Carrie can do for us. Carrie can ring the bell for us in the morning. Carrie, will you ring your bell for us each morning? You can do it in the schoolyard."

"Too, Moo," said Carrie happily. So

HAVE you ever belonged to a Boy's or Girl's Club? Most parts of Canada have these organized as a branch of the Extension work of the Department of Agriculture, and it is fun to be part of them. When you belong, you learn to do certain things in the way they should be done, be it sewing, cooking, canning, raising a first-rate hog or calf or growing a fine plot of seed grain. Usually your leaders are young people who have been trained for the work, but who seem really just like an older brother or sister. And there's nothing like the common interest you have with other club members to make you all the best of friends.

Sometimes special treats are planned for those club members who do the best work. Such was the case in Manitoba this year, when winners in Boy's and Girl's Club work throughout the province were entertained in Winnipeg for four and a half days. Visits were made to radio stations, the Legislative Buildings, the University, a printing plant, a bakery, the Prisoners of War packing plant, and other interesting places. All who were lucky enough to take part agreed that they had a perfectly grand time.

that's how Carrie Cow goes to school. Any morning you're over near Annie Appleby's school you can see Carrie Cow right after milking, going into the school yard. And then if you listen, you'll hear a bell. That will be Carrie telling the children that it's time to start another day.

Make Your Own Puppet Show

A PUPPET is a tiny doll that can be made to act like a real person. With a small amount of material, eight fingers, two thumbs, and a little patience, you can very easily set up your own puppet show.

Let's make the doll's head first. Get a thin piece of cardboard about four inches square. Wrap this around your fore-finger until it fits quite loosely,



FIG. 1



FIG. 2



FIG. 3

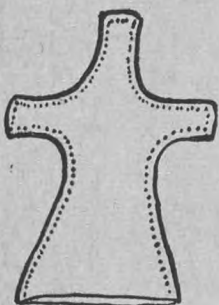


FIG. 4

then paste the end down. Now push a three-inch stick through your cardboard cylinder about one inch from the top (figure 1). This completes the "bones" of your doll's head.

Next, get a roll of white crepe paper and cut it lengthwise into half-inch strips. Commence wrapping the "bones" by tightly twisting the paper over and under the stick. Leave one inch of the cardboard at the bottom of the cylinder free. This is the doll's neck. You will find that by pushing a nail into the centre of the head when it is half wrapped and then winding the paper around the nail, you can model quite a good nose for your doll. Remember that a puppet is a bit of a freak anyway so put on a big nose and wrap an extra bulge for a chin. When finished, paste down the end of the paper strip (figure 2).

Now for the make-up. If you can get proper theatrical grease paints, melt down some flesh color in a saucer and smear this over the doll's head and neck. Comb out some crepe hair and glue it on the doll's head. Put rouge on cheeks and lips. Black putty stuck on with straight pins will make good eyes. Paint the eyebrows.

If you cannot get a make-up kit, it is best to use pink-colored paper when making the head. Bring out lips and

cheeks with red paint, and do the eyes in black. For hair, unravel some twine, comb it out carefully, and glue the curls on the headpiece (figure 3).

The doll's dress is a simple matter. Cut from a piece of brightly colored cloth, two patterns like the one shown (figure 4). Make each piece 8 or 10 inches long and about 6 inches wide. The arms and neck should be 1½ inches wide at the ends. Sew the two pieces together along the dotted lines. This is all you really need to complete your puppet, but if you choose, you can sew stuffed cloth hands on the end of the arms.

Now for the first rehearsal. To operate the puppet, put your forefinger in the neckpiece of the dress, your thumb in one arm, and your middle finger in the other. Then push the doll's head on, over the forefinger. Wiggle your fingers as you speak in a thin, squeaky voice. With a little practice you will be able to make the puppet act quite naturally. Watch him perform in a mirror.

To run a puppet show, you must have at least two dolls and use both hands. The puppets are operated from behind a screen so that only the doll's head and arms appear. A heavy curtain hung across a doorway to suit your height does just as well. A sign such as "Punch and Judy Show" helps to attract customers.

You can model and dress up your puppets to represent almost any character you wish. But remember to make them quaint-looking, and keep their act lively like a real old-fashioned Punch and Judy show.

You will find your puppets provide no end of fun both for yourself and your friends. After you have had a little practice on your own, you may wish to try a real play using five or six dolls. For this of course, you will need two or three helpers. Also a puppet play, like any other stage production, looks much better if you have some scenery. Try painting an appropriate scene on a large sheet of paper and hang this just behind the puppets. Another suggestion is to have tiny front curtains on wires or strings. Sound effects and music backstage will add to the general improvement of your show.

Puppets to Make

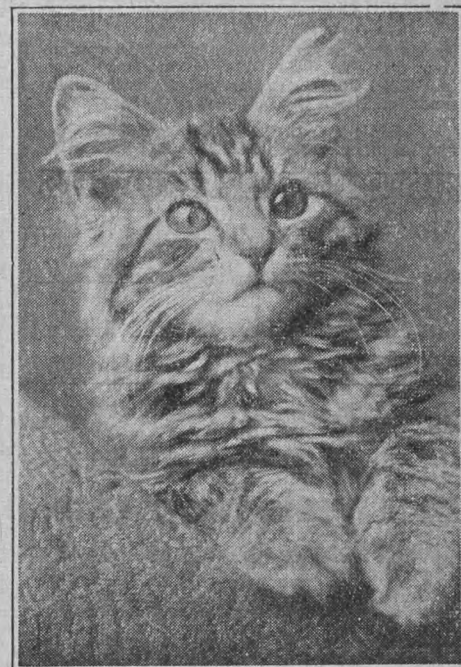
1. Punch and Judy.
2. Maggie and Jiggs.
3. Soldier and Sailor.
4. Farmer and Coon.
5. Cinderella and Fairy Godmother.
6. Special characters to suit your plays.

Suggestions for Puppet Plays

1. Mock concert. Chairman introduces singers, reciters, and dancers. Gramophone music back stage.
2. Imitation of a broadcasting studio using a toy microphone.
3. Imaginary conversation between Hitler and President Roosevelt.
4. Short act from school story book.
5. Health play. Doctor gives girl some good advice about how to be healthy.

Girl passes this on to other characters she meets.

6. Dramatization of a comic strip story.—Walter King.



Sir Pussival Purr

By DOROTHY MORRISON.

An elegant chap is Sir Pussival Purr With his spotless vest and his shining fur.

His whiskers correctly stay in place On either side of Sir Pussival's face. He walks with the lordly air of a jaguar And carries his tail with a confident swagger.

A distinguished gentleman—no less— Is Sir Pussival Purr, but I must confess

That all I have said is so many words When he sits in the window watching birds.

He lashes his tail and his whiskers twitch, His paws keep moving as though they itch,

He licks his lips as he gazes out At the sparrows that busily hop about.

But before his eyes they are off with a whirr And an impudent chirp at Sir Pussival Purr!

A Doll's Table

HAVE you been needing a table for your doll's house? Here is how you can make one quickly, and with a piece of heavy paper as your only bit of equipment.

The paper should be square, and you begin by folding the corners A, B, C, D into the centre point E. Turn the paper over, and fold the corners to the centre again. Repeat on the other side. These

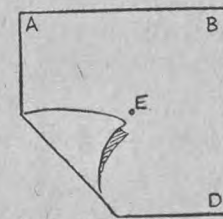


FIG. 1

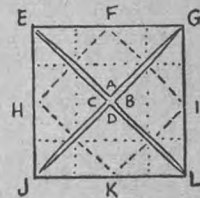


FIG. 2

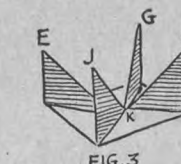


FIG. 3



FIG. 4

folds are made in order to get the necessary creases, so that you may now open the paper out again, except for the first fold made. You will now have Fig. 2, which shows dotted lines where your creases will be.

You now grasp the points H and F and bend them into the centre. This will make corner E stand upright. Do the same thing with points I and K, and you will have Fig. 3. A drop of mucilage in the center, under the points H, F, I, and K will hold them firmly in place. Turn the figure over and you have a neat little table.

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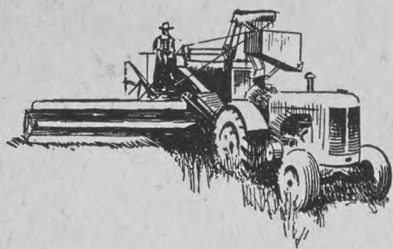
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Straight from the Grass Roots

JUST in case somebody should remark there is nothing but sky and dirt to look at out here, we interject here that the scene depicted on our front cover this month was photographed right in the Red River Valley near Selkirk, Man. And there's no trick photography about it either. The camera registers everything, including the colors. Which reminds us that we read somewhere recently that the advances in color photography during the war have been so great that as soon as Hitler is hung it will be within the reach of everyone. Any photographer will be able to develop the film.

* * *

KERRY WOOD writes that he received a letter from an Edmonton friend whose son landed in Normandy on D Day. The first letter she received from her boy after he got to France mentioned that, in the midst of the battleground, he spotted a sheet of print and grabbed it up for a look-see. It was a page torn from *The Country Guide*, on which was printed a Kerry Wood article on Scotch Humor. That was page 56 of the April issue. As Kerry remarked, "The Guide does get around, eh?"

* * *

ERNEST SITCH, who lives down near the Head of the Lakes, tells us this one:

He saw a man approach an apple tree. As he did so his eyes emerged from their sockets until one of the many good woodsmen in those parts could have chopped an inch and a half off that man's eyeballs without grazing his nose. Noticing the man's rapt attention, Mr. Sitch ventured to remark, "Pretty nice tree of apples, huh?" Still gazing at the wonder, the man remarked, "Never seen an apple growing in my life before. I know all fruits and vegetables come from the earth but what I can't understand is how that tree can push all those apples up through the wooden trunk and boughs. Say, about how many do you think it grows each day, on the average?"

* * *

NOW that another Victory Loan campaign is just around the corner, it may be appropriate to quote a story from the last campaign. A meeting was scheduled to take place in the theatre of a certain prairie town. It was raining, which threatened to spoil the meeting. But the local committee was not to be daunted. It started the fire siren going, got out the brigade fire wagon and tore pell mell down the street, ending up at the theatre. People came running from all parts of the town to see the fire, and the committee was able to herd some 300 of them into the theatre where they were urged to put Victory First.



ORVAL I. FLEMING, general merchant of Summerberry, Sask., sends us a clipping of an advertisement from a Regina paper which read: "Choice chicken ranch, fully modern, new buildings, electric lights, running water, shower baths, brooders, all necessary equipment."

To which Mr. Fleming adds the comment: "In grandpop's day the hired man had to go down to the slough for a bath. Now we have showers for the hens."

* * *

THAT article on building a farm home is causing comment, much of it favorable, some not so favorable. For example this extract from a letter just received: You suggest a spare bedroom for the city cousins who come to visit us. We had some of our city cousins here a couple of years ago. We wined them and dined them. Then later we went to the city and of course our former guests had to attend a three-day conference and the women were very busy. The truth of the matter was that they did not want us. I'll see all my city cousins in — before I build them a room in my house.

* * *

AFTER the news broadcast from Lethbridge I decided to take a walk to see how the crop was coming along. I took my walking stick and walked along the end of the crop until I came to the corner of the fence, when I heard a strange noise across the road in a poplar bluff. As I stood looking, out came a black bear on the run straight for me. I decided that the corner of the fence was the safest place to put up a defense. The bear came on to within 30 feet, and then suddenly stopped and rose on his haunches; his red jowls opened and he started to growl. Just then Mrs. Lane,



coming into the garden about 100 yards away, saw the bear. She let out a yell that would have made a cougar ashamed of himself and that 300-pounds of black fur decided to detour around me. He sauntered away in the direction he had intended to go and up Clay Coulee. I feel mighty lucky and kind of satisfied inside that it was the wife's yell that changed that bear's mind.—Richard Lane in the *MacLeod Gazette*.

* * *

WE got a thrill when we noticed a reference in the *Vegreville Observer* to the late Mr. Chipman and The Million Dollar Apple. Mr. Chipman coined that term many years ago. It was the title of an article he published in *The Guide* on the inestimable value of an apple of standard quality that would be hardy anywhere in western Canada. The *Observer* thinks that *Vegreville's* local Burbank, Peter Svarich, has it. It is a cion of the Duchess variety. It is so good that Mr. Svarich had to enclose the tree with fox wire to protect it from souvenir hunters. The apples are three and one-half inches in diameter.

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SEPTEMBER, 1944

Practical Books and Bulletins

"A Country Guide Service"

21. **Grafting and Budding Fruit Trees**, by G. F. Chipman—25 cents postpaid.
 22. **Hardy Fruits**, by G. F. Chipman—25 cents postpaid.
 23. **Farm Workshop Guide**, edited by R. D. Colquette—Illustrations and instructions for gadgets, and practical farm plans—50 cents postpaid. (Available Feb. 1, 1945.)
 50. **The Countrywoman Handbook**, Book No. 1 — Kitchen Labor Savers, Home Decorating, Pattern Reading, Getting Rid of Flies, Bugs, and Beetles, etc., etc.—25c postpaid.
 52. **The Countrywoman Handbook**, Book No. 3 — Nutrition (foods necessary for proper quantities of vitamins, calories, minerals, etc.), Canning Meats and Vegetables, Curing Meats, Drying Vegetables, Storing Vegetables, etc., etc. — 25c.
 53. **Farmer's Handbook on Livestock**, Book No. 4—Livestock Nutrition, Livestock Pests and Diseases, etc., etc.—25 cents postpaid.
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